

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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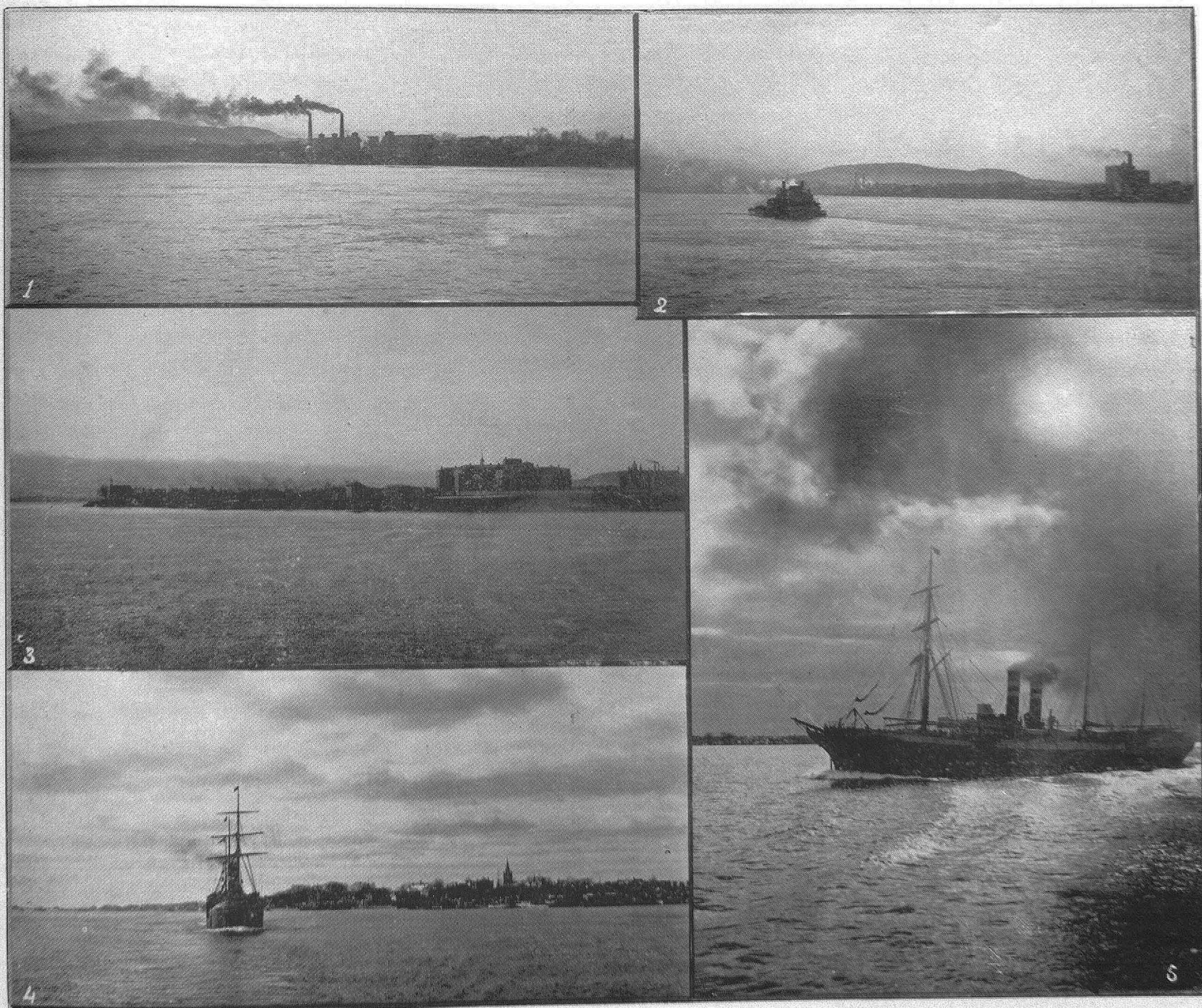
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 1st DECEMBER, 1888.

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OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

TRIP TO QUEBEC ON BOARD THE ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "SARDINIAN," 7th NOVEMBER, 1888.

Views and groups from photographs taken for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by Messrs. Notman & Son.



SOME VIEWS ON THE WAY DOWN.

1. 6.45 A.M. Leaving the Harb'our; The Hochelaga Cotton Mills. 2. A steam dredge at work; The St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery. 3. Longue Pointe; St. Benoit Asylum; The Insane Asylum. 4. Three Rivers. 5. Beaver Line SS. "Lake Ontario" conveying the "Sardinian."

The Dominion Illustrated.

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1st DECEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, at the same time, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of four subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of early, as our stock of back numbers is limited.

We may be allowed to draw special attention to this and the following number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED as samples of the completeness and accuracy with which by our process we can illustrate current events of interest. We hope shortly to be in a position to do this even more promptly; but as it is, to have produced, in such a short space of time, the twelve large engravings which illustrate the inauguration of the 27½ foot channel, including over a hundred perfect portraits, and forming a complete record of the celebration, is a performance worthy of note.



Further research into the matter shows that of the two heroes of Balaklava Lord Lucan commanded the cavalry, and Lord Cardigan a division thereof. It was the latter that led the charge of the Light Brigade, and the former that charged at the head of the Heavy Brigade, with no less danger and bravery, and covered the retreat of the Earl of Cardigan. Lucan was slightly wounded, and Cardigan was thrust through his clothes with a lance.

Quakers are unknown, except by name, in Canada. At least, we never heard of any settlement of them this side the boundary line. Even out of Pennsylvania, they are quite scarce in the United States. But in their first haunts, on the banks of the Monongahela and Susquehanna, "the old-time, broad-brimmed, sugar-scoop Quakers" still flourish in all their glory, and keeping all the tenets given them by George Fox in 1634.

The St. John Evening Gazette and the Critic of Halifax are speaking out against text books used in Canadian schools, which set forth historical events garbled by American writers, and, among others, "Lossing's Field Book of 1812." This work, however, is not to be found in schools surely, and there can be no objection to it in our libraries, as all of that author's illustrated books, chiefly "The Field Book of the Revolution," a great space of which is devoted to the Maritime Prov-

inces and Quebec, are very valuable indeed for reference. What we have to guard against jealously is the distortion of Canadian and British history in American text books.

The time does not seem to have come as yet when Canadians shall be independent of outsiders, British or American, in the supply of all manner of scholastic literature, but for elementary books in grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, the rudiments of mathematics, manuals of the several natural and exact sciences, it were desirable that they should be home made. There are publishers in Toronto and Montreal who have the capital, the business connections and the professional men to put forth such series of school-books as would not be surpassed anywhere, and would instil into Canadian youth, from the earliest age, the rightful love of country and faith in its future.

Last week we gave the return to the Newfoundland Legislature for Bonavista of Mr. Morison, as a "pointer" looking toward the confederation of that island with Canada. We have another good indication from the Rev. Dr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of the western coast of Newfoundland. He says that the question of union is a living, active issue, on which the next fall elections of 1889 will likely hinge. It will depend a good deal on the fish catch at the time. If bad, union will be carried; if good, it may be staved off a little longer; but it must come sooner or later.

We are informed by telegraph of the general feeling in England to the effect that three of its most renowned men are not likely to live through the coming winter. The eldest of these is Dr. Newman, who is allowed to be the greatest master of English speech in our day; Alfred Lord Tennyson, by all odds the first poet of the Victorian reign; and plain John Bright—thus he wishes to be called, after the Quaker way—who stands at the head of British orators since the time of Fox and Pitt. These three men have each run a long and glorious career, but their loss will be keenly felt all the same.

The force of mind always asserts itself. After two years of silence Mr. Blake comes back renewed in health and strength, and within the past fortnight has made two public utterances, one in speech and the other by the pen. In the first he laid down in luminous evidence, before the Supreme Court, the law and the right in regard to Northwest railway question. In the second he writes a letter to the Ingersoll Branch of the Imperial Federation League that, as between Annexation and Reorganization (a clumsy word), he goes in for the latter, because this country, not from material considerations only, but because we are proud of being a part of the Empire, is prepared to submit to the legitimate sacrifices that may be entailed upon her in any scheme of Reorganization.

The Pacific Cable scheme is making headway in English public opinion, and the public steps already taken in its behalf will go far toward pushing the Imperial authorities in the path of encouragement thereto. A conference on the subject held last week was largely attended, those present including many leading Australian merchants. The Earl of Winchester acted as chairman. Sir Donald Smith proposed a motion approving the company's proposal, which Australians and others warmly supported. The admission was universal that the existing telegraph is quite inadequate. The resolution was passed

unanimously. It is hoped the meeting will induce the Government to expedite the survey.

A few papers have taken to giving the Governor-General more suggestions, and something in the shape of a lecture, for insisting, in reply to addresses, on the need of blending all narrow questions of race into one broad national spirit. Lord Stanley has displayed both wisdom and patriotism in his public utterances, and he may rest assured that he is backed by the overwhelming opinion of the best people throughout all the provinces, who are and want to be Canadians before and above every thing else.

The Dalhousie College Gazette asks when the students will get back their gowns, and descants on the merits and uses of the distinctive garb, which tradition has made sacred in their eyes. "How was it that the heart of the honest Scots beat quicker at the sight of a tartan or the blast of the slogan; or the eye of the Greek kindled as it looked on the trophies of Milhiadu." It is hinted farther that, because of the absence of the old gown, Dalhousie is perhaps losing valuable men, who, called upon to choose between two colleges equal in other respects, but one having the robes, would not hesitate to choose the latter.

As was to be foreseen, that clumsy story of the New York news mongers that President-elect Harrison was already hatching a scheme for the purchase of Canada, at so many millions, out of the surplus of the United States Treasury, is flatly denied by that gentleman himself. Mr. Harrison may not be a brilliant man, but he has a balanced character, common sense, and that happy knack of letting well alone, which has served him in the several phases of his public life, and which will likely bestead him in his higher career as incumbent of the White House.

A sentimental opposition to the new Mormon settlers at Lee's Creek, in the Northwest, is shown in some quarters. There surely is no ground for that. Polygamy was left out of the calculations from the start, and, while the intending immigrants presumed overmuch in going to Ottawa for special relief from customs duties for their household goods, they professed their intention of submitting altogether to the laws of the country. They have means, with experience in farming, and ought to be welcomed as brothers.

CURIOSITIES OF MEASUREMENT.

In our last number we inserted a very interesting engraving of the Eiffel Tower, now being erected at Paris, as one of the attractions of the great exhibition to be held there in 1889, the highest building in the world, the Washington monument at Washington coming next. We also added on the plate the heights of some of the other lofty structures for comparison, which may be carried a little further by comparing the tower with some of nature's structures, the mountains of the world. This would show the height of the tower to be one-eighth of that of Mount Washington (8,000 feet); about one-fifteenth of that of some of the highest of the Alps and one twenty-ninth of that of the highest of the Himalayas, so that nature beats Mr. Eiffel very considerably, wonderful as his work will be. But a comparison of the mountains with the size of the earth itself throws them into the shade, and shows what small excrescences they are on this great globe we inhabit. We see by the papers that the Paris exhibition is to contain something that will facili-

tate this latter comparison. Every day there is to be a terrestrial globe of thirty metres in diameter, about 100 feet high, and we suppose that on this the mountains will be shown in relief, and on a scale which will serve for comparison with each other, but will probably be much larger than the scale of the diameter, just as an engineer shows the true elevations and depressions of a line of railway on a larger scale than the horizontal distance. Some years ago there was exhibited, in London, a globe of 60 feet diameter, but turned inside out, the spectators being inside it, and the countries, seas and other geographical divisions being shown on the inside, elevations and depressions included, the latter being shown on a greatly enlarged scale, but even then being very small, indeed, as compared with the size of the globe. The comparison was very interesting and instructive. We cannot all see either the said Paris or London globe; let us try whether we can use a globe of no very formidable size, and yet get some idea of the comparison which we have mentioned. Suppose we have one of forty inches diameter (thirty-six inches is not uncommon, but forty will work more easily into our competition), then, taking the diameter of the earth at eight thousand miles, each inch of our globe will represent two hundred miles, and one mile will be represented by the two-hundredth part of an inch. Now, to get a tangible exhibition of this small quantity, let us take any printed book of which the edges of four hundred pages, when the book is close shut, will make one inch in thickness, that of each leaf (two pages) will then be the two-hundredth of an inch; and a scrap of such paper as the leaf is made of, pasted on the earth, will represent a mountain one mile high (5280 feet), or two-thirds of the height of Mount Washington, or more than five times that of the Eiffel tower, and less than six thicknesses of such paper will represent that of the highest mountain in the world, and not far from the greatest depth of the ocean, which is now considered to be rather more than the height of the loftiest mountain. We shall thus have a fair idea of the comparatively small elevations and depressions in the earth's surface, and of the very slight increase in them respectively, which would drown whole continents, or leave the bottom of the ocean bare, and we shall have some idea of the comparative size of man and that of the world he inhabits, for a thickness of our supposed paper will represent more than eight hundred times his average station, and yet man's stature and powers are admirably adapted to the world he has to live in, and neither giants nor pigmies would be so well suited to it as he is.

The election of officers of the Press Association of the Province of Quebec was held last week. The financial position of the association is very satisfactory. The treasurer's account shows a balance on hand of \$305.

At the last meeting of the Montreal Numismatic and Antiquarian Society Mr. de Lery Macdonald exhibited the original manuscript of the first poem ever written by a Canadian. The poem refers to Courcelles' famous mid-winter expedition against the Five-Nation Indians in 1666. The author was the future lieutenant-general of the Pré-voté of Quebec, René Louis de Lotbinière, then a young man and who had accompanied Governor Courcelles as a volunteer in that campaign.

Mr. J. H. de Ricci is the author of a new work on the Fisheries Dispute and Annexation of Canada, dealing with the whole question since the Declaration of Independence. The work, it is stated, has its *raison d'être* in a remark of Sir Charles Tupper in his recent Sheffield speech, commenting upon the evident want of information among a considerable section of the press of this country upon the exact bearings of the dispute. An appendix gives the respective cases of the United States and Canada.



Gaily clad in scarlet, printed in long primer and on good paper, is the "Hand Book for the Dominion of Canada,"* containing, besides, four maps—one of the G. T. Railway, the other of the C.P.R.; and that of the Dominion, and of the Geology of Montreal. The chief and only responsible writer is Mr. S. E. Dawson, author and publisher, but articles are furnished by such specialists as Mr. A. T. Drummond, Thos. McDougall, Joseph Gould, D. A. P. Watt, Sir William Dawson and Doctors Harrington and George M. Dawson. The reader, after perusing a comprehensive introduction on the history of the country, is led, step by step, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. As the work was originally prepared in 1884, for the meeting of the British Association, at Montreal, a little more space is given to the older parts of Canada, but nothing of importance is overlooked in any part. If there is any class of work that may be called handy and useful, it is a manual of this kind, where, in a small compass, in a limp-covered book, that is easily carried in the pocket, you have all that you seek and all that you need about every place in Canada which you may be interested in. But it is not the traveller alone to whom this book may come in aid. The business man, the student, the statistician, and the general reader who wants his information supplied, at first hand, and authoritatively, also will find it indispensable when once they come to use it. And the price is nominal.

We have lying before us four good-sized volumes, in paper, being the fyle of the first year of the new Laval quarterly, *Le Canada Français*, issued at Quebec, under the management of Mgr. Thomas E. Hamel, F.R.S.C., and with the co-operation of a committee of professors. The work is devoted to Religion, Philosophy, History, the Fine Arts, Science and Letters, and those who would see for themselves how thoroughly these high subjects are treated—with what scholarship and grace of style—cannot do better than procure this periodical, which is issued at the extraordinarily low price of \$2.00 a year, or 50 cents a number, forming a bound volume of 500 pages of text and 200 pages of appendix, containing historical documents, published for the first time and here only, from the archives of the Quebec Seminary, Laval University, and the collections of such indefatigable searchers as the Abbé Casgrain. A list of the names of contributors will still further enlighten our readers who are acquainted with the chief writers of French Canada—P. J. O. Chauveau, Judge Routhier, Mgr. Méthot, Abbé Gosselin, E. Marceau, M. de Foville, T. Chapaïs, Abbé Casgrain, Abbé Laflamme, N. Legendre, Abbé Bruchesi, A. Poisson, P. LeMay, J. Desrosiers, A. D. DeCelles, A. Valée, L. Fréchette, Gérin Lajoie, Abbés Many, Paquet and Beaudoin. Address Mgr. T. E. Hamel, Manager, Quebec Seminary, for subscriptions and other business.

Every one interested in growing fruits, flowers or in forestry will find it to his advantage to take the *Canadian Horticulturist*, a beautiful monthly journal of high standing, devoted entirely to these subjects, and containing articles written by the leading fruit growers, florists and foresters in Ontario. The journal is to be enlarged in the month of January; the paintings and engravings of fruits and flowers continued and used even more liberally. Altogether, it is to be made as interesting and attractive as possible. It is published by "THE FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO," at \$1 per annum, which also entitles the subscriber to the privileges of membership of the Association, including a copy of the annual report of the meetings and discussions, given *verbatim*, and a share in the distribution of trees and plants for testing in various parts of Ontario. Subscrip-

* Hand-book for the Dominion of Canada, etc. By S. E. Dawson. Second edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 129, pp. 395.

tions should be sent to L. Woolverton, M.A., Grimsby, Ont., Secretary of the F. G. A. of Ontario.

We have several other reviews in hand, but lack of space forces us to put them off till next week.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

Allow me to add to the list of historical monuments, given in your last issue of the 10th inst., that of Private Watson, who fell in the Riel rebellion of 1885. The monument was erected by the people of the pretty city of St. Catharines, where Watson and his family were long resident and highly esteemed. It stands on the City Hall green, is about fifteen feet high, as near as I can judge, and consists of a soldier, in full uniform, of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles, standing on a pedestal, each face of which is adorned with trophies. The front bears the words:

Erected to the memory of
ALEXANDER WATSON,
90th (Winnipeg) Battalion Rifles
Canadian Volunteers,
And his companions in arms who fell in
Battle during the Rebellion in the
Northwest Territories, A. D., 1885.

On the opposing side stand:

Duck Lake.
Fish Creek.
Cut Knife.
Batoche.

On the left side are given the names of those who fell during the rebellion, and on the right the regiments engaged, the whole forming a handsome and inspiring monument and one of which St. Catharines may be justly proud.

I also observe that your list does not contain the monument in the Queen's Park, Toronto, to the memory of the heroes of Ridgeway, the Toronto volunteers who fell in the Fenian raid of 1866. This is a most admirable monument, and one deserving the attention of the visitor to Toronto, who will also find a corresponding memorial of great beauty in the chancel windows of the Convocation Hall of Toronto University.

May I also avail myself of this opportunity of informing your readers that there is a plain and simple memorial standing to the memory of those who fought at that wonderful engagement at Beaver Dams, when thirty took five hundred prisoners. Without going into the story, which may be found in Col. Coffin's *Chronicle of the War of 1812*, I will merely state that the stone, a plain but sufficiently imposing pyramidal structure, of Queenston limestone—the hardest stone known—stands a few yards from the Welland Canal and near to the magnificent swing-bridge, erected lately by the Niagara Central Railway near to Thorold, a pretty town not far from the village of Beaver Dams itself. The stone covers the bones of soldiers who fell in the fight—both British and American—and which were exhumed when the new Welland Canal was being excavated. Some say the contractor for the stone-work erected the memorial at his own cost, and some that one of our historical societies assisted in the pious work. However that may be, the monument is worthy of the attention of the patriot and the historian, and ought to be cared for by having a plateau of green sward, enclosed by iron palings of a sufficient height to prevent climbing, set around it, and some one appointed to look after it to keep it neat and whole. The position of the stone, historically, could not be truer. The main struggle of the short and sharp fight took place, says Col. Coffin, "in David Millar's apple orchard"; and the topography of the place, as preserved in the local maps, shows that the stone stands on that very ground. The only inscription the monument bears is:

Beaver Dams,
24th June, 1813.

The whole ground is historic, but into this I must not enter for very obvious reasons.

Toronto.

S. A. C.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



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MONTREAL HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



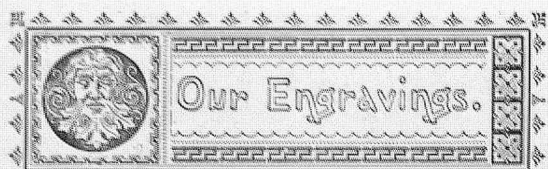
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MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF MONTREAL, AND OTHERS.



THE OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.—The 7th of November, a bright, crisp morning, at 6.30 sharp the splendid Allan Line steamship *Sardinian* is unmoored, towed into the stream, and glides down the broad St. Lawrence, to test the depth of the channel. The method adopted for this purpose is simple and conclusive. A huge piece of timber, about 18 inches square and 50 feet long, has been firmly lashed to the side of the ship with ropes and chains, 27½ feet of its length being submerged in an upright position. If its lower end do not strike or scrape the bed of the river (and if it should, the vessel would tremble from stem to stern), then the feat is accomplished; the Montreal Harbour Commissioners have made the St. Lawrence safe for vessels drawing 27½ feet of water. The deck was well crowded, and when the sun came out with genial warmth, the *Sardinian's* passengers settled down to enjoy themselves. Among those present were:—Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works; Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Messrs. Andrew Robertson, (chairman), Henry Bulmer, J. O. Villeneuve, Hugh McLennan, Charles H. Gould, Andrew Allan, Harbour Commissioners; and Alex. Robertson, secretary; Acting-Mayor Clendinning, Alphonse Desjardins, M.P.; J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.; Senator Ogilvie, Thomas C. Keefer, C.E.; John Sirois, C. Herchell, C.E., of Holyoke, Mass.; Wm. Smith, deputy minister of marine; D. O'Brien, R. Prefontaine, M.P.; G. Balcer, secretary of the Three Rivers Harbour Commission; Charles Garipey, G. M. Kinghorn, M. Lefebvre, Hon. B. D. Babcock, Mayor of Cleveland; W. B. Anderson, engineer of the Marine Department; P. B. Valin, chairman Quebec Harbour Commissioners; A. Trudel, editor *L'Etendard*; Henry F. Perley, chief engineer Department of Public Works; D. H. Henderson, Ald. J. D. Rolland, A. A. Ayer, W. R. Elmenhorst, Jas. Williamson, G. E. Jaques, Capt. 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Demattigny, R. R. Dobell, G. M. Dufresne, City Clerk Glackmeyer, Harbour Master Thos. Howard, Jos. Howden, C. B. Leprohon, M.D., Spanish Vice-Consul; Alexander Murray, Wm. Muir, Chas. McLean, C. Cantin, Collector of Customs Ryan, City Comptroller Robb, E. Roy, L. J. Seargeant, Jas. G. Shaw, Ald. Stevenson, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Ald. Villeneuve, Molyneux St. John, editor *Herald*; Geo. Hadrill, secretary Board of Trade; W. D. Master, Alex. Milloy, F. Gardner, W. P. Wingham, E. D. Pease, Bank of Halifax; Lieut. W. H. Smith, R.N.R., steamship *Parisian*. The party consisted altogether of about 120 persons. The steamer's masts were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and everybody was in the highest spirits. A more successful outing it would be hard to imagine. Off Longueuil breakfast was announced and was done full justice to. The deck, after breakfast, was the favourite parade. During the early part of the trip Mr. Desbarats, of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, utilized the time in obtaining several groups for the next issue of the paper. The Board of Harbour Commissioners, the M.P.'s, with the two ministers, the aldermen and the Press were honoured. As we slip down the river, past the miles of wharfage, the early morning is beginning to glow with promising brilliancy. The smoke is rising from thousands of homes; as we pass the great Hudson Cotton Mills, their twin chimneys are belching forth a murky cloud. Here we risk a plate, and photograph the waking city, still enshrouded in the morning's mists. A little further down, as we pass one of the Harbour Commissioners' steam dredges, we take a shot at her, and secure, at the same time, a view of the fast receding Mount Royal, and of the huge buildings of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company. These two views, taken from mid-stream, before 7 o'clock, and bespread with the glory of early morn, serve well to give people at a distance an idea of the ample width of our St. Lawrence, away up in the heart of the continent, a thousand miles from sea. Six miles below Montreal, we pass the pretty church of Longue Pointe, of which we get a picture, together with the *St. Benoit*, or *St. Benedict*, asylum for infirm, epileptic and aged men, and, we are told, for inebriates also, kept by the Brothers of Charity. In the background is the *Asile St. Jean de Dieu*, commonly known as the Long Point Insane Asylum. Later on we get several beautiful photographs of the Canada Shipping Company's steamer

Lake Ontario, of the Beaver Line, which, on her way to the ocean, conveys the excursion, hovering sometimes on the starboard, sometimes on the larboard quarter, and, again, dropping dead astern, as we see her in the picture taken as we pass Three Rivers. Here the tooting of a score of steamers and tugs, saluting our passage, makes diversion. Few of us had ever seen Three Rivers by daylight, and the impression made by the shimmering of substantial buildings and shining roofs, through the lace-like veil of trees, was very pleasant. The shipping men viewed, with an eye of envy, the great piles of lumber stacked along the shore. But the feature of the morning was, undoubtedly, the photographing of the groups. There was an amount of enthusiasm and good humour displayed by those subjected to the process that spoke volumes for the excellence of the breakfast they had on board. Volunteers were found to muster and convene the members of the several bodies, and, at the signal, all came forward with alacrity, although they had, for the most part, to sit in the sharp north wind, on the shady side of the ship. Thus the genial Captain Labelle convened the ministers and members of Parliament, who all look happy and comfortable in the picture we give of the group. As the names are all given beneath the engraving, it is not necessary to repeat them here. Sir Hector and Mr. Taillon look rather chilly. They were chilly; but they bore up like men. We next record, with photographic accuracy, the Montreal Harbour Commissioners present on this occasion. The legend under the picture gives the names. We wish we could have had the Commission complete. We miss Mr. Edward Murphy and Mr. Victor Hudon, unavoidably absent, and Hon. Mr. Abbott, away in England. We hope to have an opportunity of giving their portraits later on. Mr. Alex. Robertson, secretary of the Board, was the convener. Next come the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, kindly marshalled by Mr. Edmond Giroux. Their presence on board was a source of great satisfaction to the guests, as betokening a friendly and liberal interest in the great work. Mr. J. M. Dufresne, president of the French Chamber of Commerce, of Montreal, mustered his own men, and to show he was not exclusive, managed to get an Irishman, an Englishman and a German into his group. The shippers, forwarders and merchants naturally formed a numerous body on this occasion. Mr. Wm. Stewart, of the Montreal and Kingston Forwarding Company, took charge of them and gathered a representative group of shipowners, shipbuilders, ship captains, forwarders, bankers, manufacturers, sugar men and vinegar men, Customs officers and Post officers, to share his immortality. And every one of the twenty-four is a perfect likeness. Now comes the Press gang. They all speak for themselves, generally and frequently, and often, as on this occasion, all together, but not, as on this occasion, unanimously. Here they were all of one opinion—that they were having a fine time. Excellent engravings of the members and officials of the City Council of Montreal, of the Civil Engineers present, of Senator Ogilvie, Mr. Seargeant and Mr. Allan, and a very artistic picture of the Steamship Lake Ontario, will be published next week, together, probably, with large portraits of the Minister of Public Works and of the chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners, accompanied by the continuation of our narrative and commentary.

HISTORY OF THE WORK.
Previous to the date of Confederation, July 1st, 1867, the ship channel had been improved at various times, until at that time there was, throughout the whole distance between Montreal and Quebec, a minimum width of 300 feet, with a depth of 200 feet at ordinary low-water. Shortly after that the growing trade of the St. Lawrence, and the increasing size of vessels, demanded that the ship channel should be further deepened, and an act was passed by Parliament in May, 1873, authorizing the Government to contract a loan of \$1,500,000 to defray the expenses of completing the ship channel from Montreal to tide-water, above Quebec, to a depth of not less than 22 feet at low water, and a width of not less than 300 feet, the work to be performed under the superintendence of the Department of Public Works, either by the Harbour Commissioners or in such other manner as the Governor-in-Council might determine. It was further provided that the interest on the loan fixed at 5 per cent. should be paid by the Harbour Commissioners out of the revenue of the port of Montreal. Operations were commenced in the spring of 1874 with one dredge and a stone-lifter, and contracts were entered into for the building of six large elevators or ladder dredges, and also for the purchase of tugs, scows and other plant required. The new plant was finished and set to work in the spring of 1875 and was kept steadily at work during the season of navigation of each year, until the close of 1878, when a minimum depth of 22 feet had been attained at all points, except between Cap Levant and Cap Charles, where it was necessary to take advantage of the tide. Up to that time there had been spent for new plant \$523,992, and for working expenses \$628,610, or in all \$1,153,312. It was then decided, in view of the rapid increase in the size of vessels engaged in the Atlantic trade, and the moderate cost of carrying on the dredging with the plant already on hand, to continue the deepening of the ship channel to 25 feet at low water. Work was, therefore, continued until the fall of 1882, when a depth of 25 was attained at all places, except Cap la Roche and Cap Charles, where it was necessary to take advantage of high water of an average tide. In the straight parts of the channel, between No. 1 lightship and the white buoy, Lake St. Peter, the dredging was 325 feet wide; in the straight parts elsewhere it was generally 300 feet; but in the bends, and all important places, it was widened out to 450 feet or more. The quantities of dredging done in deepening from 20 to 25 feet were: Shale rock, 259,600 cubic yards; earth of all sorts, including boulders lifted by dredges, 8,200,000 cubic yards; large boulders, lifted by stone-lifting barges, 16,700 cubic yards; making in all 8,508,400 cubic yards. The channel in Lake St. Peter, the largest piece of dredging in any one place, is in all 17½ miles in length, 300 to 450 feet in width, and involving the removal, since the beginning of dredging in the present channel in 1851 to 1882, of about 8,500,000 cubic yards. The outlay for the deepening from 20 to 25 feet was for dredging plant \$534,809, and for working and other expenses \$1,245,321, or a total of \$1,780,130. No sooner, however, had a depth of 25 feet been reached than the Harbour Commissioners decided to prosecute the work still further, and in the following year, 1883, application was made to the Government and Parliament for a loan of \$900,000 for the further deepening of the channel to 27½ feet. This was granted, and for the past six seasons of navigation the work has been actively carried on. The Chief Engineer, in his report at the close of 1887, said:—“It was hoped

that all except Cap Charles and Cap la Roche would have been practically finished by the close of navigation, and to accomplish it the greater part of the dredging fleet was worked night and day. Its accomplishment was, however, found impossible, owing mainly to unusually great interruptions by storms and for repairs, and to the dredging in several places having proved harder than was anticipated. Above Cap la Roche several small pieces of dredging remain to be done, but there are no considerable sections, except about 2½ miles of very soft clay in Lake St. Peter, and about ¾ of a mile, mostly detached lumps, at Point aux Trembles, *en haut*, all of which can be finished by the time of low water next summer.” The work has this season been prosecuted to a successful completion at all points, and the 27½ foot channel from Montreal to Quebec has been formally opened. The following statement shows the growth of the sea-going shipping trade at Montreal since the work of deepening from 20 feet at low water to 27½ feet was begun:

	1873		1887	
	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.
Steamships	242	245,237	600	807,471
Ships	72	65,823	6	8,684
Barques	164	75,594	68	43,275
Brigs	18	4,660	2	1,118
Brigantines	59	8,581	7	2,931
Schooners	149	12,583	83	8,194
Totals	794	412,478	767	879,773

VIOLA.—This is one of the sweet visions of Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of Art. The shapely head stands well balanced on the shoulders, and is crowned with a wealth of straight hair, as black as the raven's wing. The broad side-face, relieved by the Grecian nose and nostril, full lip and large eye, combine to make a face that arrests the gaze of the beholder. The necklace of pearls, large as apricots, the graceful sweep of the white sleeve, bound by the embroidered bodice or corsage of black velvet, bring out the figure gracefully, as far as the bust goes. Who is this Viola, and what countrywoman is she? Every one of our readers may guess as he lists, but we have a fancy of linking her with the arch and fair heroine of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night, or What You Will." Viola was an Illyrian maid, and she won her suit—the hand of Orsino, the Duke of Illyria—by personating a page, under the name of Cesario. Who knows but that the demure girl whom we have before us, thoughtful and ingenuous as she seems, is now planning her plot with the coast captain and his sailors:

I prythee (and I'll pay thee bounteously),
Conceal what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.

And the Duke was taken in at once, and he fed his soul on the music of love:

That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing as it giving odour!

COLERIDGE is at the head of the Lake of Bays, Muskoka, and is the end of the free grant road known as Bobcaygeon Road. It is the place where hunting parties hire canoes to start on their fishing and shooting excursions to Hollow, Bear, Round and Kimball's Lakes, where deer and bear have been very plentiful, sad inroads upon which have been made by insatiate hunters. Zach. Cole, the first settler, after whom the place was named, is a characteristic specimen of the Canadian pioneer. He died last winter, after a chequered career of twenty-five years in this spot. The drawing which we reproduce is a pen and ink sketch by Mr. Thos. Mower Martin, R.C.A., from which this artist intends to paint a large water-colour picture of the scene.

CALGARY.—Here is another of the wonders of the Northwest. Five years since there would have been nothing of Calgary to show in a photograph. To-day it is spread before us, within sight of the Foot Hills, within easy distance of the great Rancho territory, with all the appliances of a modern town—a railway, a river, churches, schools, newspapers, public buildings. The people have unbounded faith in their growing town, saying that Alberta is the sirlin of Canada and Calgary the tenderloin of Alberta.

A SKETCH IN MONTREAL HARBOUR.—The engraving on our cover is a fitting accompaniment to the main features of this number. A tug is towing into midstream a heavily laden steamer about to sail for Europe. The photograph was evidently taken in the spring, at high water.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Rameau, the French Publicist, has received a diploma from the Laval University conferring on him the title of Doctor of Letters.

The Abbé Bois, curate of Maskinongé, and one of the most learned collectors of Canadian antiquities in the Province, is lying dangerously ill.

The *Progress* is the name of a bright and able literary weekly published at St. John, N.B. Among the contributors are C. G. D. Roberts, M.A.

The *Almafilian* is a neat little monthly paper, of quarto shape, published at Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario. It is edited mainly in the interests of the young ladies of the institution, but has also a considerable subscription list outside.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Gerald E. Hart has in mind to put forth a second edition of his important work on "The Fall of New France," with notes and additions suggested by the wide range of review which the volume has received.

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies opened its winter session last week with two interesting papers, one on "The Family Compact," by Mr. John Fair, Jr., N.P., and the other on "Marquette," by the President, Mr. John Talon-Lesperance.

The call on the University of Toronto to give its new chair of English Language and Literature to a native Canadian is getting general throughout the country. The two names that are chiefly in view are those of Professors Roberts, of King's, N.S., and Alexander, of Dalhousie.

A writer in the *Montreal Gazette* draws attention to the fact that there is not a single chair of Canadian history in the whole range of the seven Provinces of the Dominion, and in the three or four dozens of colleges and universities. It is remarked that the point is one which might well be considered by some of the wealthy gentlemen interested in the seats of learning in Canada.

The Haliburton Society, of King's College, Windsor, N.S., will shortly issue its first volume of Proceedings, which will consist of a biographical and critical study of "Sam Slick," by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, author of the Major's Big Talk Stories, and a brief introduction by the President, C. G. D. Roberts. The work can be had of the secretary, Mr. George F. Thomson, King's College.

Messrs. Durie & Son, publishers, of Ottawa, are about to undertake the publication of an English edition of the "Life and Speeches of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau." A French edition was given to the public a year ago, and English speaking Canadians will, no doubt, hear with pleasure that the public utterances of the Secretary of State, from Confederation to the present time, will be made accessible to them.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

In a sketch of the present issue, entitled "Sam Slick and Old King's," the reader will find an account of "The Devil's Punch Bowl," in a clump of wood surrounding King's College buildings, a geological curiosity which is found in many parts of Canada. A friend invites me to write to Mr. Heneker, of Sherbrooke, for a photograph and description of the falls and the "pot"—the same phenomenon as at Windsor—of the Magog, under the cliff in his garden.

My friend adds that the place he refers to is the most beautiful in Canada which he has seen, except the view of the church which he got built at Milby. Sherbrooke is truly one of the most pleasantly situated towns, with remarkably scenic land and water-scapes, of the Dominion, and if Mr. Heneker, or any other gentleman there, sent us photographs of such views, we should be happy to place them before our readers.

An American paper, speaking of the statue lately raised by Scottish men to the memory of Gordon, and described in this paper lately, finds it strange that such a soldier should be made to carry, instead of a general officer's sword, a rattan or cane under his arm. The writer forgets that the hero of Khartoum never drew his sword and seldom bore it, and that throughout his singular career in China, his rod of command and power was the very wand which has been retained as a reminder of his singular ways.

A gentleman of Quebec, bearing a well-known name, sends me the following note: "The Triplets, in your paper, have tempted me to try my hand at them, and I have turned out some, which I send you for approval, hoping you will not find them very weak for first attempts. Wishing you continued success and ever-increasing circulation, I am, etc. Please suppress my signature." I shall do so, but begin this day by giving the first of the neat pieces which were enclosed in the letter:—

VANITAS VANITATUM.

I declare 'tis a shame,
What a time she has taken!
Thy sweet satin crème,
I declare 'tis a shame,
She is greatly to blame,
And deserves to be shaken!
I declare 'tis a shame,
What a time she has taken!
I suppose I must go,
But will feel like a fool,
There'll be crowds that I know,
So I guess I must go,
Though I'll look but so-so,
If I wore my old tulle;
I suppose I must go,
But I'll feel like a fool.
I should not have gone
I feel so diminished,
My train got all torn,
I should not have gone;
If I could have but worn
The dress that's not finished!
I should not have gone
I feel so diminished.

It is a pity that the last verses should be weakened by the limp rhyme of "gone" with "torn" and "worn."

H. J. writes that he has a very curious old engraved portrait of a tall slim man—*habitant* cast of features—long hair flowing over his back, clothes all patched. The curious part is his coat, which shows five tails hanging near his heels, in each of which seems to be a weight or something else to keep them down. He holds one up in his left hand. Underneath are the simple words: "Cholera Doctor." It is said by some of our old residents to have been published in cholera times, about 1834 or 1837, in Montreal, but exactly for what purpose? Will some correspondent enlighten us?

My readers will be pleased with the following from one of the brightest pens in England:—

WHO WAS IT?

(The very latest thing in drawing-room ballads, with apologies to Mr. F. E. Weatherly.)

The flowers were bright, the fields were gay,
And every lambkin was a skipper,
Who was it sought those fields to play?
Why Jack —

Who found him looking glum and grey,
And thought his accent gruff and foreign,
Then raised his hat and went away?
Sir Charley —

Who was it leapt across the stile,
His eye ablaze with wrath and frenzy,
And made old Bismarck green with bile?
Morrell —

Who was it, when Vox Populi
Did every oath the language hath use,
Refused to budge, but winked his eye?
Why, Henry —

Who is it lets me year by year
Still keep my worn-out liver gag on,
In spite of cynic's jest and jeer?
Good old Pen —

Who is it has for bread to jest,
Though oft with aches and pain beset, sir,
And pulls a face, but does his best?
Why, patient, gentle Dagonet, sir.

The first four blanks can be safely filled by "Jack the Ripper," Sir Charles Warren (Chief of Police), Morell Mackenzie, and Henry Matthews (Home Secretary); the fifth is "Pendragon" (Harry Sampson, editor of the *Referee*), and "Dagonet" is the *nom de guerre* of George Sims, the writer of the above lines, in the *Referee*.

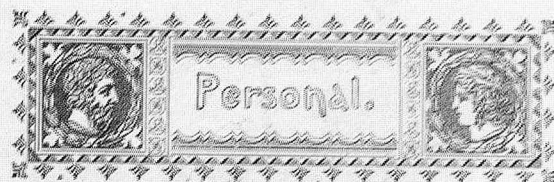
Professor Roberts writes that the name of the beautiful verses "Tout de L'Amour," published in this column, on the 10th November, is Sophie M. Almon, daughter of the Honourable Senator William Johnson Almon, one of the distinguished men of Nova Scotia. Miss Almon, although young, has done some charming work, as I am told by one who writes from knowledge, and I have no hesitation in thinking the same, from the single example which I refer to above. My readers will be glad to learn that the young lady is getting ready a volume of poems for the press.

As I have already said, Miss Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, with whom we became acquainted last week, is a young sister of the poet-professor. Her mother was a Miss Bliss, grand-daughter of Judge Bliss, nephew of Emerson's mother. Bliss Carman is a cousin of the Roberts' on the Bliss side. Barry Straton, author of a small volume of very musical verse, and who will appear in Lighthall's Anthology, is also a first cousin of the same family, through the Blisses. Professor Roberts says that, on both sides, they have the *caecoethes scribendi*. Nay, not so.

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divini atque os
Magna sonaturum

To such as these we give the meed of the poet,
since the days of Flaccus. TALON.

TRYING TO CATCH A HUSBAND.—We must give all the nice, modest girls we know credit for not consciously endeavouring to catch husbands. If men fall in love with them and desire to marry them, and they are the right sort of men, and the girls can love in return, well and good—they marry and hope to be happy ever after, but they will not run after men, or think in everything they do or say. "Can I catch a fish with this bait?"



Chief Justice Sir Andrew Stuart and family are going to spend their winter in Florida.

Robert Alder Strong, assistant commissioner of public lands in Prince Edward Island, is dead.

Sir Donald A. Smith has been, since his arrival in England, confined to the house with a slight cold for a short time, but is now strong and well again.

The death of Sir John Macdonald's maiden sister at Kingston has caused profound sorrow among her large circle of friends. The deceased was a most estimable woman.

Lucius R. O'Brien, the well known Canadian artist, and Mrs. Parker, sister of Mr. C. Brough, local manager of the Bank of Montreal, were married at Toronto last week.

The Young Men's Association of St. Andrew's church, Montreal, have published Dr. W. George Beers' speech on "Professional Annexation" in pamphlet form for their bazaar.

Richard Carr, who shipped the first load of grain to England from California, by the ship "Great Republic," died at Victoria, B.C., aged 71. He arrived in California in 1848 from England.

Hon. Edward Blake, in reply to a correspondent who asked him to speak at a meeting in favour of Imperial federation, declined to do so, or to have any connection with public advocacy of the movement.

The Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston will spend the first three days of next month in Hamilton, and will hold a reception on Saturday, Dec. 1st, and open the Arts exhibit on Monday, Dec. 3rd.

It is estimated that the settlers in Manitoba and the North-West this season will be double the number for 1887. The total amount of foreign arrivals there since last spring is approximately given as exceeding 9,400.

Mr. W. J. MacDonell, the aged Vice-Consul of France, who is best known in Toronto by his connection with many public charities, has been honoured with the distinction of being created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour of France.

The fame of the Canadian Pacific Railway has spread to Africa, and J. E. Thompson, of Toronto, who is Consul-General for Liberia, has received a despatch from the Liberian Government asking for particulars as to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Wm. Mussen, a very old resident and man of worth, died at his residence last week. He had been for many years a justice of the peace and clerk of the Division court. He was universally respected and was most highly respected. The deceased was a captain of the 37th Battalion.

The pupils of the Industrial School at Fort Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., presented Major McCibbon with an address on the occasion of his recent inspection. The address referred in touching terms to the death of the Inspector's son, the news of which reached Major McCibbon during his inspection.

Sister Joseph, one of the Grey nuns at St. Boniface, Manitoba, is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her assuming the habit of a *religieuse*. This event will be the more interesting as the lady is the last survivor of the four nuns who were sent as the pioneers in the present North-West missions.

The chiefs of that section of the Oka Indians, which removed to Gibson Township, Muskoka, some years ago, were in Ottawa on business with the Indian Department, after transacting which they proceeded to Oka for the purpose of endeavouring to persuade the remainder of the Indians to join their brethren in Muskoka.

Mr. James Cook, who was for several years reeve of Rawdon, died at his home in that township, aged about 70 years. Mr. Cook, who was an Irishman, had lived about forty-five years in the township. He was perhaps the best political organizer in this part of the country. Mr. Cook leaves a name which will long be held in honour.

John A. Cameron, better known as "Cariboo Cameron," died at Baker's ville last week. He left Toronto two months ago. He was an old pioneer of the province, and arrived in Toronto in the year 1860. He was one of the first men to enter the gold fields of Cariboo and secured a large fortune in the mines. He then left for Eastern Canada and lost nearly the whole of his fortune in commercial speculation.

Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., Conservative member of Parliament for the Halton division of Finsbury, is dead. Colonel Duncan was an M.A. and LL.D. of Aberdeen University, an honorary D.C.L. of Durham, and also bore an honorary degree from King's College, N.S. He was well known in Canada as the author of pamphlets on colonial subjects, but was principally famous as re-organizer of the Egyptian artillery.

Sir John Lester Kaye, who has arrived at Winnipeg, reports all buildings, cattle sheds, &c., on his eleven farms are finished. Crops at Balgonie were excellent. Samples of flax were sent to England by Sir John and tested as to the quality of fibre, with the result that it was better than fibre used in Ireland, which brings £350 per ton. Machinery has been sent out for the purpose of scutching straw and producing fibre. Sir John says the fibre will produce the finest linen. He intends making binding cord from the coarser quality of fibre, and soon will supply the whole of Manitoba and the Territories. Thirty-three thousand sheep now in Oregon will be brought to the Kaye farms next summer.

MINDFUL OF THE MEN.—A correspondent of a ladies' paper has hit upon a real want of civilization. She proposes to come to the aid of the desolate bachelor by establishing a mending-shop where all sorts of repairs, from darning socks to relining a dressing-gown, could be undertaken. Bachelors living in chambers or in college find great difficulty in getting their linen repaired. It is proposed to take two rooms in a central position, where articles needing repair might be sent, and where menders could undertake the work. But the project is a dangerous one, since it can only result in bachelors becoming even more contented with their lot than they have been hitherto.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



W. P. WONHAM. F. W. HENSHAW, ESQ. M. LEFEBVRE. CAPT. SHEPHERD. W. CHIFFAN, ESQ. ALEX. MURRAY, ESQ. ALEX. MILLOY. J. G. SHAW, PORT WARDEN. C. F. BEAUCHEMIN, SOREL. GEO. M. KINGHORN. WM. STEWART, K. & M. F. CO. J. G. SHAW, PORT WARDEN. C. L. PEASE. JOHN L. LEWIS, SURVEYOR. J. M. DUFRESNE. PROF. BOVEY. WM. SMITH. JOHN O'NEILL, COL'R. W. R. ELMENHORST. G. E. JACQUES. R. W. SHEPHERD, JR. C. CANTIN. JAS. WILLIAMSON.

A GROUP OF FORWARDERS AND MERCHANTS.



AUG. TRUDEL, "L'ETENDARD." G. E. DESSARATS, "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED." F. VANASSE, M.P., "LE MONDE." JAS. HARPER, "WITNESS." H. BERTHELOT, "LE MONDE." H. J. HARVEY, "TRADE REVIEW." W. F. RITCHIE, "HERALD." R. WHITE, "GAZETTE." M. ST. JOHN, "HERALD." J. R. DOUGALL, "WITNESS."

MEMBERS OF "THE PRESS."



VIOLA.

By Sir Frederick Leighton.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

Something in the Wild West.

A WEIRDITY.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

III.

At dawn they reached the village of St. Porcus, from whence our hero intended going by rail to New York. The rain had ceased and the birds were carolling overhead. His fair burden slumbered in his arms, and it is with regret that we are obliged to state that gratitude did not prevent him from giving her superb Roman, upon which the rising sun shed a warm tinge (it was the sun!) to the utter neglect of the rest of her fine countenance, an occasional tweak when her heavy breathing culminated in a prodigious snore.

When they halted at the railway depot, an old decrepit negro approached them. Our heroine awoke, trembling violently. "Aha!" she cried, "I expected this. We are betrayed! We are surrounded by murderous redskins, who hunger for our scalps. Come, let us fight for dear life!"

The Mystery smiled audibly, as did also the "band of murderous redskins," who muttered under his breath, "Snakes!"

"No such luck, my pretty," replied our hero. "It is the author who has betrayed us. The Indians are wanting. They certainly should be dancing around us in their war paint, yelling like fiends and flourishing their tomahawks; but, as a matter of fact, our only visible foe is this old vagabond, who wishes to inveigle me into paying a dollar for a wretched breakfast at this miserable shanty."

Poor, excitable, highly-strung little creature! She had naturally expected a desperate encounter, and her nerves, wound up by the events of the night to their uttermost tension, collapsed and left her prostrate. Her head sank upon his breast with a dull thud, that almost unhorsed him, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. One little hand lay confidently on his shoulder; the other was in his coat pocket, groping for the flask. Ungrateful, heartless man!—he had removed it.

When she had somewhat recovered, our hero dismounted, and she slid with graceful timidity into his arms, and then sank down helpless in the road. He was a brave, strong man, used to sudden alarms and scenes of bloodshed and danger, but such occasions thoroughly unnerved him. He stood for a moment regarding her fainting form with infinite compassion in his fine eyes, and then, turning slowly on his heel, said to the negro: "Bring my horse along. I guess he's tired out, poor fellow. Put him up and give him a rub down and a feed of corn. Then you can fetch a truck for the gal. This night's adventures have almost conquered her indomitable spirit at last. Shove her in the baggage car with the luggage. We've got three days' travelling before us, and her nerves may possibly get more settled before we reach our destination."

"Poor girl!" said Cæsar. (Most niggers in stories are Cæsars. We don't know why, but it is so.) He bent tenderly over her as he released her silk neckerchief and put it in his pocket. "Poor child!—how warm it is!" He had removed her hat and stripped it of all its artificial flowers and feathers. "Poor wild flower of the West; child of Nature; lily of the prairies, sullied by the advancing tide of civilization. Ah! this civilization!" he sighed, as he endeavoured to untie the knot in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, which contained her little stock of money. It was very tight and resisted his efforts to untie it, till his sigh became merged into a western adjective. At last he tore it open, and discovered a few ten cent pieces and some coppers.

"Poor creature! Another victim of poverty. How many noble natures are debased and broken in thy mill!" He placed the coins carefully in his waistcoat pocket, looking toward the glorious ball of red fire gradually rising higher and higher in the east as he did so, with the remark: "I shall be dry to-day." His object in relieving her of this dross was to place a slight obstacle in the way of any other person who might entertain the

nefarious design of picking her pocket. Generous, worthy soul! True virtue is only to be found in the breasts of these victims of prejudice and oppression.

"Ah! you find that trick uncomfortable, do you?" She had exhibited a desire to get off and walk. "Take that, my lady!" This remark was accompanied by a persuasive blow from a valise, which had the desired effect.

IV.

A train was on the line, having been stationed there since an early hour the previous evening. The cars contained a few discontented passengers, who showed an inconsiderate haste to be moving.

After a further delay of some four hours—which the company, with infinite tenderness, allowed for refreshment—the train began to move. Our hero, who was seated and looking out of the window at the landscape, turned to a mild-looking young gentleman, who was regarding him rather intently through a pair of green spectacles, and said, with a flourish of his hand: "We are now dashing through the Wild West—figuratively speaking."

"Yes," replied the other, blandly. "I am told the Company annually loses millions of dollars through the bursting of locomotive boilers caused by the over-pressure put upon them in an endeavour to travel at an unprecedented rate of speed. I suppose one ought really to pity them, because of the consideration they display toward their patrons, to whom time means money. Still, to practical men of business, this policy seems absurd, and to the shareholders who are interested in the rolling stock, it must be exasperating. I thank my stars I'm not a shareholder. The fault undoubtedly lies with the board of control, whose ideas are too far in advance of the age in which we live."

The conversation flagged for some time. Then our Mystery asked his fellow passenger for a light. The young man handed him a box of fuses. He took one out, struck it, and regarded it with a sweet, sad, half-cynical, yet amused smile, as it turned from a bright red to black. At last he flung away the burned out fusee and enquired of his companion whether he had a weed about him.

The stranger handed him his cigar-case. He took out a couple and handed it back, saying, half apologetically: "I'm a rare one for chawing up my cigars, I am, and don't get so much out of one as another man will. Do you know, I have to smoke two cigars to another's one in order to obtain the same amount of solacement and peace of mind? It's a fact! Of course, I like to be put upon an equal footing with my fellow men, and, therefore, I always do my level best to obtain my share of the world's comfort. Fact is, the world owes me a living, and she's somewhat in arrears. You don't object?"

After some further conversation our hero, who seemed not in the least fatigued by the events of the past night, proposed a game of cards. The mild young man readily assented and they played several games, in the course of which Mr. Verdant naturally lost a good deal of money and acquired possession of some valuable bills.

They played till six o'clock in the evening, when the train stopped at Walkington Junction.

"I'm going to get a drink," said the mysterious one, rising.

"I'll come with you, old man."

"Do," said our hero, pleasantly, but inwardly furious. He had suddenly changed his mind about going to New York, and intended passing through the refreshment room and boarding the train going west.

"I mean to," replied the lamb, suddenly flashing a bright revolver in our hero's face. "Come, Mr. John Smith, *alias* Charles Morton, *alias* William Johnson, *alias* Colonel Sharp, etc., etc. I want you on a charge of conspiracy and robbery."

The spectacles were off; the veil was lifted!

"Excuse me, sir," stammered our hero, growing visibly paler, as a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, "but you are mistaken. I—I—really this is too ridiculous—a most ludicrous position to find one's self in were it not so painful

to a sensitive nature. But there! I forgive you freely, young man, for committing so serious a blunder. Believe me, I bear no malice. I have not a card about me unfortunately, but I am Something in the Wild West."

"Oh, yes, I know all about that. I hope you will pardon me also, as I, too, have left my card case on the kitchen dresser. However, I have a warrant here for your arrest, which will sufficiently prove my identity and yours. I am your old friend Marvell, of the New York detective force, and now that I have got the bracelets on you and you begin to look like your old self, we'll go back to the car and talk over old times. Come along!"

It has been well said of the great Garfield family that the spirit of change and adventure was so strongly implanted in their breasts that they "hungered for the horizon." All great minds experience, to some extent, the same yearnings. As a boy, our hero had always a desire for a free, unfettered life in the Wild West, but never had he felt such a violent craving for the horizon as when Mr. Marvel dragged him back to the car, minus refreshment. It is a truly pitiable sight to see a lion pacing his narrow den with the energy of despair, or a poor bear lead off with a ring through his nose, especially when you reflect that could he be free for a few minutes you might possibly be the object of his attentions. But it is a more pitiable sight to see a wolf stripped of his sheep's clothing. 'Tis then that he really does look sheepish.

For one moment our hero looked positively guilty, but he immediately recovered himself, and, with head erect and firm step, he hied back to the car. The fire of the Immortals glowed in his fine eyes as he glanced with unutterable contempt upon the mean, curious crowd which gathered around him in his hour of trial. Thank goodness! Virtue is ever its own reward.

* * * * *

We could prolong this romance indefinitely, but the editor has intimated that it is not sufficiently blood-curdling, and that we must curtail the reader's enjoyment, crowd on all sail, and run into port at once. It is hard, but unfortunately we are not newspaper proprietors, or—my stars! the romances we would write and publish!

The indulgent reader will doubtless understand us when we state that it is a most difficult task to curdle an editor's blood. We hinted as much to our editor, but he is inexorable. As the nearest port happens to be leaving the whole matter a classic fragment, we are obliged to obey his mandate and write the finis, which, we confess, saddens us, for, as the sailors say, "More days, more dollars." We are not yet the tyrants of obsequious publishers.

However, we are permitted to say a few last words, explanatory of the foregoing romance, and generally apent what is known as dime literature. This pernicious class of literature, or printed matter, in our opinion, has a deteriorating influence upon the manly and self-reliant courage of the rising generation. Through intense study of this unexciting balderdash, our youth has lost its greenness. Youthful highway robbers and bold boy-buccaneers, like the noble savage, are vanishing from our midst. It is saddening to reflect that in the police returns for twelve months, only 75 per cent. of the crimes are committed by juvenile delinquents. The spirit of adventure is fast being eliminated from youthful breasts, and it is impossible to say or guess how much of this incalculable evil is to be laid at the door of these caterers of cheap sensational literature. Nay, we will speak boldly. If fathers do not wish to see their boys grow up soulless, respectable citizens, why let them spend their time storing their minds with such trash?

It was the ambition of our life to remedy this. In our youthful ardour we aspired to rank among the greatest reformers of the age. Wicked engineers and capitalists, with the soul intention of demolishing stage-coaches, and consequently the knights of the road, have over-run the world with railways. Still, could we but wield as powerful a pen as certain of these colonels of world-wide reputation, who write for dime libraries and who are

greatly responsible for the appalling decline of juvenile crime, we would not misuse our talents. We would move heaven and earth to double the statistics. Revolvers and bull's-eye lanterns should be in every well educated boy's pocket! We would—But what is the use of these vain regrets? What is the good of being ambitious when one has not power and imagination to support one? Ah! ours has indeed been a life of blighted hopes.

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR RICHARD.

Read before "The Tuesday Night Club," November 27.

PROLOGUE.

By brake and bower, by fen and field,
And lakes that Nature's bosom pearled,
With shadowy lance and silver shield,
Came riding Night into the world.
The stars in countless myriads glowed,
Like jewels, in his sombre helm,
And earth grew silent as he rode
Again through his reconquered realm.
The Wind, his unseen trumpeter,
Gave challenge to the recreant Day;
There was no answer, save the stir
Of leaves, that turned to see the fray;—
No answer; and the Wind was still,
And all the leafage fell asleep,
While Night rode slowly up the hill
Into the ruined Norman Keep.
O'er pointed arch and crumbling wall,
In tangled wildness, crept the vine,
And in the empty banquet hall
In flower-cups swam the dew for wine.
A moonbeam, like the hand of fame
That points to greatness through time's gloom,
Fell on a sculptured knight, whose name
One still could read upon his tomb.

What lovers' fancy ruled our brains
That we should seek the ruined hall,
And listen for the minstrel strains
Were wont to cheer the vassals all?
Why stole we from the lighted room,
The merry laugh, the graceful dance,
To sit with Night beside the tomb
And speak of days of shield and lance?

The only minstrel was the owl,
The only vassal was the bat,
The shadows, like gaunt monks in cowl,
Stood round the place wherein we sat;
And, while my shoulder propped thy head,
Thy fair hand put the vines aside,
And I, in quaint, old metre, read,
How brave Sir Richard lived and died.

"He was a noble Christian knight"—
So wrote the long-forgotten bard—
"A doughty champion of the right,
His lady's smile his sole reward.
This noble follower of the cross
Before Jerusalem was slain.
All Merrie England mourns his loss,
Nor hopes to see his like again."

So fair the night, so great our love,
So sweet the joy of solitude,
We stirred not from the tomb, but wove
Sir Richard's romance as we would.
"The lady fair am I," saidst thou,
"Sir Richard, dearest, shalt thou be.
As well would Richard mine, I trow,
As he for his love, fight for me."

Then played we twain a mimic play
(And in the moonlight deemed it real),
Of bygone days of chivalry,
Fair dames and knights in burnished steel.
I told how lonely watch I kept
One night—that same pale moon above,—
And thou at jousting how I swept
The lists, and crowned thee Queen of Love.

I.

THE VIGIL.

All day the courtyard teemed with men,
All day the tinkling hammers rang,
All day, from many a windy den,
Skyward the ruddy forge-fires sprang.
The day it was before the tilt,
And swarthy armours showered their blows
On lance and shield, on blade and hilt,
From dawn till night-dews washed the rose.

The king was come, with all his court,
The tourney with his smile to grace;
Perchance to break a lance in sport,
Or clothyard in the white to place.
All England's noblest knights were there,
Each eager in the lists to prove
His skill, and crown his lady fair
The Queen of Beauty and of Love.

Darkly the moated waters swept
Around the castle's massive pile,
That night when I my vigil kept
Of knighthood in this gloomy aisle.
The yew tree tapped the tinted panes,
The sad owl hooted in the glade,
And Philomel, in plaintive strains,
Her secret to the night betrayed.
Midsummer lightnings, sweetly shy,
Low in the far horizon burned,
Like love-light in thine hazel eye,
When mine upon thy face is turned:
And as amidst the gloom I stood,
With the departed great, alone,
A moonbeam, through the solitude,
Came creeping on, from stone to stone.

I pondered on the noble dead,
And on the greatness of my race;
And where the moonbeam lay I read
How one chose death before disgrace.
Then, as the light crept softly by,
I read the legends, one by one,
And vowed that, unto death, would I
Of noble sires prove worthy son.

I thought upon the knight's estate
I was to enter on the morn,
His love of truth, of wrong his hate,
His pity for the feeble born.
I thought how ready was his blade
To set Oppression's victims free;
And then my noblest thoughts, sweet maid,
As steel to loadstone, turned to thee.

Companion of my boyhood hours,
Thy memory cheered me in the gloom,
As the rich scent of scattered flowers
Of half its sorrow strips the tomb.
Methought thou wast beside me there,
Within the dimly lighted aisle,
Thy voice on the enamoured air,
The shadows routed by thy smile.

Methought I heard thy bird-voice say:
"Hold fast to every noble thought,
And, as this night shall find the day,
So shalt thou to the light be brought."
Methought thou gavest me words of cheer,
Methought I felt thy soft caress,
And duty shone before me clear,
And vanished sin and wretchedness.

Then, suddenly, the risen Sun
Stood radiant on the marble floor.
The night its shadowy course had run;
At last my lonely watch was o'er.
I left the precincts of the dead
And to the dewy courtyard passed,
Before the king to bow my head,
And rise Sir Richard, knight at last.

II.

THE TOURNAMENT.

All through thy dreary watch-night, love,
I sat within my turret room,
And prayed the heavenly Lord above
Protect thee in the charnel gloom.
I saw the moonbeam as it crept
To light the sculptured legendry,
And envied it, because it kept
A night-long vigil, dear, with thee.

When laggard morning came at last
And thou, the flower of chivalry,
Wast summoned by the trumpet blast
To combat in the mimic fray,
I went to see thee at the tilt,
And, though I knew how strong thine arm,
To cheek my warm blood played the jilt,
For fear that thou shouldst suffer harm.

I saw the king the signal give,
I saw thee spur against the knight,
And cried: "They can not meet and live!"
And veiled mine eyes to hide the sight.
But when uprose the vast concourse,
One-minded in its praise and mirth,
I peeped. Unharm'd upon thy horse
Thou wast, thy foeman borne to earth.

And ever, as the day wore on,
Thou hast, methought, a charmed life,
For of the noblest knights was none
Could overcome thee in the strife.
Thou wast as moveless as a rock
That, compassed by an angry sea,
Undaunted, meets its fiercest shock
And hurls it back confusedly.

The day was drawing to its end,
And Night was tilting with the Sun,
When thou before the king didst bend
And take the crown that thou hadst won.
Adown the lists I watched thee ride,
One instant did our fond eyes meet,
And then, of England's knights the pride
Laid the gold trophy at my feet.

EPILOGUE.

"What said the king?" I, laughing, cried,
"Did he not take thee by the hand
And say, if I was England's pride
Thou wast the fairest in the land?
And when uprose the shining sun
Upon my first of happiest days,
Did he not see us twain made one,
And loud as any cry thy praise?"

'Twas thus Sir Richard's life we wove
And brought it to a happy end,
For happy lovers ever love
All other lovers to befriend.
Then ere we from the subject turned,
I, as befits a poet true,
From what of knighthood we had learned
A moral for the present drew.

I said: "We still have knights as great
As those who fought that tourney morn,
Who love the truth, hold wrong in hate,
And pity show the feeble born.
Still lends the modern knight his aid
To set Oppression's victim free,
And in his soul some lily maid
Still whispers: 'Seek nobility.'"

We rose in silence from the tomb,
Scarce needing speech our thoughts to share,
And slowly from the castle gloom
Passed out into the midnight air.
Arm twined in arm, and souls linked fast,
We sought the revellers again,
While Night kept vigil with the Past,
Each happy in its own brief reign.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

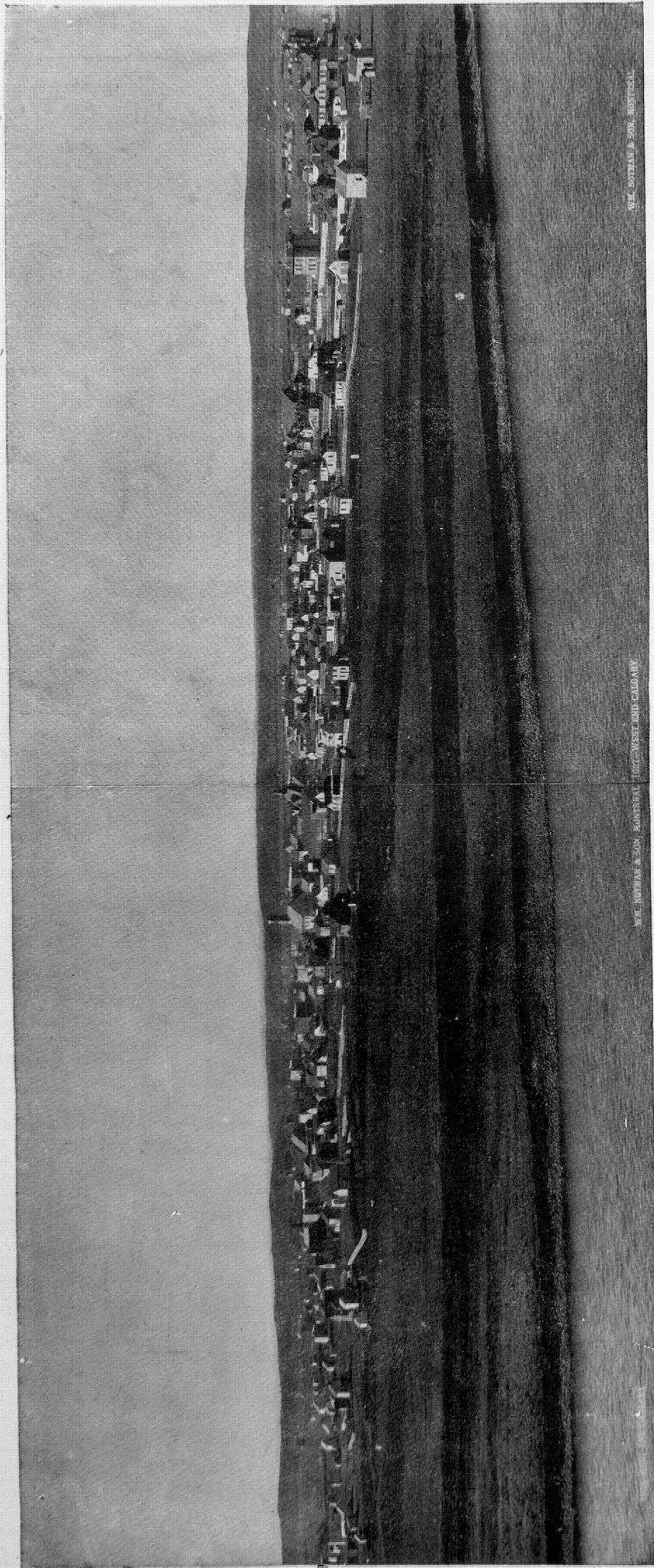
SORROW.

AN ALLEGORY.

One day, when I was sad, my spirit went
In quest of sorrow in the autumn woods,
Whereon the frost had pressed its brumal ban,
Despoiling of its emerald hue the sward.
Thick strewn banks of moss with sorrel leaves,
And spreading silence where sweet songsters sang.
I found her at the rannel's rush-lined side,
Walking the sodden leaves and weeds among.
Her trailing robes, in half-neglected style,
Bespoke the absence of her thoughts from things
Which other women, in all moods, regard.
Resigned she looked and given to musing much
Upon the miseries of her lone life;
Yet when I'd gazed awhile at her calm face,
I saw that she was not betroubled aught
With moping melancholy's grievous fits,
But by them was enhanced in beauty, deep
And lucid as her own complacent soul.
In her ripe countenance I thought I saw
Maturing a full harvest of that grain
Dropped by God's Spirit on such fertile hearts
As can receive and nourish tender truths,
Which would not thrive if sown in barren soil.
Life was with her a time of frost or drought,
Broken at intervals by pleasure's sun
Or plenteous dew, in whose nocturnal fall
Refreshment came unto her drooping faith;
And hers it was to keep alive through these
The precious instincts of her sweeter self;
To ward off each inclement blight and save,
With her blood's vital warmth from with'ring chills,
The hundredfold attainment of the crop,
Which at its reaping repays anxious care.
No solace sought she from the mortal side,
But that same influence broadcast she shed,
Tuning her words to each poor sufferer's woe,
As if she drew from some mysterious source
Abundantly beyond her need, and so
Became the channel for a stream of peace.
Where'er she moved a blessing seemed to come,
And whomsoever she blest, believed as she
What comfort she bestowed was not her own.
Pensive I grew, and deeper delved I in
The holiness with which her presence filled
My sphere, until I turned to find her gone,
Leaving no shadow on the path she took,
A fruitful gladness, welling from my heart,
As I returned did permeate me through;
It shone, like a bright halo, o'er my mien,
And lighted up my face; I felt, as one
Permitted for a while with angel's speech,
Quitting the hallowed spot transfigured by
The fulgent rays of their sublimity.
Since then, though sorrow meet me in disguise,
I know the matron of the sombre woods,
And strive to greet her with an outstretched hand,
Thinking of what that meeting to me brought,
And how the sweetest characters are those
Most intimate with sorrow's benison.

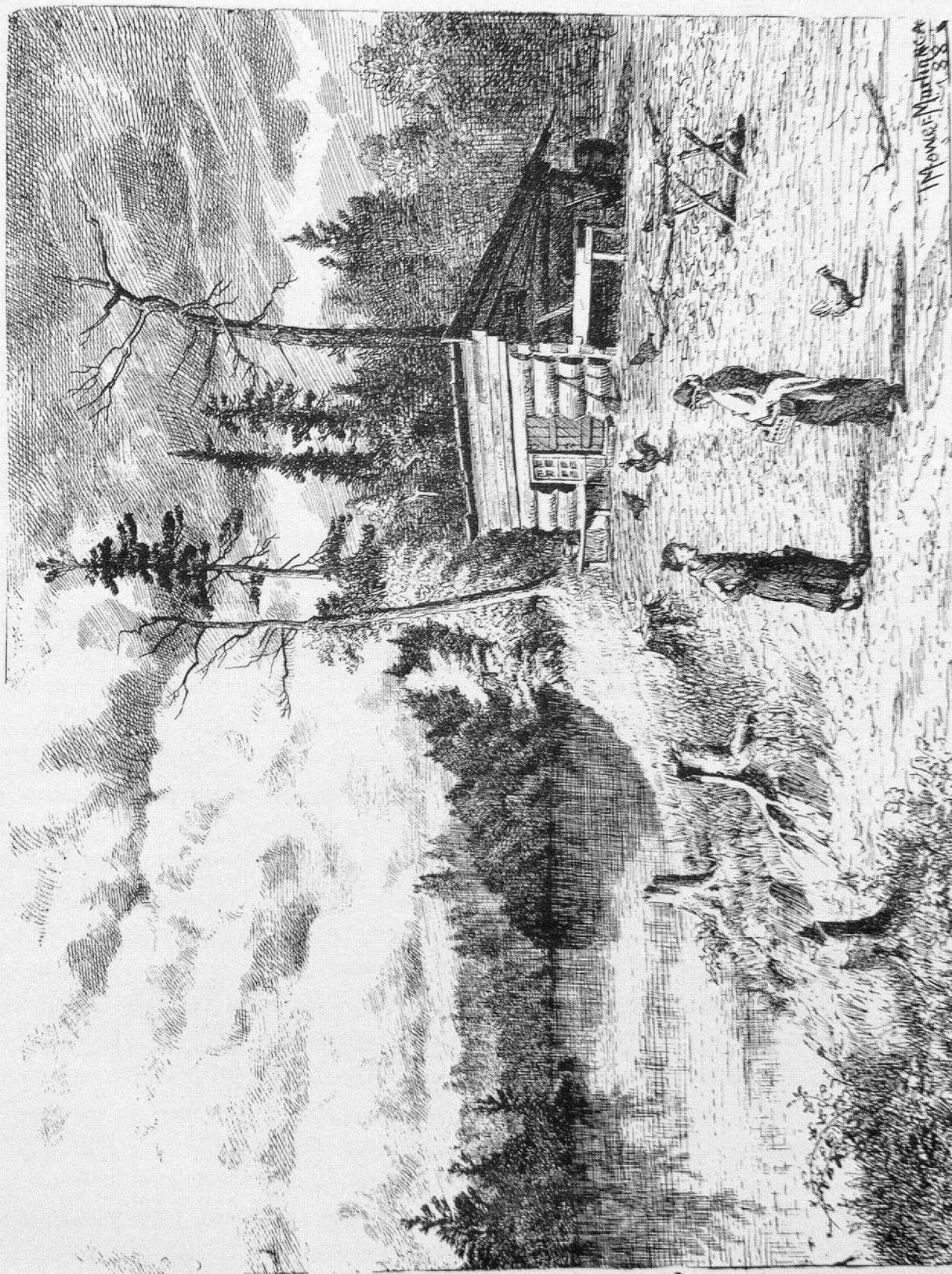
Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES.



CALGARY, ALBERTA.

From a photograph by Noiman.



COLERIDGE, MUSKOKA, ONT.

From a drawing by T. Mower Martin, R. C. A.



EARN HER LIVING.—Certainly we can imagine few things more praiseworthy in a woman than a determination to earn her own living, to live her own life, to meet her own expenses if she is not a person of independent means, but has to be supported by others, whether or not the others work for their own living as well. And to our own mind it is far more unworthy for a woman to sit down and be supported by another than it is for her to support herself in any honest manner whatever.

MARY AND THE POET.—Mary Anderson has lately paid a visit to Lord Tennyson. The poet received her kindly, and during her visit she was appointed high priestess of his lordship's pipe. She filled and lighted it for him, and had conferred upon her the title of "Ministering Angel of Tobacco." Lord Tennyson is very fond of the sylvan beauties of the New Forest, and it is his habit, it is said, to sit for hours, wrapped in a great cloak, beneath a favourite beech tree, listening to Miss Anderson's American jests, "crooning, chuckling and even laughing" with amusement.

AN ARCTIC BELLE'S ATTIRE.—In a lecture in Brooklyn on a late evening, in relation to the Polar seas, William Bradford gave the following description of an Arctic belle: A red silk handkerchief was tied around her forehead and ribbons fluttered from the knot of hair which stood up on the crown of her head. Her boots were as red as her handkerchief and quite as spotless. Her trousers were of the choicest and most shining sealskin, neatly ornamented with needlework and beads. Her jacket was also of sealskin met with trousers at the hips, where it was fringed with a broad band of eiderdown.

GUARDIAN OF THE HOME.—The assertion has become almost a commonplace that woman is the natural guardian of the home. The more she is prohibited from all external spheres the more she is recognized in her aspect of home keeper. If, then, she is responsible for the home, she should look at it in all its aspects. The husband usually spends there but a few hours of his waking day, while the wife spends but a few hours away from it. It is she, therefore, who should study the material side of the home, and all the constant changes brought to it by the changing customs of society and by new mechanical appliances.

THE THIMBLE.—A household magazine tells that the thimble was first the thumb-bell, because worn on the thumb; then the thimble, which sank gradually into thimble, and that up to a recent period it was made only in brass and iron. Now, in addition to those metals, they are made from gold, silver, ivory, horn, glass, and steel, and even occasionally pearl, especially in China, where pearl thimbles bound and tipped with gold are much liked by wealthy ladies. But the most magnificent one of all is that which was first ever seen in Siam, in shape of a golden lotus bud and studded with diamonds to form the name of the young queen to whom it was a bridal gift from the king.

THE DINNER WAGGON.—The piece of furniture known in England as a "dinner waggon" and in France as an *étagère* has obtained recognition on this side of the Atlantic as a desirable accessory. It consists of a series of open shelves on which are placed the extra napkins and *serviettes* to be used. The first heavy napkin is taken away and a more delicate one brought with the Roman punch, or whatever is offered in its stead. With the game comes a fresh one, and when the dessert arrives so does a new napkin. The *étagère* holds the salad bowls, spoons and plates, the dessert dishes and finger bowls. The jellies for the meats, relishes, radishes and celery come on the vehicle which our British friends designate by the cumbersome name of "waggon."

A WALK IN NOVEMBER.

Come, while the rare November sun
His transient warmth and light bestows,
And in the brief hour just begun,
Our pleasant ramble yet may close.

The herd-cropped meads we'll pass beyond,
Nor pause by those deserted walls,
Where love was once the household bond,
Where now no homebred footstep falls.

Once gleamed with hospitable flame
That ruined casement, black and bare,
So some forlorn and ancient dame
Was once a welcome beauty there.

Nor martial beau, nor lady gay,
Light feet to festal music time,
But stealing through the dim decay,
Such echoes haunt my silent rhyme.

Enough to-day our daily load,
There lingers here too sad a charm;
Along the willow-bordered road
That winds throughout the German Farm,

And past the old white porch we'll go,
Where autumn's sweet hop-tassels cling;
The great dog will our greeting know,
The small one to our hand will spring.

The bachelor-brethren, quaint and kind,
Will somewhere in our pathway stand,
With simple gallantries that find
Accepting smile and ready hand.

We'll hear the home and neighbouring news—
(The "wood-road" much their comfort mars)—
And fair Niece Rena's marriage views
Are doubtful still as Eastern wars.

We'll note the wood-pile's growing size,
Praise the gay foal, and heifer mild,
And taste the orchard's garnered prize,
Which late the roving boy beguiled.

Then out upon the distant slope
That toward the valley-ground declines,
Past groves, now barren as the hope
We nurtured 'neath dead summer's vines.

Yet still amid the leafless boughs
Cock-robin flits, with pensive strain,
Where flowery spring first heard his vows,
Some tender echoes still remain.

Nor will we for a late-lost joy
Always the present calm deny;
Nor willfully unwise destroy
The remnant pleasures fleeting by.

Oh, till we suddenly discern
Below—the noble inland bay
Locked by the mountains, dark and stern
With shadow, this November day.

The village church, whose distant spire
Gleams white and tall 'mong odourous firs,
Where words, oft touched with holy fire,
The rustic's simple bosom stirs;

The quiet village hills behind,
With field and pasture sprinkled o'er,
Where blooming June with lilacs lined
The pickets round the cottage door;

The rift on yonder wooded height,
Where golden glimpses rest awhile,
Like sorrow's cheek serenely bright
With resignation's chastened smile.

So grouped, and tinted, breaks the whole
Familiar scene of hill and vale;
This resting-place the appointed goal,
Whose promised visions never fail.

Here, on this great moss-covered stone
We'll sit, and, as we, silent, gaze,
Bless Him who planned it all, and own
How He hath kept us all our days.

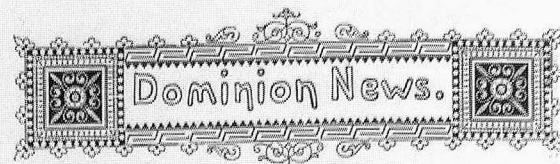
The clouds in coloured light are drest,
As far the fires of twilight burn;
The young moon glimmers in the West,
As homeward we our faces turn.

Thither we carry brighter cheek,
And happier thoughts than late were ours,
We kept to-day a spirit meek,
And found no thorn beside the flowers.

Montreal.

A. C. J.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE SLAVES.—We have wasted a good deal of sympathy upon the Circassian girls who are sold to the highest bidder in the Turkish slave market. They have been brought up with an eye to this fate from babyhood. They are expected to make the family fortune; are given the daintiest food, and their health and beauty are matters of constant solicitation. Warm, perfumed baths and silken clothing keep their skins soft and fresh, and they are allowed to do no work. The rest of the family usually fare hard, eat coarse food and do no rough labour.



General Middleton last week inspected the Seventh Battalion.

A valuable deposit of coal has been found at Oslow, near Truro, N.S.

Bedson's buffalo herd may possibly remain in Manitoba if the new owner can secure liberal ranching privileges.

Morrisburg, Ont., has voted \$25,000 bonus to the St. Lawrence Paper Company for the establishment of paper mills there.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have decided to build car works at Stratford, in connection with their machine shops there.

A despatch from Deputy Minister of Marine Smith says the new steamer "Stanley" will run between Summerside and Point du Chene as long as navigation remains open.

The ambitious town of St. Johns, on the Richelieu, has voted a bonus of \$800 a year for ten years to Day Brothers, to remove their steel stove factory from Montreal to St. Johns.

The election to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for East Northumberland took place on the 21st, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Cochrane, ex-M.P., being elected by a majority of 53.

The town of Brownville, N.B., is showing its mettle. The Canada Pacific Railway has commenced extensive repair shops, storehouses and other buildings. The C.P.R. is to be free of taxation for ten years.

Robert Barber, of Toronto, Government Inspector of Factories, laid information against the Era Preserving Company under the Ontario Factories Act charging them with unlawfully employing in the factory six young girls and six women before six o'clock in the morning and after nine o'clock at night. The company pleaded guilty and was fined.

Several years ago the editor of this paper fyled at Ottawa, for an American friend, a patent for the manufacture of a sad iron, heated and kept hot by gas or gasoline, generated from a small cylinder, lasting from two to three hours. To-day the lively town of Sherbrooke, on the St. Francis, has secured the works for exactly such a patent, the Wishart patent self-heating laundry iron and other kindred household appliances.

The total number of cotton mills in Canada, not counting cotton-bating and wadding factories, manufactures of waddings, etc., is 25, having an aggregate of 11,282 looms and 510,700 spindles. In 1885, when the last edition of the *Canadian Textile Directory* was published, there were 24 mills with a total of 9,702 looms and 461,748 spindles. In the last three years, therefore, only one new mill has come into existence, but the weaving and spinning capacity has increased by 1,580 looms and 57,952 spindles.

BOOTH AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseating in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favour, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer.

Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upward, were wet with tears.

And yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till at last the spell was broken, as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth: "Our Father, which art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers. He finished. The silence continued.

Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I have never heard it—never!"

"You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labour for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production."

SAM SLICK AND OLD KING'S.

We regret that the space in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is bounded, as we should have liked to give the whole of Dr. T. Allen Jack's eloquent paper on the above subject. We have done the next best thing, and that is, to group the chief incidents of the narrative.

I.

THE HALIBURTON HOUSE.

The Haliburton House at Windsor, N.S., is surrounded by trees, which screen it from the view of passers-by. There is a pond, also enclosed by trees, between the house and the road, which is now in a most picturesque state of neglect, and which possesses somewhat gloomy associations. It is called Piper's Pond, from the tradition that some youthful reed-blower was drowned in its depths very many years ago, and occasionally his wraith is said to be seen breathing weird music in cloudy moonlit nights. After passing through several hands, the house is now occupied as an hotel or boarding-house. The apartment in which the meals are served is peculiar, inasmuch as, with the exception of a glass door leading into the garden, there is no means for lighting except through windows in the roof above. The windows on the ground floor all open, like doors, upon the surrounding lawn and garden, and let in plenty of air. In one room hangs a portrait of the Judge, which is said never to have been removed since his occupation, and is considered to be an admirable likeness. On the roof is an observatory, from which a good view may be obtained of the surrounding country. Between the back of the house and the River Avon is a stretch of upland pasture, and here, in a late afternoon in June, you can form some idea of a land flowing with milk and honey. And then there are the locust trees, which are still numerous. A large garden, well stocked with cherry trees, and gooseberry and currant shrubs, forms a not unimportant part of the holding, and old-fashioned flowering plants, which, though somewhat neglected, show signs of commendable vigour, are to be found on the skirts of a roomy lawn and elsewhere.

II.

THE THREE ELMS.

But all the attractions of the place are not contained in its actual bounds. Between the college and the old lodge, at the entrance to the Sam Slick House and at a distance of less than three hundred yards, there are three grand old trees, unrivalled in the Maritime Provinces, if not in Canada, for stateliness of form and richness of foliage. They stand far below the level of the way, in a deep ravine, where half a century ago the collegian used to play cricket, in memory whereof the College Cricket Club retains its original name, "The Three Elms." It has been neglected, and it is now somewhat choked by a leafy jungle, which the fertile soil and genial climate of the locality have encouraged and no pruning hook has checked. Beyond this point you enter the shade of coniferous trees, where there is generally a resinous smell, and in summer, except in blazing or steaming hot weather, a comparatively cool temperature. The road through the grove terminates a few hundred yards from "the three elms," on the margin of the college cricket field, and in sight of the college and the Hinsley memorial chapel, passing, as it emerges into the open, two picturesque houses, on either side, occupied by professors. On the left, near one of these and hid in the grove, is the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a deep, conical depression, of a kind not uncommon in the plaster formation for which Windsor is noted, but of greater magnitude than similar cavities. "The Devil's Punch Bowl" has a wicked name, and is always considered to be capable of producing weird sights and unnatural sounds for the benefit of students seeking the college at late hours and on dark nights. Its traditions are numerous, and all awful, but somewhat tangled. Crossing the cricket field, you reach the pretty stone chapel erected as a memorial to the late Canon Hinsley, who occupied the chair of Divinity at the College. This chapel stands at the eastern end of the col-

lege, and the two buildings occupy the crest of a hill overlooking a spacious valley, bounded on the south by a chain of mountainous hills running parallel with the ridge, and about two miles distant.

III.

OLD KING'S.

The old college building is divided into five compartments, known as the President's, Chapel, Middle, Radical and North Pole Bays, of which Middle Bay possesses a portico and the other bays only porches. Although built of wood, it is substantial in appearance, while, architecturally, it is effective and decidedly academical. To the right stands Convocation Hall, a neat stone structure, in which the ecoenia is held, and containing the library and museum, the latter comprising a valuable collection of rare old china, accumulated during many years by Mrs. Weldon, widow of the late Mr. Justice Weldon, and daughter of Judge Haliburton, and given by her to the college. This collection deserves a careful inspection by British Americans, as many of the specimens which it contains were brought to the country by Loyalists, and have escaped the iconoclastic tendencies of generations of housemaids. The academy or collegiate schoolhouse lies some distance to the left of the college buildings, in a hollow surrounded by elms, and is an attractive structure of stone. The elms, which are very plentiful about Windsor, are here seen in great numbers, of a wine-glass or feathery form, while the fields are very generally divided from the highway by hedgerows of thorn, and the cottages are often covered by climbing roses and woodbine. The connection between the Judge and the University is perpetuated by the resident alumni of the latter, through a literary club, which has been in existence and done good work for some years, under the name of the Haliburton.

IV.

NOTABLE ALUMNI.

Considering its age, which, however, is greater than that of other colleges in Canada, and in view of its limited financial resources, King's has within a century produced a goodly number of eminent men. There are Porter and McCauley among the older scholars; Cochran, Gray, Millidge, Walker, Hinsley and Hodgson among the Divines; Sir Charles Tupper and Senator Almon, distinguished alike for medical knowledge and statesmanship; among judges, the Parker brothers, Gray, of British Columbia, and Townshend; while in the Indian hero Inglis, and the gallant Welsford, who found glory and death at the Redan, she has produced soldiers worthy of praise by any bard. Nor is there reason to believe that the productive power of the college is showing signs of exhaustion. The recognized leader of the New Brunswick Bar is a Kingsman, one of the professors is the best known of Canadian poets, and many of the graduates occupy the front rank in the learned professions in the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Windsor, Old King's and Sam Slick seem indeed to be connected together, and, in tracing their connection, we are led to dwell slightly upon the past. But, without a past, how hard it is to form estimates as to the future. It must always afford pleasure to the colonist, possessed of some leisure and love of letters, to visit the few places about him, where the bustle of progress is not wholly capable of destroying the calm which the memory of past fame serves to create and foster. To such a one Quebec is *par excellence* his Mecca, but may not the old town of Windsor serve as his Medina?

CARE OF THE BODY.—Most of those who die between 25 and 60, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion—such as the over indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of the temperature without corresponding changes of clothing. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness; and this caution ought to be in possession and exercise before middle life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that many who are deficient in vigour in early life outlive the vigorous and careless.



What length should a lady's dress be? A little above two feet.

A liberal education is one that has cost the boy's father a great deal of money.

In High Circles—First Tramp: "I say, have you taken a bath?" Second Tramp (anxiously): "No! Is there one missing?"

A dear friend was once expatiating to Talleyrand on his mother's beauty when the mean wit said, "Then it must have been your father who was ugly."

When some one said that Chateaubriand complained of growing deaf, Talleyrand replied: "He thinks he is deaf because he no longer hears himself talked of."

Snook (yellow-bearded)—"I say, old fellow! I'm going to have my beard dyed to match my new brown suit." Jook—"Dye it green, why don't you, to match your head?"

"Ah, Lionel, that poem is beautiful!" "Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life." "And, Lionel—my Lionel! it will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?" "Yes, Agatha—and perhaps \$2."

"Pa," asked the small boy, "what is a heroine?" "Your mother is a heroine," replied the parent. "How a heroine?" "Why, she married your father when his income was only \$300 a year—and she knew it."

At Nice—M. le Baron (complacently)—"Weally, Miss Amidon, I cawnt see what makes Mees Jenkins fleet so outwagously wiz me! What can I do to get rid of her?" Miss A.—"Propose to her. She's a girl of sense."

Paterfamilias—Why, Ethel! You don't mean to tell me you want to marry that bald-headed Prof. Wiseman! Ethel—It is true he is bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads."

A New York couple were recently photographed while the marriage ceremony was being performed. The photographer probably thought that it would be much easier to get them to "look pleasant" at that moment than at any other period during their married lives.

There is in some a dispassionate neutrality of mind which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify nor warm us; it must indeed be granted that these men can only negatively offend, but then it should also be remembered that they cannot positively please.

Fenelon, who often bothered Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable purposes without any success, was one day telling him that he had just seen a capital portrait of him. "And I suppose you would ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu with a sneer. "Oh no; I saw there was no chance—it was too like you."

Tomme: "She's the coolest girl I ever met." Dickke: "How so?" Tomme: "Why, I tried to kiss her and something sharp in her hair nearly put my eyes out." Dickke: "Well, what of that?" Tomme: "Nothing; but she said, 'that's the kind of a hairpin I am.'" Dickke is trying to discover the point of it yet.

First baggageman—I say, Mike, all av these trunks belong to the wan woman. What d'ye s'pose is in them? Second baggageman—Sure, Jerry, an' it's her wardrobe. She's a celebrated actress. First baggageman—And what's in the small hand bag that goes wid 'em? Second baggageman—Be gobbs, Jerry, oim thinkin' that's what holds her janius.

Isaacson—You gomplain because dhose pants haf shrunk a leedle?

Bowwow—A little! De tings are like tights, sure!

Isaacson—Vy, dot was de peauty of my cloddings, dey vas loose and easy in the summer, but dhey grow closer and comfortable vhen de cold veddar comes on. Ain'd you got any style apoud you anyvay.

A barbarous example for the parsing class is given by the Minneapolis *Tribune*: The ship stuck fast on the bar. The young member of the Bar sat upon a stout bar on the upper deck, wishing that the bar of conventionality did not bar him from speaking to the young lady. His longing was increased when the young lady sang a bar or two from his favourite opera. She did not notice him, however, and he went down to the bar to drown his chagrin.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew does not like the West. Recently, while on a visit to Chicago, he called the clerk of the hotel and, pointing to a boy, said:

"Sir, I want you to discharge that fellow."

"Why? What has he done?"

"He has insulted me."

"But how?"

"Why, I heard him speak of me as 'his jags.'"

"Oh, that's nothing," responded the clerk.

"And," continued Mr. Depew, "I think that he also referred to you as 'his jags.'"

"He did, eh? Well, that settles it. He goes this minute. By the way, whenever your jags wants anything don't forget to ask for it."



GOOD ARITHMETIC.

FRED.: Now, Sally, if I give you five apples, and you eat two, how many will you have?

SALLY: Five.

FRED.: Why no, Sally. If you eat two you will only have three.

SALLY: Yes I shall. I'll have five in my hands and two in my tummy.

When women cannot be revenged, they do as children do—they cry.

Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite.

The Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit still lives.

The newest style of dude collar is called "The Pirate," because it is an adept at cutting throats.

Old Lady (in shoe store)—Have you felt slippers? Small Boy Clerk (solemnly)—Yes, ma'am, many a time.

There was an old game played on believing Spiritualists years ago by those naughty sisters—the old game of Fox and geese.

The conventionality of youth: Mr. White-tie—"Ah, won't you give me a kiss my little man?" Louis (hiding bashfully in his mamma's gown)—"You do it, ma."

Customer—Is that horse fast? Dealer—Well, he's not so fast as he used to be; but he's a fine horse yet. "He looks awfully old." "Y-e-s; he was fast in his youth, you know."

Husband (after church)—"Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Cadwallader and the two Misses Cadwallader were?" Wife—"Yes, and as they all wore the Psyche knot for the first time, it is easily explained."

The graceful way in which Ida Green, of Covington, licked a postage stamp won the heart of Moses Smith, a Colorado cattle king, and next week they are to be married. When she comes to lick him, he may sing a different tune.

"Tis the way of the world," the maiden cried;

"Tis the way of the world to be glad.

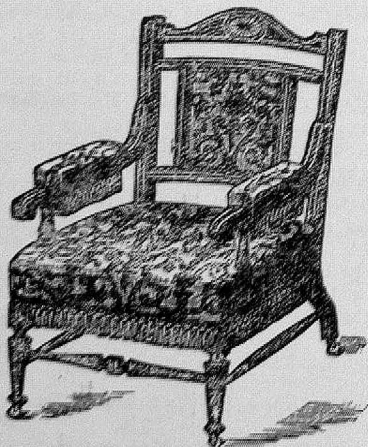
"Tis the way of the world," the old man sighed,

"Tis the way of the world to be sad."

"What did you find in the pockets?" inquired Mrs. Hankthunder, anxiously. "There was a small hymn book," said the coroner, "together with a handkerchief, some postage stamps, a few tracks on total abstinence—" "It wasn't the colonel," exclaimed the Kentucky lady, greatly relieved; he's probably coming on the next boat."

He loved a blushing maiden,
But his soul was full of fear,
So he spoke into a phonograph
The words he'd have her hear.

Her father moved the lever,
And before the day was done
That phonograph was guarded
By a bull dog and a gun.



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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, at the same time, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of four subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of early, as our stock of back numbers is limited.



Sir William Dawson took occasion of the yearly dinner of the McGill Medical Faculty to state that the number of lady scholars at the chief Canadian seats of learning was steadily increasing. He said also that there were more lady pupils at McGill than in all other Canadian colleges together. The figures which we have gathered show this to be true: Queen's College, Kingston, 15; Victoria College, Cobourg, 16; University College, Toronto, 27; Dalhousie College, Halifax, 34, and McGill College, Montreal, 109.

The work of colonization is going on apace in the northern and newest fields of this province, bordering on the Height of Land. The townships called Guigues and Duhamel, in the land around and about Lake Temiskaming, have grown so much, in a few years, that the number of dwellers claim the right of being endowed with municipal institutions. Large tracts of this fine country have been bought up by French capitalists and companies, and funds have been sent forward for tillage and farm buildings.

There is talk in money circles about getting all bank notes that are in circulation received at par throughout every part of the Dominion. As things stand, discount is demanded at Montreal, for instance, on several banks of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. There is no doubt that the system is awkward, and does not show that bond of thorough fellowship and brotherhood which should flourish among the provinces.

A writer in the Halifax Critic says that the searovers of Elizabeth brought back to England a number of Spanish idioms, and he makes out that the old term, "Oh, dear me," is a phonetic twist for the Castilian *Ay de mi*, "Woe is me!" Of course this ejaculation at once reminds one of the Moorish ballad which Byron did into English

from the Spanish version of the Arabic original. One of the verses gives the mourning key to the dirge:—

Perdi una hija donzella,
Que era la flor d'esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava par ella,
No me las estimo en nada,
Ay de mi. Alhama!

A standing anomaly of the American electoral system is that an election may go to a candidate who polls only a minority of votes. In a triangular or quadrangular contest the effect is not so glaring, as in the first election of Abraham Lincoln, who was in a large minority of the popular vote. When there are only two candidates, however, the manifest violation of the American principle, "The majority must rule," is very striking. Thus, Mr. Cleveland has to step out of the White House, although he got 79,000 more votes than General Harrison.

There can be no two opinions on the need of the swiftest mail sea service attainable, if Canada wants to secure the Imperial subsidy for the passage of the mails from London to Yokohama, through Canadian territory, and over the rails and steamers of the Canadian Pacific. The matter is of vital importance; the whole country is alive to it; the newspapers are unanimous in its favour, and we may rest assured that the Government will not lose the opportunity of helping on another national work.

We have already called attention to the irruption of bears in the towns and villages of the old provinces. Their first inroad was in the streets of Pembroke, three months ago, since when a week scarcely passes without the report of a raid in different parts of the country. In Ontario and New Brunswick it is now proven that Bruin has still his lair in the wild wood and his haunts on the outskirts of peopled dwellings for food. In the Richelieu valley, at St. Denis, the bears paid a visit lately, and fifty-six were killed in the forests of Garneau, Lafontaine and Fournier, and in the seignory of St. Roch des Aulnais, L'Islet.

It is not generally known that Montreal has the largest and greatest bell in America, the *bourdon*, or burden, which can be heard over the St. Lawrence, from the western tower of Notre Dame to Varennes, a stretch of thirty miles. The famous Moscow bell weighed 57 tons. At Pekin there are seven bells, each weighing 120,000 pounds. The bell of Notre Dame, of Paris, weighs 38,000 pounds. That of Notre Dame, of Montreal, of English make, weighs 29,400 pounds. The heaviest bell in the United States is that of the New York City Hall, weighing 23,000 pounds.

We have already told our readers that, although Major Bedson had sold the last buffalo herd to an American ranch, the animals were likely to be kept on their old grounds, at Stony Mountain. A number of experiments have been made in crossing the breed with ordinary stock, but ranchmen do not believe that the experiment will be of any practical good. Its only result can be to deteriorate stock, as the buffalo is entirely wanting in hind-quarters. What would follow would be the preservation of the buffalo for the sake of the "robe," but this, though of great beauty and value on pure breeds, is neither one nor the other on the mixed stock.

We also spoke of pelicans in the Northwest and Mississippi Valley, sailing south for the winter, and wonder was expressed that these birds were

found in our country at all. They are, however, quite plentiful on the prairie. Dr. Fream, who lately called at the Manitoba penitentiary, kept, along with a menagerie of his own, by Major Bedson, says that the superintendent is a great naturalist, and it was surprising, among specimens of moose, bison and cariboo, to see a number of pelicans, which travellers usually associate with more southerly latitudes.

Some six or seven French-Canadians were lately elected to the legislature of several of the New England States. This is the result of naturalization, whereby these people have become American citizens, and are no longer Canadians. This change of allegiance, the possession of their own priests and parishes, schools and societies, all root them in their new homes, hindering more and more every well meant plan of repatriation. Any one who has seen these Canadian groups beyond the border will see at once that their return here is hopeless.

Parliament will likely be called on to settle another knotty point as between the Federal and Provincial Governments, on the payment of the militia when called upon to quell riots and keep the peace. In two cases, lately, the Italian uprising on the Hereford Railway and the Skeena threatened outbreak, the Federal Government had to yield and pay the costs of the volunteers, while the Quebec and British Columbia legislatures looked on and refused to contribute a cent. The share of responsibility in such critical events is surely one-sided, and it will have to be clearly defined.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

The editor of this paper was perhaps the first to put forward the claims to the chair of English Language and Literature, in Toronto University, of W. J. Alexander, B. A. (Lond.) Ph. D. (J. H. U.), Munro Professor of English Language and Literature at Dalhousie University, and some time Fellow of Johns Hopkins University. In doing so he was fully aware of Professor Alexander's abilities, and that high estimate has been enhanced by the perusal of the Inaugural Address delivered at the Convocation of Dalhousie on the subject whose title heads this article.

The professor takes a threefold view of literature. First, as the simple expression of thought, and under this head the dramas of Sophocles are included with the elements of Euclid, and Tennyson's "Idylls" with Darwin's "Origin of Species." Hence, to use the professor's own words: "As the literary student, then, may be employed now on the material of the mathematical, now on that of the historical or scientific student, the differentiation of his study must be sought, not in its material, but in its aim. Euclid has, as a mathematician, one end in view, and Thucydides, as an historian, another; but, inasmuch as both were writers, they must have had also a common end, and it is in this end we must seek the aim of literary study. Now, every written thought is the representation of a certain mental condition, and its aim is the reproduction of that condition either in the mind of others, or in the writer's own mind at another time; and, consequently, the aim of the student of literature is simply the reproduction within himself of this mental condition of the writer." He has attained his end when he has put himself at the point of view of the author.

The second point of view is literature as written thought clothed in style. Style is that in the written thought which corresponds to the personality of the writer, and is the outcome of that personality. That constant element is, to persons of literary capacity and training, a revelation of the man; as Buffon says, "*Le style, c'est l'homme.*"

Through style, then, we come in contact with that which is greatest in man—character; for the character of a man is the resultant of his whole being, moral and intellectual. To experience the power of literature, to appreciate style in its fullness, to feel not merely the main emotion, but the whole complex of emotions with which a writer regards his subject, is the outcome only of constant and careful study, combined with a large innate susceptibility to literary art. Though the capacity for the highest literary appreciation is not common, in most men a measure of innate capability is dormant. To rouse this dormant capability, to guide it aright when roused, to teach the proper spirit in which to approach the masterpieces of literature, and to keep the mind in contact with them—this should form a main part of every course of literature; and the professor claims that, excluding the other benefits of college work, it would be no inadequate return should the student gain this alone, the appreciation of what is noblest and best in books, and a love for the society of that august company of whom we have spoken.

The professor's third view is the perfection of literature, as exhibited in the subtlest sublimation of thought and the perfection of style. In other words, he regards poetry as the culmination of literary inspiration and workmanship. It rests, according to Aristotle, on fancy and feeling—or, as the professor has it, on imagination and emotion. Nay, it combines the three faculties of the human mind—imagination, sensibility and judgment—and the lecturer is quite right in saying that the poet is essentially the philosopher, as the instance of Shakespeare shows plainly. There is no doubt that Greek and Latin literature and poetry are and must remain the everlasting patterns of the student, and while we by no means agree to the professor's preference for the German as compared with French or Italian literature, we quite agree with him that after all, the wide, varied and splendid literature open to all of us in our mother-tongue is a sufficient instrument of literary culture, and from it, at any rate, we must begin. Literary taste and love of books must first be developed there; for, to close with a very true remark of Professor Huxley: "If an Englishman cannot get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither will the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace give it to him."

LITERARY NOTES.

The third edition of the useful little book, "*Le Paroissien Noté*," has appeared at Quebec.

"Plan of the City of Toronto and Suburbs," compiled and drawn by S. R. G. Penson, is published by S. R. G. Penson, Toronto.

"The History of the Ursulines of Three Rivers," a work extending over two hundred and fifty years, has just been published from the pen of one of the nuns.

Dr. Bourinot, the well known *littérateur*, clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, will be married shortly to Miss Cameron, of Regina, and formerly of Ottawa.

The first number of the new Ottawa weekly, *United Canada*, has appeared. It is an eight-page paper. Father Coffey, late of the *Catholic Record*, London, Ont., is the editor.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

One of the hopeful signs of literary thrift is the number of well printed and well edited students' papers. I have seen about half a dozen of these, and found them well up to the mark. There must be at least a bakers' dozen of these special journals, among which are, to my knowledge, the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the *King's College (N.S.) Record*, the *Almafilian*, the *Ottawa College organ*, the *McGill College Gazette*, "*The College Times*" of U. C. College, while at St. Lin the girls have put forth a neat monthly called "*The Convent*."

I have yet to see the paper that has not chimed in with the general feeling in favour of having born Canadians for the chairs of our universities and colleges in all cases where other things are equal. For the chair of English Language and Literature, I was among the first to put forward the names of Professors Roberts, of King's and Alexander, of Dalhousie, and it is pleasing to see that the call has been echoed far and wide.

It was feared, last week, that three great old men of Britain would not live through the winter, lying low with what seemed to be their last illness. These were Newman, Tennyson and Bright—the first born with the century, the second touching fourscore, and the third far beyond the allotted three score and ten. As I write, the three have luckily rallied, and there is hope that they may be spared for several years yet.

F. C. Emberson sends me these verses on the birthday of a sister:—

IN ROSÆ, SORORIS, NATALITIIS.

Decembribus cœlebs q̄ id agam Kalendis.
—Horace *od III*, 7 *parce delorta*.

Why round my halls do posy garlands twine,
Fern-mosses, roses, wilding eglantine?

Lithe maidens flit in festal raiment gay,
And festal meats on snowy napery lay.

Alcoves reëcho to the cithern's sound,
Jests, laughter, songs and lissom feet fly round.

Sweet Rose! this dawning saw thy nascent years;
My natal day, alas! I keep with tears.

Blessing and blest, fair fleet thy golden life,
Once loving daughter, now beloved wife.

The following is sent by the same hand:—

AD EAMDEM.

Hæc Rosamunda die,—Rosa mundique et rosa munda,
Orta est et bene olet quæ redolere solet.

The Yankee pirate publisher who stole this couplet of the writer, in 1170, to maul it and print it as an epitaph on Fair Rosamond, is warned that "F. C. E." is only waiting for the International Copyright law to get Mr. Greenway's lawyers to communicate with him.

This is the letter which accompanied the foregoing poems:—

S. V. B. E. E. V.

Tibi versiculos istos remitto. Minime projmro habes te mea scripta legere non posse, quippe qui scribere taughtus essem nunquam. Me Latinum, me Græcum, me Calculum Differentialiæ mirâ quantum curâ docebant, scribere tamen, vae mihi, nunquam teachaverunt. Neque enim tuum pugnum decipere potui. Vesperî litteras tuas accepi, et sine spectaculis eadem legere nequeibam. Homunculus pedes quinque (V) solum altus, naso longissimo et aduno, spectacula wearens, nimis essem ridiculus et puerulis ludibrium. Vale; cutem curâ, præsertim si satis es dives (satis dives ego non sum), ad balneum turcum.

I am far from liking the critical school of second rate authors, who are trying to rule public opinion in England by their new-tangled standards of literary taste, but sometimes they do hit the mark, and thereby set back the balance. Thus, Edmund Gosse has put Poe in his right place, at the head of American poets. Andrew Lang, however, is all at sea in asking us to read Browning's "*Men and Women*" and Shelley's "*Adonais*" as we read "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*" or "*The Ancient Mariner*." You can understand the latter; the former are unintelligible.

Mr. Lang has the assurance to bid us read Browning without puzzling after problems or "grubbing" (a delicate word) for more than we see on the surface. He asks us to read "just for plain sense, for the romance, for the delight of

the heart and fancy." The trouble is that there is little plain sense in Browning, for twelve lines running, and not all the sneers and hard names of such teachers as Andrew Lang can make Siblylline Leaves of his favourite's rhapsodies.

We have to go back to the old fellows after all. They had an eye to the beautiful in nature and in man, and a heart to beat with it so as that all men might understand and enjoy it forever. Take Shakespeare in "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," Act II., sc. 7, who makes Julia say of love to her waiting-woman, Lucetta:—

The current that with gentle murmur glides,

But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Then go to Tasso and hear Aminta tell his comrade, Tirsi, in what way he loves his sweetheart, Silvia:—

* * * Punto altro non vollei
Che 'l soave splendor degli occhi belli,
E le dolci parole, assai più dolci
Che 'l mormorar d'un lento fumicello,
Che rompa 'l corso fra minuti sassi,
O che 'l garrir dell' aura infra le frondi.

You stop when you have read, and you shut your eyes to think, and the scene of love is as living to you as it was to Shakespeare or to Tasso.

TALON.

VERSES.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I.

SORROWS OF HOPE.

Why will the heart be never satisfied,
But ever chase of hope the butterflies,
Treading beneath its feet at every stride
The flowers whose sweetness it might realize?
Why will it follow, follow till it dies,
Those pleasures lost in winning, like a bark
That over glancing billows broadwinged flies
To meet the sun's path, while that golden mark
Around it lies, but in the seething wake grows dark?

II.

FRIENDS' DUTIES.

Woe, woe unto that over-careful heart
That tells our faults and our base acts doth chide
And will not laud in us the nobler part,
Lest praise should sow the fruitful seeds of pride.
Praise is man's food. He will not be denied,
But from his soul's true level will descend
To mix with those by whom his praise is cried,
It is the duty of the soul's true friend,
Merited blame reluctantly with praise to blend.

III.

THE MAIDEN'S LOVE.

The maiden's love is not the woman's love,
Nor has its depth, its patience, nor its power,
'Tis the soul's egoism, fain to prove
It can elate a soul or make it cower,
It is not selfless love, o'erjoyed to dower
The loved one with its charms, nor yet demand
Aught in return, and which when tempests lower
Between the lightning and its love will stand
Fearless, though death or anguish threaten on every hand.

IV.

LOVE.

I.

Love is the bitterest pleasure upon earth,
The sharpest purgatory of mankind.
It kindles fires of hope on the heart's hearth
And quenches them with torments meet to blind
The eye to happiness, and cloud the mind,
Crowns jealousy its king, who makes the smile
Of woman—by God to comfort man designed—
To the crazed lover seem hell's deepest guile
With which she lures all men into subjection vile.

II.

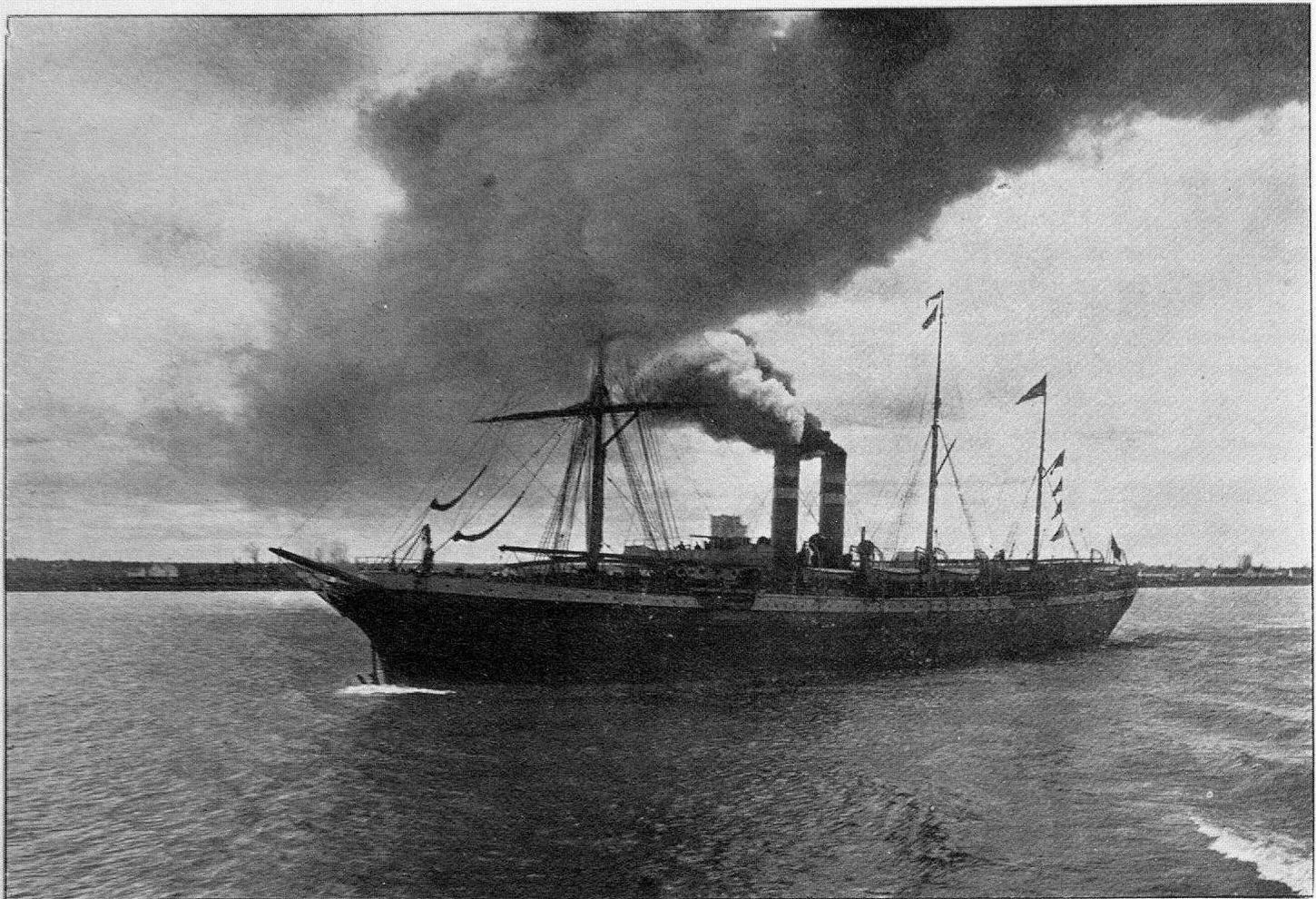
And yet when once the words of love are spoken,
Love vows exchanged, and on red lips and warm
Is pressed of love the burning seal and token,
No longer heard is jealousy's alarm,
And earth revivates to a new found charm.
From victor Hope, Despair, dark-pinioned, flies,
Heart beats on heart, and, trustful, fears no harm,
A gayer sun is shining in the skies
And earth seems earth no more, but rather paradise.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.

Views and groups from photographs taken by Wm. Notman & Son.



THE BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIP "LAKE ONTARIO," ACCOMPANYING THE EXCURSION.



ANDREW ALLAN, ESQ.,
OF THE ALLAN LINE OF ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

L. J. SEARGEANT, ESQ.,
OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

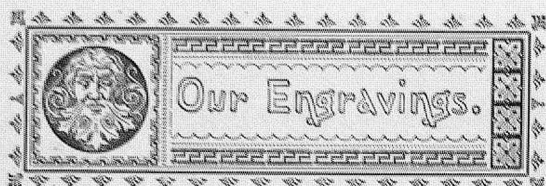
HON. A. W. OGILVIE,
SENATOR.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE SENATE, THE STEAMSHIP, AND THE RAILWAY.



ANDREW ROBERTSON, ESQ., CHAIRMAN OF THE MONTREAL HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL. (CONTINUED.)—The leading feature of the excursion on the 7th November to Quebec was the representative character of the gathering. The Montreal Harbour Commissioners had as witnesses of the complete and successful performance of their Herculean task, Ministers of the Crown, members of the Senate, House of Commons, and Local Legislature, the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, the Secretary of the Three Rivers Harbour Commission, delegates from the Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, and French Chamber of Commerce, the Acting-Mayor and a number of aldermen and officials of the Montreal City Council, representatives of the Shipping, Railway and Forwarding interests, a number of eminent civil engineers, together with a host of manufacturers, bankers and merchants, and the Recording Angels—the members of the Press. Apart from the portraits of the two most prominent personages of the occasion, whose biographies are given elsewhere, we complete our series of commemorative engravings with four subjects. First, a splendid picture of the steamship "Lake Ontario," of the Beaver Line, a grand vessel of 5,300 tons, whose proximity to the "Sardinian" can be judged from the engraving reproduced from a photograph taken on board the latter. And here we may mention that about the time this photograph was taken, another large steamship, the "Fremona," was passing up the river to the larboard of the "Sardinian"; the three great steamers, all deep laden, being at one time abreast of each other, with ample room to spare, practically demonstrating both the depth and the width of the channel. Next we have a representative group of the Senate, the Steamship interest and the Railway line. Mr. Allan's portrait does not do him justice, the light, rather strong at the time, shining full on his face when the photograph was taken. The other two portraits, that of the eminent Grand Trunk Railway official, and the popular Senator, are excellent. The group of the Acting-Mayor, aldermen and city officials scarcely needs comment; every face is a speaking likeness, although the photograph was taken in a rare interval of perfect silence. The Civil Engineers offer a compact front, flanked and supported with science and skill, as befitted their profession. At *Cap à la Roche* the huge beam that had gauged the depth of the channel as described in our last, was lifted from the water by the might of stout blocks and tackle, and then, and then only, the object of the excursion being practically accomplished, were we summoned to dinner, with appetites sharpened by six hours of invigorating exercise in the bracing air. A bounteous repast was set before us, to which we did ample justice. Then came the customary toasts and speeches, to produce which we lack space. We must however put on record the speech of the Minister of Public Works, as an essential part of the narrative. Sir Hector Langevin, who on rising was greeted with prolonged cheers, said that this was a most auspicious occasion, and he felt deeply grateful for the manner in which they had received him. It was also with exceeding satisfaction that he looked round and saw the large number of gentlemen who had assembled to celebrate the occasion in honour of the channel deepening, which they had succeeded in bringing to a finality. This great work had been spoken of and petitioned for in 1825, but did not really begin until 1838. For the last fifty years the work had been progressing, slowly perhaps, until today, when it was 27½ feet in depth. The importance of such a work was apparent to all, and that it was fully appreciated a glance at the gathering sufficed to show. They were pleased beyond measure at what was completed to-day. It was a work which was not only of benefit to the city of Montreal, but to the entire province of Quebec, and also to the province of Ontario. It was a truly national work and a direct benefit to the whole Dominion. It not only fostered the trade of Quebec and Montreal, but was a direct encouragement and assistance to the trade of the North-West, which came down this way. To give honour where honour was due, he must say that in his opinion the whole thing was due to the persistent energy and perseverance of the citizens of Montreal, who had for years devoted themselves to the work. He had no doubt that Quebec would soon follow suit and trade be largely increased. Montreal entertained no ill feelings towards Quebec and would be glad to see the latter city grow and prosper, as their prosperity would certainly increase that of Montreal as well. This great work seemed to have been undertaken with the idea, by those who had been prominent in its initiation and those who had followed it out since, that the development of this great artery of the St. Lawrence would one day become a vital necessity and in fact the backbone of Canada. A little time back, when the country was threatened with non-intercourse with our cousins to the south, they fully realized this. They saw then fully the importance of their great national highway. This work, in conjunction with the system of railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were all commercial facilities and channels that the rapid growth of trade and population would require and would develop Canadian centres and ports. This was a work which belonged to no city or province, but was national in its breadth and effect. In conclusion Sir Hector warmly congratulated the Commissioners upon the work,

and thanked them for the kind reception which he had met at their hands. When after dinner, we returned to the upper deck, darkness had supervened, and the lights of Cape Diamond, Dufferin Terrace and the Lower Town of Quebec were reflected on the deep tide waters of her harbour. The Citadel, the church spires and Laval University outlined a bold and fantastic silhouette against the northern sky. We were soon transferred to the steamer "Montreal," of the Richelieu & Ontario line, in which the generous hospitality of the Harbour Commissioners was continued to their guests, and the return trip was comfortably made without any noteworthy incident, unless it be the singing of "Old King Cole" by the member for Montreal Centre, with a rousing chorus by the assembled guests just before bed-time.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.—The Minister of Public Works was born at Quebec on the 26th August, 1826, and brought up at the Seminary of that city, after which he embraced the profession of the law, studying first with the late Hon. A. N. Morin, and afterward with the late Sir George Cartier, and was called to the bar in 1850, and reached the purple in 1864. In his younger days he was identified with journalism from 1847 to 1857, at Montreal and Quebec. His connection with the *Mélanges Religieux*, in 1848, put his name forward into prominence. He also filled many municipal offices in Quebec, being Mayor from 1858 to 1861; President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and President of the Institut Canadien. He is the author of a prize essay on Canada and her Institutions, 1855, and of a *Manual of Parishes and Fabriques*, 1862. His public life dates back to the Government of old Canada, and we find him Solicitor-General, from 1864 to 1865, and thence Postmaster-General to the year of the Union. In that eventful year he was named Secretary of State, Registrar-General, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, till 1869, when he became Minister of Public Works. Sir Hector is one of the Fathers of Confederation, an honour which is of itself sufficient to distinguish any statesman. He was a delegate to the Charlottetown Conference and that of Quebec, in 1864, and to the London Colonial Conference in 1866-67. He was created C. B. in 1868; K. C. of the Order of Gregory the Great in 1870; K. C. M. G. in 1881. In 1871 he made an official visit to British Columbia, and published a valuable report of the same in 1872. On the death of Sir George Cartier, in 1873, he was chosen Leader of his party in the Province of Quebec. He sat for Dorchester in the Canadian Assembly before Confederation, and after that event represented the constituency in the House of Commons and also in the Quebec Legislature, from 1867 to 1871, when he was returned for Quebec Centre by acclamation, and sat till 1874. In 1873 he withdrew with the resignation of his Government, and remained in private life till 1876, when he was elected for Charlevoix, and again in 1877. In 1878 he was elected by acclamation for Three Rivers, and, in 1879, appointed to his present position of Minister of Public Works. In 1879 Sir Hector went to England in connection with the proposed dismissal of Lieut.-Governor Letellier de St. Just.

ANDREW ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board of Harbour Commissioners, Montreal, is a Scotchman by birth, having been born in Paisley, Scotland, on the 18th June, 1827. He is the eldest and only son of the late Alexander Robertson, of Paisley, by his first wife, Grant Stuart Macdonald. Mr. Robertson received his education at the Paisley Grammar School, going through the usual curriculum of English, Latin and Greek. Shortly after leaving school, like the majority of Scotch boys, he learned a trade, that of weaving. He went, in 1840, to Glasgow, to push his fortune. Here he served for four years in a dry goods store, and then took a position in a manufacturer's establishment. In this new position he worked hard, and having gained the confidence of his employers, he was four years afterward, in 1848, admitted a partner in the business. A few years later on, his health having given way, he was admonished by his medical adviser to leave Glasgow, and try the effects of either the climate of Australia or Canada on his enfeebled constitution. He decided on the latter country, and along with his wife and two sons came to Montreal in 1855. Shortly after his arrival he went into the dry goods business, and soon became one of the leading men in the trade, as senior partner in the firm of Robertson, Linton & Co., of that city. Business having succeeded, Mr. Robertson was enabled to retire from it in 1885, and he is now enjoying other and perhaps more congenial pursuits. Being a public spirited gentleman, he never shirked his responsibilities as a citizen. In 1868 and 1869 he accepted the position of president of St. Andrew's Society of Montreal; in 1876 he was president of the Dominion Board of Trade; in 1876 and 1877 he was president of the Montreal Board of Trade; was the first president of the Dominion Travellers' Association; has been the president of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company since 1876; and president of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada since its organization in 1880. In 1872 Mr. Robertson became one of the governors of the Montreal General Hospital, and since that period has filled the offices of treasurer, vice-president, and is now president. In 1879 he was elected chairman of the Board of Harbour Commissioners for Montreal, and he has occupied this position ever since. He has also taken an interest in military affairs, and in 1861, during the *Trent* excitement, he was first lieutenant and quartermaster of the Montreal Light Infantry. Mr. Robertson is an adherent of the Presbyterian Church; and as for politics, we think he would rather act the part of the Good Samaritan than indulge in political discussions. He was married on the 19th April, 1850, to Agnes, youngest

daughter of the late Alexander Bow, of Glasgow, and has had a family of four sons and six daughters; two of the latter are dead.

DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION CAMP AT ISLE OF ORLEANS, QUEBEC.—The Dominion Artillery Association, having for its object the development of gunnery skill, and the dissemination of artillery knowledge throughout the Dominion of Canada, first organized by Major-General Strange while Inspector of Artillery, is to the artillery of Canada what the Dominion Rifle Association is to the infantry. With but a meagre Government grant, voluntary subscriptions have produced quite a respectable prize list. Annual meetings are held in Ontario and Quebec. A portion of the camp at Isle of Orleans during 1888 meeting is shown, where detachments of the artillery of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces competed at 40 pounder practice, shifting ordnance, and target practice with 64-32 Palliser M. L. rifled guns and 40 pounder Armstrong B. L. rifled guns.

EMBARQUÉS.—Essentially a French picture. The water and the boat are well drawn, but the attitude of the boatman is affected, and has not that trick of the trade, the air of the true waterman, which a British artist would not have failed to impart. The horse and the boat are not familiarly handled by the city Frenchman. On the other hand, the lady sitting in the prow is the type of grace. Where there is question of posing a woman so as to display all the charms of her carriage and the graces of her visage, the French artist is always at home.

SUGAR ISLAND.—This island lies in Georgian Bay, with La Cloche Mountains in the distance. The birch bark wigwams of the Indians are getting scarcer year by year, as the Indians become more settled in character and prefer cedar bark and frame houses.

"POET'S CORNER."

The Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey is the most famous corner in the whole world. It is holy with the dust of the mighty souls of England. Dull must be the heart whose cheek bone does not flush as he reads the mighty names and breathes in the atmosphere of the grand poets standing in this corner with the climbing clustered columns around him; and reading the names cut on monuments or simple stone, one seems to feel that one is in a real presence, and a belief in spirits seems easy and natural, nay, almost perfect.

"I stepped with noiseless foot as though the sound of mortal tread
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead."

Here lies Old Dan Chaucer, surrounded by his sons. Here lie Campbell, Rowe and Gay. Here, at the foot of Shakespeare's statue, reposes Garrick, by the side of his old friend, Dr. Johnson. Here lies Shakespeare's godson, Davenant. Here his compeer, rare Ben Jonson. Here Spencer, with Prior at his feet. Here Beaumont and Dryden, Crowley and Butler. Here the witty Sheridan, the grave and courtly Addison, the dramatic Cumberland, the Historian Macaulay. Among the last, but perhaps the dearest to our hearts, the one who showed us poetry and love in the existence of our poorest brothers, Charles Dickens.

There is little doubt that most, if not all, of our great writers have made a pilgrimage to this corner. Addison writes: "When I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable."

Charles Knight says: "We could wish most heartily if we knew the name of him who first gave this appellation to the south transept of the old Abbey, and thus helped most probably to make it what it is—the richest little spot the earth possesses in its connection with the princes of song. Such a man ought himself to have a monument among them."

It is probable that the man has a monument among them. Goldsmith has a monument here, and he is the most likely writer, save Charles Lamb, to have given the name.

That leading publisher, A. Periard, of Montreal, has put forth "Traité Des Substitutions," Par M. Thevenot Desaulle de Savigny, et annoté par M. Mathieu, Juge de la Cour Supérieure.

THE PUBLIC DINING ROOM.

To most of those whose lot it is, and has been always, to dine amongst their families or their friends, the eating-house presents itself as a place for satisfaction merely in the entertainment which is indicated in its name. And to such, the entering into one of these of the half-famished mechanic or the hungry clerk, who has passed the day engrossed with thoughts of but little else than the work which occupied his hands, and his coming-forth again, wearing another aspect and surveying humanity about him with a benevolence which is beautiful to see, would suggest but the influence of the viands he has therein paid full justice to.

But while this transformation in the mechanic or the clerk is due in great part, no doubt, to the primary use of the eating-house, it owes its thoroughness and its elaborate finish with an equal absence of doubt, to another entertainment—the contemplation of other mechanics and other clerks, and the observer's own fancied exemption from all notice—which even adds a zest to the primary use itself.

There is a pleasant little dining room on Craig street, situated with happy comfort between two corners, and whose host and hostess—bearers of a name which was famously connected with the same line of business in the world's metropolis in days gone by—at once gain the customer's good opinion in their possession of that geniality of mien which has been a requisite in the successful boniface from time forgotten.

Five two-seat tables, which at the first and last meals of the day are covered by reddish-coloured cloths, and, at the second, white ones, grace one half of the room, which also contains a stove and a cozy little ticket office, placed as befits the actors in the game of "give and take," conveniently near to the door, and to each other. Several appetizing little pictures depend from the wall, which also supports a score or more of iron hooks, or hat-racks, and a clock.

The other half of the room has the commencement of a flight of stairs leading to an upper dining room; a curious old cupboard with an extension of a more modern design and workmanship, and a larger table running parallel to the stairs—and from its close contiguity to the kitchen, parallel also to the inclinations of the more superstitious of the frequenters, on whose susceptibilities it operates on that account, and who therefore patronize it.

The first thing which meets your eye on entering, of a morning, is something of a fat man, who at considerable peril to himself, and with the object of striking terror to your heart, as a newcomer, jerks his ponderous and decided countenance from the paper he is reading, and gives utterance to a hard, long-drawn cough—by which he means to say: "I am here; so, look out for yourself!"

If you be a wealthy man or an M.P. he will have other greetings for you; but if you have reached neither of those positions, do as he says and look out for yourself. Furthermore, you may whistle for the newspaper. But do not be afraid of the fat man. He is there certainly, and he will stay there long after you will have gone. In fact, the fat man is always there. He is there the first thing in the morning, and immediately appropriates the *Gazette* with a plainly-evincing intention of holding it, to the utter confusion of everyone else. Everyone else, therefore, glowers on the fat man; and he, appearing magnificently oblivious to these hostile glances, bogusly contents himself with glowering over the newspaper, while a half-contemptuous, half-exulting drawing-down of the right-hand corner of the mouth sufficiently denotes the nature of his sentiments.

There is one, on whom this peculiarity of the fat man acts more hardly than on the others: a young man, whose neck once fair and short enough, has been gradually forced upward and lengthened by the decrees of fashion, with the ever-increasing height of collars as an instrument. A "choker" of something less than six inches in height adorning a neck of something more than

that, can be traced to the young man; and you interest yourself too in a nobby hat and a cane, and a pair of yellow gloves protruding from a pocket of a yellow overcoat which is hanging on a peg.

The young man has positively no earthly interest in the newspaper beyond a fancy of the reputation he acquires through a seeming perusal of it; but as he regularly makes it a point each morning to endeavour to secure it first, and as the fat man just as regularly forestalls him in that manœuvre, it is no matter for surprise that there is anything but a perfect understanding between them; and you will take notice that on this particular morning there remains for him but ten minutes in which to despatch his breakfast into himself and himself to the office. He is consequently in a very bad humour.

"Er—I say, Sis!" he says to the waitress, with his eyes peering out of the corners of their sockets at the fat man; "Is the paper in this morning yet?"

The girl tells him that the gentleman at the table in front of him has it.

"Oh!" he cries with that peculiar intonation of the voice which is so manifestly inexpressive of the regretful surprise intended. He now looks squarely at the fat man. But the fat man is not to be beguiled in this manner. This is the sort of thing he has to put up with every morning, and as the mornings go by he becomes the more proof against it. The young man politely begs the fat man not to disturb himself on his account, but intimates that if he is really through with the paper some one else may take a notion for it; to which the fat man, turning, replies irascibly that he is not through with the paper, and that he never disturbs himself on anybody's account. An indignant rustle of the sheet completes the young man's frenzy. He thereupon sarcastically requests the fat man not to keep the paper all the week on his own account, hysterically swallows his boiled egg and coffee, and vanishes—five minutes late.

Here is a man whom, but for the gradual lessening of his oatmeal porridge, the motion of his right arm and the rapid throbbing of the Adam's-apple in his throat as mouthful follows mouthful, you would associate with something petrified: so rigid is his form, and of such stoniness his gaze.

And opposite, engaged on bacon, is another—a nervous person who has somehow taken it into his head that his neighbour is looking at him. He decides that he will catch the fellow this time, and therefore feigning an indifference of expression, and at the same time a certain dignity, he glances casually from his plate with a great flourish of knife and fork, to find that the stoic is looking, or seeming to look, right over his left shoulder, and not at him at all. To say truth, nobody takes the slightest notice of the nervous man; and again, to do him justice, nothing could exceed his happiness could he bring himself to that belief. Withal, a good-natured person as you can see at a glance, nothing annoys him more than another person's quiet observation of him; but as this observation is illusory, his annoyance is born solely of his own foolish little fancy. It is very distressing to the nervous man, and involves an awkwardness where there would perhaps be enough of that without it.

At the larger table are two newly-arrived Old-countrymen—or rather boys—who, with their hats on, and very apparently impressed with the idea of the approach of a particularly severe winter, are animated by denouncing the productions of every other country but their own. Another who has been before them by some years, and to whom the remarks are addressed, has his own opinion and a different one.

The discussion, by a natural process, turns on the products of the farm.

"Ah!" says O. C. M. number one, "Gi' me some real old English beef and pudden! That's somethin' they can't raise here like they do in the Old Country."

"An' cheese, man!" cries number two; "How I shed like a chunk now o' Stilton for a thruppenny bit, eh?"

"Aye," assents number one.

"Hoo-ootoot!" exclaims the unbeliever, "Ye don't know what you're tacken aboot. Beef in the old country! Why mahn, half the beef they get there comes from her-re—aye, an' more than half; an' as for quality or what the likes o' you ever got of it, th' old country beast canna hoold a candle to the Canadyen ar-ticle."

"I shed indeed," comments number two pensively, thinking of the cheese.

Number one, finding himself beaten on one point, readily turns to another with the air of a man who can hold it good.

"Well, but it's cheaper over there," says he, "an I suppose ye'll no be about sayin' it aint."

"Mahn! mahn! Where's your head at all? Cheaper! An' ye know as well as I do that wi' sexpence in th' old country ye canna git above a pound o' the scruffest o' the stoo, an' here—look! look aboot an' see for yersel's. Git your top-coats an' let's be off."

And they go—leaving a jolly little man at the same table who has treated the affair as a tremendous joke, greatly disappointed at its having ended so tamely, and struggling with a feverish disposition to attack somebody for his own amusement. But the jolly little man is soon interested in the arrival of a pompous young man who seems incapable of bringing his eyes to a lower level than the cornices of the ceiling, which invests everyone with a terrifying anxiety lest he trip over the scurrying waitress and break his neck.

"Beef-steak, lamb-chops and sausages?" is the laconic welcome of the young lady; to which the pompous young man, addressing the roof, makes answer: "Lamb chops, very well cooked—and say! no grease!"

And when they are handed him he falls to gamely, using his knife and fork with a mathematical impartiality which is astonishing. Having arrested starvation, he turns his attention to the jolly little man.

"Fine morning, sir," he remarks with his mouth full; "Quite!"

"Ye-es," responds the other, regarding him intently.

"Curious thing—lamb, sir."

The jolly little man becomes very much excited.

"By ginger! That's true," says he; "I say you're right! But now I think of it, there's something more curious still than lamb."

"No! What's that?" asks the pompous young man.

"Calf!" replies the jolly little man, as he reaches for his coat and hat. And the pompous young man is left in a state in which the comingling of his natural disposition with an enforced stolidity leaves little room for the indifference he endeavours to assume.

Noon brings the married man, who finds it too far to walk home; the single man who has no home to walk to, and who, with a view to the other state and the affiliated benefit of spotless pantaloons, flourishes the table napkin vigorously over his chair for a minute or two in search of the odious potato crumb, and the young fellow with good prospects who seats himself at his favourite little table with a great deal of humming and hawing, and puffing and blowing, and talks to his friend in a voice which he calculates drowns everything.

And at night comes the same stream of mechanics and clerks, fat men, jolly men, pompous men and frisky men; the would-be smart person whose actions more befit the fool by profession, and the timid individual who eats but half of what he pays for, and considers himself the landlord's debtor—each an ardent admirer of the six-tickets-for-a-dollar system, and each, or the greater part, hoping for his own quiet comfort that the room is nearly empty, and finding it full in the same measure, accordingly with the greatest politeness feigns a perfect ignorance of the presence of his neighbour while slyly carrying on his observation.

H. C.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.

From photographs by Wm. Notman & Son.



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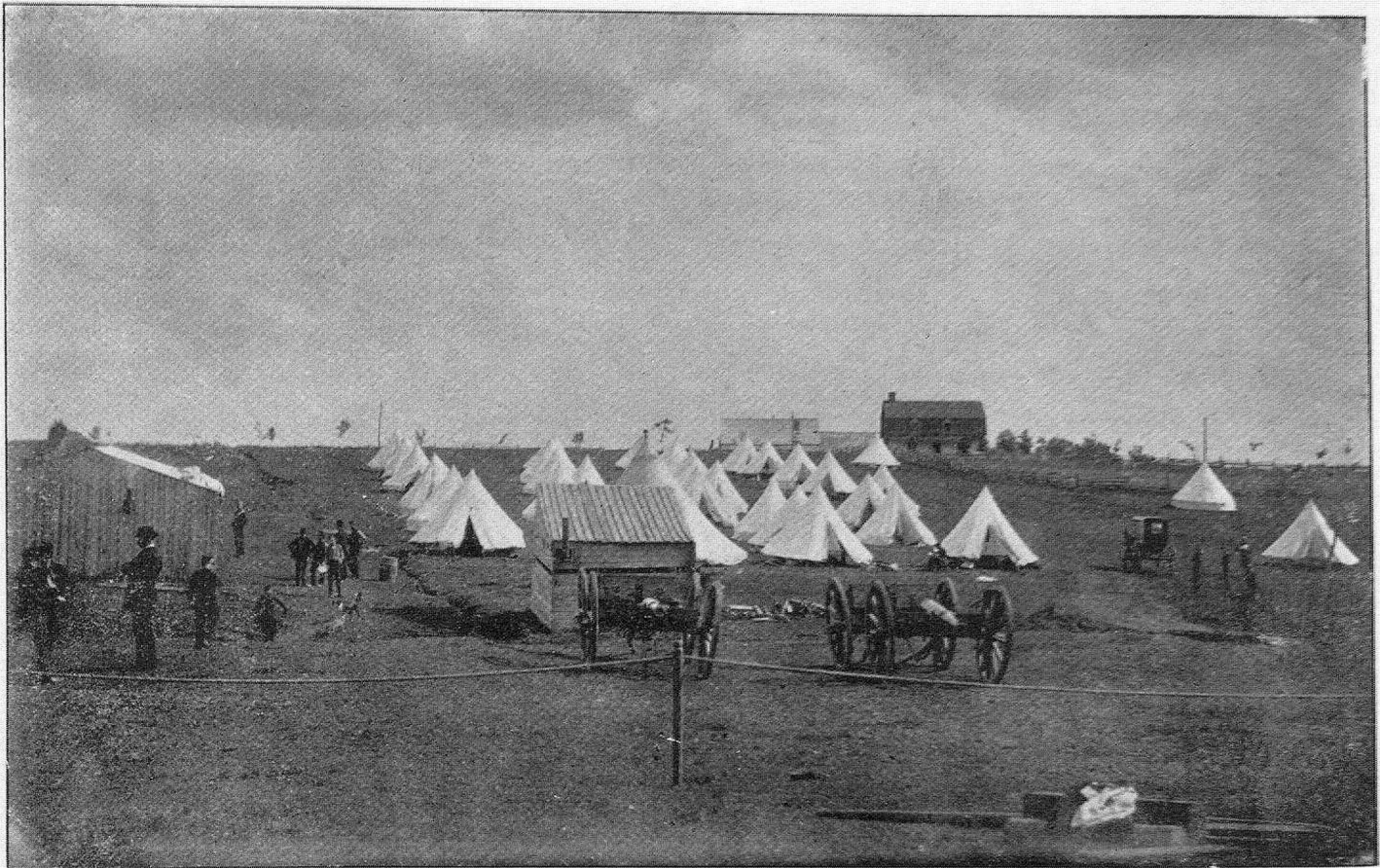
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THE CIVIL ENGINEERS.

DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION MEETING ON THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS, BELOW QUEBEC.
From photographs by Capt. Imlah, "A" Battery, R. C. A.



THE CAMP.



THE 40 POUNDER COMPETITION.

A Fatal Tug of War.

They were two young people with heads hot enough and hearts true enough to think the world well lost for love, and acting on that belief they had given up everything for its sweet sake. It is needless to make a long story of the sacrifices they had made, the troubles they had endured; but suffice it to say that love triumphed over every obstacle, and they were united at last.

Now, this will seem as if I had come to the end of my story; but that is not so. If I could have left them happy after the auspicious day which made them one, my story would then have been finished, but, alas, I did not. They cared not for the loss of friends; poverty had no terrors for them, for their hearts were young and hopeful; but there was something which tinged life with bitterness, which often estranged them, and which, sometimes, made all they had gone through for love's sake seem vain.

This can best be explained by saying plainly that they had both bad tempers, not bad in every way, irritable and vicious, but obstinate, proud and unyielding. Neither would give in, neither would own that they were in the wrong, and so it happened when any of the little inevitable disagreements which must occur in the course of life came about, and which, in most cases, soon blown over, with them, the general result was a period, sometimes short, sometimes long, of utter misery.

Yes, it was this unfortunate similarity of temper which caused nearly all their trouble, for if he thought he was in the right and she thought she was, it was a hard thing for either to speak the first word or yield in the slightest. Of course, love smoothed over many difficulties, but there came a day when even the Power of Love failed to steer them over the precipice down which they rushed.

II.

They had had a slight quarrel over some trifling thing, just enough to cause them to part in the morning without the usual good bye, but their anger cooled as the day wore on; and although neither intended to beg forgiveness, or make up, as they say, yet both felt that there would be a tacit reconciliation when they met again in the evening.

He had promised some days before to take her to a grand concert that night, and as concerts and such pleasures had been few and far between since the day of their marriage, she was looking forward with glad eagerness to the event.

She had got ready his supper, dressed herself in a dress specially made for the occasion, done her hair up in the newest style, and after inspecting her *tout ensemble* in the glass for half an hour, turned away satisfied. All that was needed was some flowers, and these she was sure her husband would bring as he invariably did on such occasions.

He also was thinking of the concert, or rather he was thinking of the kind of flowers she would like to have, and on his way home he purchased a bunch of red and white carnations, her favourite flowers. The hour being late when he purchased them, and as it would take quite a little time to make up the bouquet, he instructed the girl who waited on him to have them sent to his house as soon as they were ready, as he had no time to wait for them.

He reached home expecting to find his wife in a pleasant humour, the little disagreement of the morning forgotten in anticipation of the promised pleasure; but no pleasant face greeted him. Instead, a gloomy visaged young woman who might have been dumb for all she had to say, opened the door. His wife's quick eyes had seen at the first glance that he had brought her no flowers, and as it was his wont to bring them on occasions like this, she had conceived the idea that he was still angry with her, and if he had a right to be angry, she thought, surely she had too. Therefore, it was no wonder that neither her face nor manner were as pleasant as her husband had expected, and he, noticing this, formed the same

conclusion about her as she had about him, namely, that she was harbouring bitter feelings on account of the morning's quarrel. Both were in the wrong and both were too proud to speak or make the first advance.

A ring at the bell disturbed the silence which had fallen around them. Charlie (these two people were named respectively Charlie and Helen) went to the door. A thought had struck him. It was this. Since his wife was making herself so unwarrantably disagreeable he would exercise the right of a husband to punish his wife, and not let her have the carnations. Any way, he thought, it would be humbling himself to offer them to her while she was in her present mood. So he deposited the bouquet in the hall and went back to the dining-room. Of course his wife was curious to know who had been or what it was, but as he volunteered no information she did not condescend to ask for any.

Well, they finished their supper, and when the time came started for the concert. Probably they would not have gone at all only their tickets were bought and they were not in a position which would allow of them throwing such things away.

As they passed through the hall, he took the flowers from where he had laid them, and she, seeing what it was he held in his hand, smiled to herself, thinking that after all he had only been teasing her by keeping them back and that he was surely going to give them to her now. In fact, she commenced to feel quite sorry for her own behaviour and would have spoken pleasantly to him had he not worn a very forbidding expression. She waited sometime, but as he did not offer to resign the coveted bouquet, her repentance first turned to surprise, and then silent indignation. So in this state these two silly miserable human creatures walked on side by side until they reached the concert hall.

The concert was very good, and had it not been for their unfortunate quarrel, they might have enjoyed it exceedingly. As it was, they hardly heard anything, but, for all that, when the chief singer's second song was finished, Charlie left no doubt in the minds of the audience that he had some appreciation of music, for he rose from his seat, deliberately, walked to the platform and before his wife's eyes handed the singer his bouquet of flowers.

What evil spirit tempted him to do this I do not know, but he thought he had not been treated fairly and was in a mood to do anything to provoke her who had treated him in that way.

What did Helen think of his act? The loss of the bouquet was really nothing much to her, but she felt that it had been given away on purpose to exasperate her, and as "Revenge is sweet, especially to a woman," the desire to pay him back in some way rose within her breast, so when he returned to her side, with defiant eyes she looked in his face and told him that the seat he had vacated a moment before was engaged. "Nonsense," said he, attempting to move the cloak which she had laid on the chair. "This seat is engaged" she repeated, and there was that in her voice which warned him to desist from trying to regain his seat. He felt uncomfortable, for he was attracting attention standing there, so with slow step and an ashamed sense of looking ridiculous, he was obliged to walk around the room in search of an unengaged seat. He found one after considerable trouble, just a little in front of his wife, and there they sat, almost in view of one another, both unhappier than they had ever been before in their lives.

It was a ridiculously pathetic situation which their tempers had placed them in. The bride and bridegroom of a few months sitting apart at a public concert with hearts full of angry and bitter feelings towards one another. And such a little thing had aroused these feelings. It was so trivial that I almost think they had forgotten how their quarrel commenced. Unbridled passions are sure to bring their own punishment, and these two from childhood up had never been known to yield or to forgive before they were forgiven, and thus it happened "When Greek met Greek then came the tug of war."

The way they were acting now was disgracefully childish, not befitting a man or woman, and the only excuse that can be given for them is, that they were little more than children both in years and experience. Perhaps, after they had lived together for years, Time might have changed things and they might have grown the most placid old couple that ever lived on the face of the earth. But fate had decided that was not to be.

III.

The concert came to an end at last. One of them now would have to make some kind of advance. She waited a moment for him as she could not go home alone at that time of the night. Why did he not hurry and go to her then? If he had all would have been right; but he did not hasten himself, although he intended to go in the end. He kept her waiting, for had she not sent him away from her before the whole audience? This rankled in his mind.

But she was not in a mood to stand any trifling, and just as he was going to come to her she started for the door, and before he could get to her side, was out amidst the throng of people. Blaming himself for his folly, Charlie rushed after, but the crush was so great that there was no chance of him getting near her for some time. He could see his poor little wife struggling on before, and a deep sense of shame for the unmanly way he had acted took possession of him. Love triumphed now over every other feeling, and all his thought was to get near and speak to her.

There was no such sentiment in Helen's mind. She felt more sinned against than sinning. If her father and mother and all who had loved and petted her in the days gone by could see her now, she thought, could see the way her husband was treating her. She would never forgive him for this, never forgive him as long as she lived.

IV.

They are out in the street, and having past the glare of the lamps which surround the concert hall, are quite in the dark. He strains his eyes to catch a glimpse of his wife's form. They are only about a hundred yards apart and the intervening space is a blank to him. He has reached a crossing. A carriage is returning home at a furious rate. The sound of wheels is muffled for a moment, during which moment an agonizing groan is heard. The crowd turns back, at least a part of the crowd, the other part presses forward. Helen turns back, turns back with the ever morbid crowd which must throng around the place where an accident happens. She catches a glimpse, by the flickering glare of a policeman's lantern, of a face turned to the sky, catches a glimpse of a manly form lying crushed and limp, and with a cry which rings sharp and clear above all the other noises of the night, she rushes forward. It is her husband that is lying there bespattered with blood. Her Charlie, her boy, her darling. He is dead, there is not a spark of life in that mutilated young body of his. They try to draw her back, but she heeds them not. She lays her head on his breast.

What is the use of trying further to describe that scene? What is the use of trying to express in words her terrible grief? Imagination may conceive the pitiful spectacle, and all who have hearts and have known what it is to lose a loved one, may perhaps, in a dim kind of way, understand the sorrow of this poor young wife; but only in a dim kind of way double their sorrow or treble it, and it would never reach the depth that hers had. Grief bordering on madness, that was what had taken possession of her. They tried to take her from him, but could not. She wound her arms tight around the neck of her husband and refused to move. But the body had to be taken away, and finding that no kind of persuasion had any effect, force was used to separate them. Thus, they were torn asunder, never to be united on this earth.

V.

He was dead and they buried him. She, crazy with grief, was taken back to her girlhood's home, the home which she had left for his sake. Grief,

intensified by remorse, preyed on her mind, and after a violent illness she settled down into a gloomy weak-minded creature whose every hope seemed blighted, whose life light was quenched. Her morbid mind forever dwelt on their last day together. She would think over the quarrel, over every word he had said and blame herself bitterly.

You, who have read this story, will know that she had been no more in the wrong than he, in fact, the blame lay more on his side; but he was dead and she was living, and 'tis the living that suffer remorse, not the dead.

This young couple were so childish. The quarrel was so trivial that their tragic end may seem strange, but "such is life;" we know not what a little thing may lead to.

If either of these two had had a little less of that stubborn false pride which causes so much trouble in the world, they would have returned home from that concert as happy as two birds. His death would have been averted and she would have been spared long years of anguish.

EDITH EATON.

ASPIRATIONS.

"On earth Peace among men of good pleasure!"—

What cry is this that down the ages ringing,
As gladsome marriage-bells, or angels' singing,
As swelling again in tones whose solemn measure
Wakes in the tired strife-worn soul long weary
Of buffets in life's battle, marches dreary,
An eager longing to possess the treasure

Of a quiet spot to rest him in a world at peace.
Anon amid the stillness of the bivouac's dreaming
The piercing *reveillé* peals forth its strident screaming,
The camp awakes, the hosts advance with banners
streaming;

Mid shouts and cries and hoarse command,
And mingled din on every hand,
With wild appeal like men to stand,
The marshalled force in solid band

Exultant greet the mandate of their King:—

"Dream not of peace but wield the sword I bring!"

Yet still above the roar and crash of battle,
And howls of war-dogs straining at their chain,
The clash of steel, the death-hail's ceaseless rattle,
And groans of mangled men in mortal pain
Is heard a murmur like a summer breeze
Among the swaying pines, which, gathering
strength,

The storm-cloud burst above the bending trees;
So once again some stricken soul breathes out
Its prayer for peace, whose welcome, glad refrain
Is chanted by a host, until again

It breaks into an agonizing shout:

"How long, Oh! Lord, shall blood thine image
stain?"

How long shall nations lift their sword in hate,
Invade, with lustful greed, each other's soil,
Distrust, deceive, their quarrels arbitrate

By force of arms, and bloody war's turmoil!
How long shall man his brother's birthright spoil;
By right of might, or right of law, oppress
The weak, and of their goods himself possess—
Enrich himself with fruits of other's toil?

Among the men by whom a nation's led—

Who occupy the legislator's seat—

Are Honour, Truth and Duty, obsolete,

And right and wrong perverted terms, or dead?

Do Peace, and Power, and Party stand for these,
And statecraft mean but faction's wrangling fight,
Is Policy a synonym for Right,

And Loyalty a cloak to change at ease?

While musing thus I seemed to hear

A whispering murmur in mine ear,

As if some visitant were near,

Some Seraph from a brighter sphere—

A message singing sweet and clear:

"Where nations love not war, soon wars shall cease,

Then dawns the universal reign of Peace,

When man shall own his brotherhood as one,

Then Love shall rule, and tyrants be undone.

When peoples choose the Right, Love's law fulfil,

Needs must that rulers bend to do their will!"

And do we wait, while hearts beat high with hope,

For succour from the woes that darkling lower,

And look for One to save, who, by his power,

Shall wrong redress and with injustice cope?

Methinks I see him now, in radiance bright,

His comely form and features but the shell

That wraps a soul, a pure and limped well,

Whose hidden springs sustain, refresh, delight.

I crave a speech with one so passing fair,

Commune and question, praying him to tell

The secret of his power, and by what spell

He shall achieve, his high emprise declare.

"And would'st thou then, poor weakling, with thy dreams

of peace and rest,

Rise up and give thee for a fight, a bloodless new Crusade,

Waged not with forged arms of steel, which, none the less,
shall test

The mettle that is in thee?—pause if so thou art afraid;
For cruel blows may wound thee should they fail of mortal
stroke,

And heart and brain may weary in their groping for the
light,

When kindly deed and earnest word but scoff and sneer
provoke,

And cold indifference numb thy soul as chill of winter's
night.

In scorn of these can'st thou press on, thy colours floating
wide,

Strong in the faith that shall prevail, and conquest at the
last;

Persuade, convince, and others call to battle by thy side

'Gainst vested Wrong enthroned as Right through errors
of the past?

In thy free, beauteous northern land foul war should ne'er
have birth;

From Wisdom learn the precepts that promote the ways
of Peace;

In nation-building act thy part and prove thy native worth,
Thy rest shall come some time, somewhere thy toil shall
have surcease."

And speaking thus his gracious presence seemed
To vanish from my sight, but as it passed

A train of spectral shades in numbers vast

Came trooping by, whose radiant faces beamed

With light ethereal, and their shadowy forms

Reminded that which late mine eyes had seen;

In mould heroic and benignant mien

As men they seemed miscarried by passion's storms.

Their serried, marshalled ranks advanced along

In panoplied array, with banners spread

To catch the inspiring breeze that overhead

Flung wide their folds, and bore afar a song

That seemed an echo of an old refrain:—

"Peace on the Earth, to men naught but good-will,"

For God, and Man, and Country, we, until

Our toil and work shall end and Peace shall reign!"

No deadly arms they bore to force their way,

But in their helms an oriflamme they wore,

In glittering brightness shining on before

To light the path, and ambushed foes betray.

Of varied legends these and seen afar—

Here flashes Duty's star serene and stern.

There High Resolve with dazzling light doth burn,

And Honour's blazing crest no cloud doth mar.

Ideals, Earnest Thought, and Noble Deed

Have each a place, and with inspiring cry

They rush, and Fraud and Error, cowering, fly,

And Captive Conscience from its bond is freed.

Then, gathering strength from every well-won fray,

They forward press to reach the nearing goal

That speaks of rest to many a weary soul—

Of freer life, a brighter, a better day.

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

A STRANGE SUMMONS.

A year or so ago several papers in the United States published a marvellous story, to the effect that the Rev. Father Walter, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D.C., was once summoned to a death-bed by messengers from the another world. We made inquiries of the Rev. Father at the time, and he was kind enough to furnish us with a correct version of the incident—very different, by the way, from the one which was so widely published.

"The strange sick call I had," writes Father Walter, "happened some twenty-five years ago. I was called up in the middle of the night by the ringing of my front door bell. I went into the front bedroom, opened the window, and saw two small boys, about seven or eight years old, standing on the steps. On asking what they wanted—who was sick—they replied that a person was sick and dying at N.—(I do not now recollect it distinctly) on 11th or 12th street. Hurrying back to my room, I dressed and prepared to administer the Sacraments. Meantime the messengers had disappeared. I went to the house indicated, and found the front door partially opened. I ascended to the third floor without meeting any one, and there also found a door open. Inside the room was a dying man, alone, who said that he wished to see a priest. I asked him if he had not sent two little boys for me. He replied that he had not, that there were no boys in the house. He had two little boys, he said, but they were both dead. I gave him all the Sacraments, and then took my departure.

"I thought at the time that the circumstances were very singular, but paid little attention to the incident afterward. Here you have the simple facts of the case."—*Ex.*



C. S. Rodier, of Montreal, has been nominated senator for the division of Mille Isles, to replace the late Hon. J. B. Rolland.

George A. Drummond, Esq., the great sugar industrial, has been raised to the Senate, in the room of Hon. John Hamilton.

A reception is being arranged for Principal Grant. It will be taken part in by people generally. The Doctor arrives next month.

Hon. James Armstrong, ex-chief justice of St. Lucia and Tobago, and chairman of the Royal Commission on Labour, died suddenly at Sorel, on the 23rd inst., in his 68th year.

Hon. Edward Blake received a retainer of \$10,000 before accepting a brief from the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Manitoba Railway case just concluded in the Supreme Court.

Sir Terence O'Brien, the new Governor of Newfoundland, is the brother of Lieut.-Col. O'Brien who, for the last two and a half years, commands the Royal Engineers in Halifax.

The exceptionally favourable loan of Montreal City, on the London market, was chiefly due to the financial ability and professional influence of Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, the Mayor.

It is stated that Mlle. Tessier, the charming and talented blind vocalist, will leave Montreal in February for the purpose of finishing her vocal education at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Blake will be in attendance at the opening of the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, though his physicians may insist upon his spending a portion of the winter in a southern climate.

Mr. John Foster, of Apohagin, died on the 21st November, aged 82. His son, the Minister of Finance, was with him at his death. The deceased was a worthy old gentleman, much respected in the community.

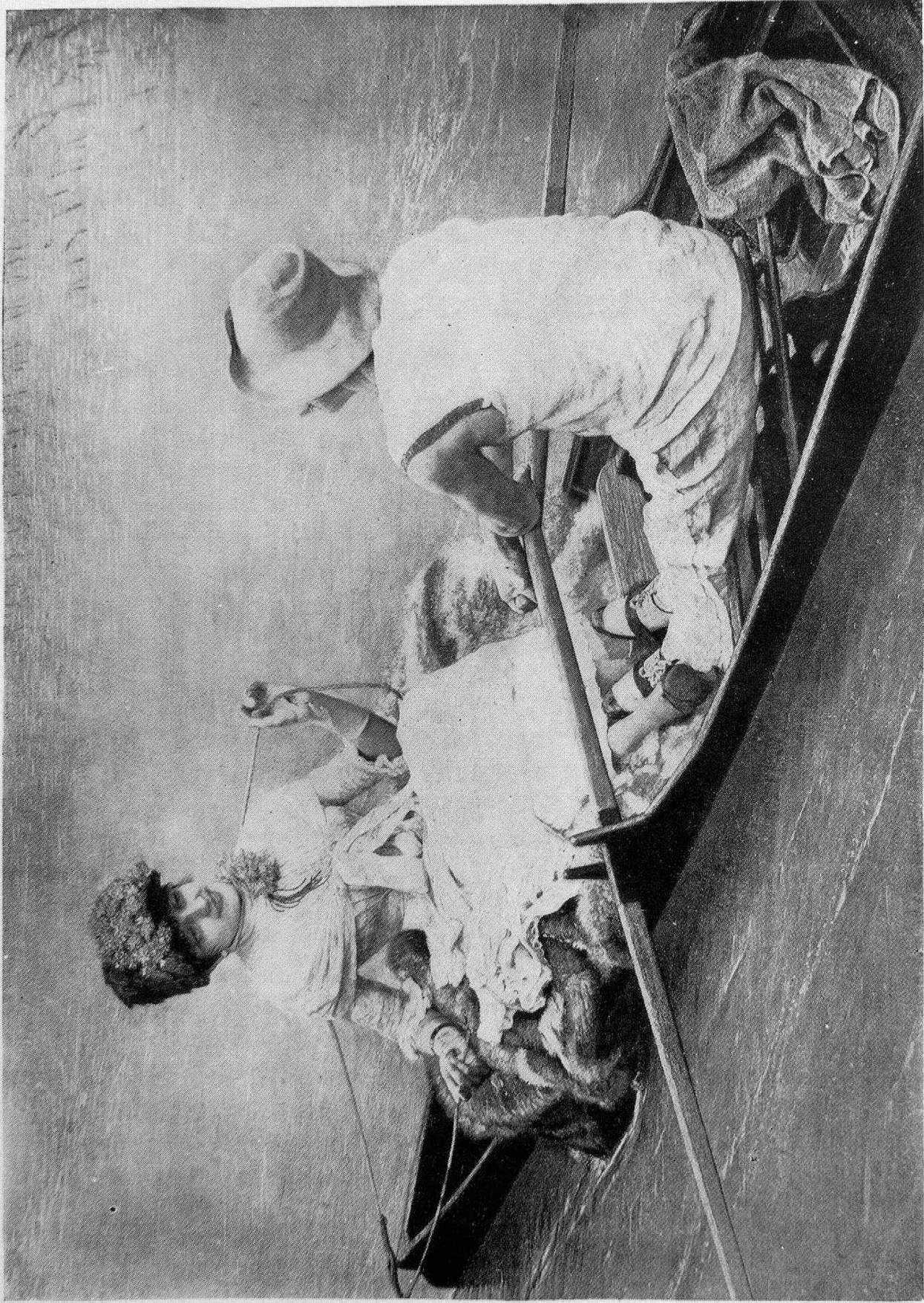
The post to which Dr. Osler, formerly of Montreal, has recently been appointed, that of the Chair of Medicine in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, is the highest position in the medical profession of the United States.

Mr. P. A. Crossby, manager of the Dominion Type Foundry, was the recipient of a very handsome testimonial from a number of admiring friends. A complimentary dinner was tendered him, at which the presentation was made.

The death is announced, at sea, of Edwin J. Winterbottom, formerly of London, Eng., but in recent years of Calgary. To a large circle his name will recall pleasant recollections as that of the husband of Mrs. Rose Winterbottom, whose several letters, above the signature of "A Settler's Wife," have proved of so much interest and use to intending settlers in the Canadian Northwest.

LADY MACDONALD.

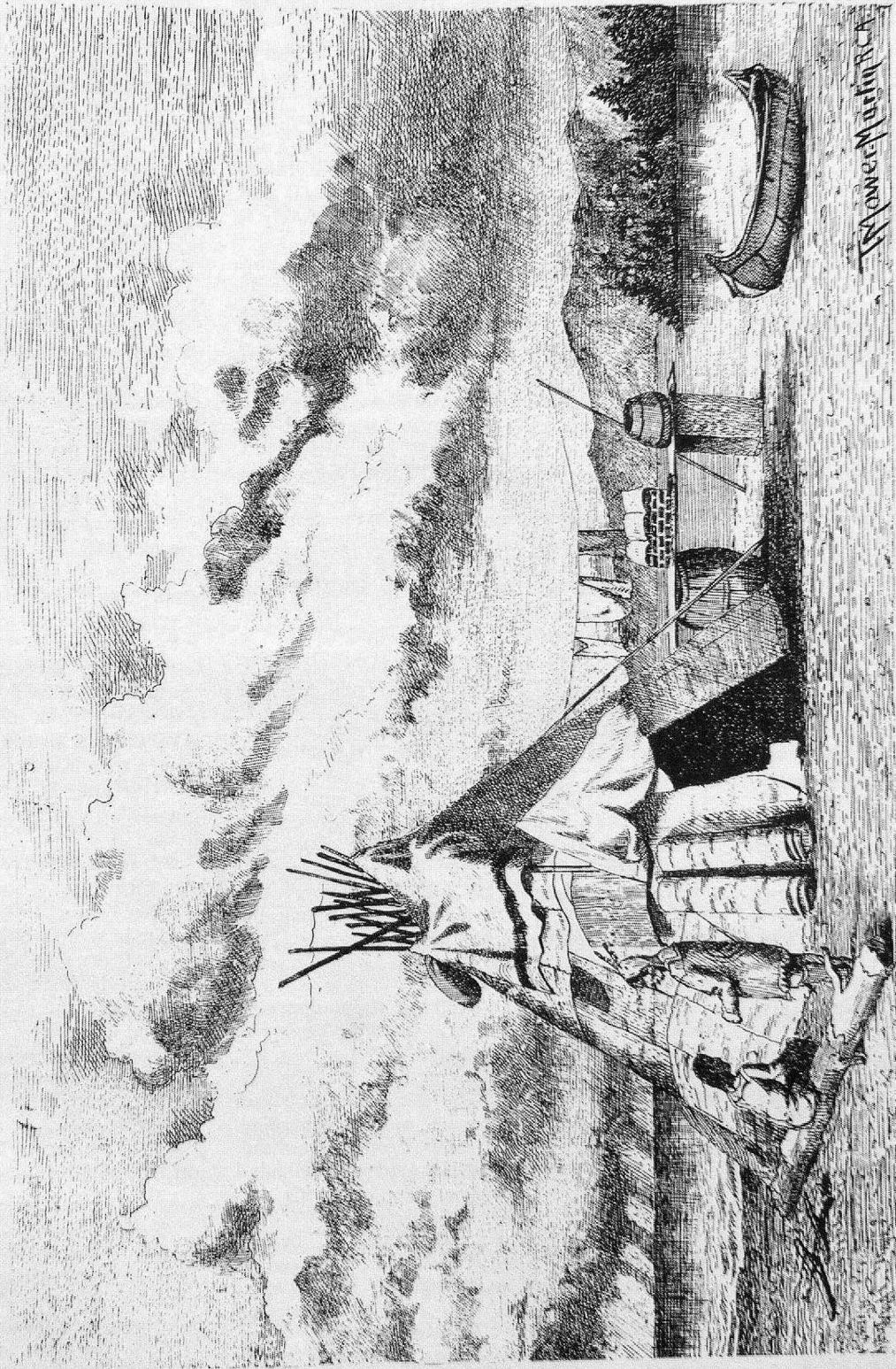
Apart from the Queen's representatives, the "first lady" in Canada is the wife of the Premier. Lady Macdonald will be remembered by many in Washington, whither she accompanied Sir John at the time of the last commission to settle the fishery question. In appearance she has altered very little since then, except that her dark hair has turned a snowy white; and this, rolled back from her forehead, gives a look of softness and gentleness to a face more expressive of purely intellectual qualities. Lady Macdonald is a remarkable woman, even in this age of remarkable women. Her mind has the masculine qualities of breadth and grasp and accuracy and logic, yet she is capable of the tenderest expression of womanly sympathy, the finest tact and the keenest feminine appreciation. But for the service she has rendered the country in being the stay and support, the intelligent and capable companion of her husband through so many critical years of his public life, Lady Macdonald would have had no province in Canada. Either in England or the United States such a personality as hers would have found a more interesting environment and wider appreciation. Here her superiority in knowledge of public affairs and general intellectuality over every other woman whose husband is in Parliament is so marked that comparison is out of the question.



AFLOAT. "*EMBARQUÉS*."

By J. Van Beers.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



SUGAR ISLAND, GEORGIAN BAY, ONT.

From a sketch by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A.



IDEAL MARRIAGE.—Marriage is a failure just as life and hope are failures, no more so. The good man grows old, marveling at the unfolding of his nature. He notices that marriage consulted needs of which he was not forewarned. He therefore believes the institution divine. The good wife usually goes forward in the same direction, but she leaves her husband—poor soul, whom she loves for his burdens of thought—to do all the philosophizing, while she lets down last winter's school coat and darns a half bushel of stockings.

WOMAN.

Our guardian angel she has always been,
Our guardian angel she will always be.
We'd have her fair as Helen, Sparta's queen,
We'd have her virtuous as Penelope.

And she's so often all that we desire,
So fair, so virtuous, she must not mix
With evil, so we keep her from the mire,
The dirty slough of modern politics.

'Tis very strange how long some chestnuts live!
The foregoing is a chestnut, wormy, old—
But 'tis the reason legislators give
Why they the right to vote from her withhold.

AN ARCTIC BELLE'S ATTIRE.—In a lecture in Brooklyn, in relation to the Polar seas, William Bradford gave the following description of an Arctic belle. A red silk handkerchief was tied around her forehead and ribbons fluttered from the knot of hair which stood up on the crown of her head. Her boots were as red as her handkerchief and quite as spotless. Her trousers were of the choicest and most shining sealskin, neatly ornamented with needlework and beads. Her jacket was also of sealskin, met with trousers at the hips, where it was fringed with a broad band of eiderdown.

WOMANLY WOMEN.—There is a liberty that makes us free and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more free, but more slavish than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the means taken to gain it. Whatever men may be themselves, they like gentleness, modesty and purity in act and thought in women. They want their wives to be better than themselves. They think that women should be the conservators of all that is restrained, chivalrous and gentle.

NO HEART.—What a thing it is for a man to have said to him that he has no heart! No heart. Then he is hardly a human being. He is like an oyster, a potato, a stick, a stone, like a lump of ice, only he is never in the melting mood. Such a man does not love his own race, nor even his best friends. His love for his own immediate family is a sort of selfish feeling of possession. In reality he loves no one but himself, and that isn't love. And a woman without heart—can there be anything more abhorrent? She seems only like a walking milliner's stand, vitalized to hang dresses upon. We have no fancy for human icicles; we like men of heart.

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.—No woman has figured in Washington society better able to fill the position of mistress of the White House than Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. Well born, well bred and well educated, she has the easy charm of a woman of the world, yet without one tinge of cynicism or hardness. Given the dangerous gift of wit, she has never used it to sting or wound—one great reason for her personal success. There is no one society respects more than a clever woman who can hold her tongue under temptation. For her *bon mots* and her claret punch, made after the "Tippecanoe" receipt, the wife of the Republican nominee is famous, and, be it said, she serves both with discretion.

MADE OVER.

"Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he hustled into the farmhouse kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

"No," answered his wife, promptly. "Who'se writ?"

"I dunno, onless it's thet high flyin' sister of yours, Juliett What's-her-uame? Like enuff she is tired of livin' starched up in the city—'taint enny place for real human folks, enny way—an' so she's comin' here to make us a visit."

"Do she say so?"

"Law sakes, no. Et warn't put in the law an' comman'ments when we was married that you was to open my letters, nor me yourn. Take an' open it yourself."

So Mrs. Hull opened the letter and began to read it.

"Jest as I remayrkee," said the old man, "ain't it, Hannah?"

"No," said Mrs. Hull, handing him the letter, "es I make it out it's just the other way. Juliette wants us to go an' visit her. She says she'll stan' the expense, an' is jest sufferin' for somebody to make over. Now, what does she mean?"

The old farmer read the letter with much care and painstaking.

"Gol! Me go a-visitin' whar they eat breakfus' in the middle of the day, an' wear their Sunday close the hull week. I rayther guess not. But, mother, if you want to go, thet's anuther thing. You kin hev the money the old mare fetched—ye nigh about raised Bet, anyway. I'll gin ye thet."

"There's my new alpaccy," said Mrs. Hull, thoughtfully. "I'm right glad I got a good piece. It's as shiny as silk. But, laws, it won't be much in the city! I've heered thet the shop girls there wear real silk and satin ev'ry day."

"Poor things," said her husband; "it must be dredful to hev to dress to death all the time. Where's the ink horn? I'm goin' to write to the children thet their ma's goin' a-visitin'."

After manifold preparations, Mrs. Hull was ready to go and visit her stylish sister, the rich city widow.

The first thing her sister said to her was: "Hannah Hull, you're a fright. I must make you over."

"Why, Juliette, I think you're real mean," said Hannah, with some spirit. "I paid fifty cents a yard far this alapaccy, and my bunnit cost nearly five dollars."

"Don't say bunnit, for goodness sake! You have no style. You've lived down on that old farm till you look one hundred."

"I be over fifty, Juliette; but then I'm only two years older'n—"

"Hush! Never say anything about your age. It isn't polite. Hannah, I must make you over. You won't be the same woman."

Mrs. Hull made such a long visit that her husband became uneasy. The doughnuts and pies were giving out, and beside, he was lonesome. He wanted his Hannah home again. He didn't hanker after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would go and bring his wife home.

"The old gal will be glad to see me," he said to himself; "it's almost killed her, I expect, by this time, sittin' up so straight an' eatin' all her vittels with a fork, an' bein' away from me. I'll be boun' it'll give her a turn to see me."

It did. The sister had tried the glass of fashion and the mould of form, with wonderful effect on Hannah. She had also introduced Mrs. Hull into "sassiety."

When Mr. Hull arrived he was shown into a darkened parlour by a smirking maid.

"Have you a card, sir?"

"I don't play keards," said the old man, reprovingly. "You jest tell Hannah there's a gentleman here to see her."

"Beg pardon, sir."

"You needn't. You hain't don nothin'. Jest go and tell Mrs. Hull there's a gentleman kem to see her."

The girl went, and the old man chuckled to himself. He wore his store clothes, and had a

baggy carpet satchel in his hand. His gray locks hung about his rugged face and made it picturesque.

The door opened, and a strange lady entered with a very pink and white complexion. She wore a voluminous blue silk dress, and walked in shoes that were mounted on French heels. Her hair was a wicked yellow.

"Hannah didn't say anyth'n' about enny other woman a-visitin' here. Who kin she be?" he said to himself.

As the strange lady advanced, at a queer hippity-hoppity gait, something in her presence grew familiar.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said, hesitatingly. "I was expectin' to see my wife—Hannah. I kinder thought you might be her sister. I ain't seen her in a good many years, but she ain't ez young ez you be."

A shrill, affected laugh, that died in a falsetto shriek, greeted him.

"He don't know me! Juliette, come here. Dan'l don't know his own wife."

The old man looked at her attentively.

"Yaller hair on a woman of fifty? Red roses in her cheeks, like a gal of sixteen? Where's the old woman that was my wife—Hannah? I don't want no ballet dancer in her place."

"I've tried to be fashun'ble," moaned Hannah, sinking into a heap on the floor.

"I've spent hundreds of dollars on her," exclaimed her sister, as she looked on, "and this is your gratitude."

"You've made a chromo of her," persisted Dan'l. "Look at that ha'ar."

"It's a pompadour," sobbed Hannah.

"It looks wuss than a barn door; an' look at her cheeks."

"Bloom of youth—\$1 a bottle," grumbled Juliette; "she's made over."

"Hannah," exclaimed her husband, severely, "I'm ashamed of you."

"So be I," sobbed his wife; "but if you live in the city you must do as city folks do."

"Whar's your new alpaccy that you thought good enough for the presydent's wife?"

"In the cluset, upstairs."

"Get inter it, and wash the yaller outer yer gray ha'ar, and the red offen your cheeks, an' kim home!"

"Dan'l's a crank," said Juliette to her weeping sister upstairs, as she tried to soothe her.

"No, he ain't! an' I was a fool to think I could be made over. Sakes alive! how glad I am to get inter my own shoes again."

When Hannah entered the parlour again she was clothed and in her right mind. Her husband beamed upon her.

"Gol!" he exclaimed, "I've got her back! It's the old gal herself this time, as nat'ral as life, an' es purty es a pictur! It's the children's mother. Hurry up, now, an' doan git left. I shan't take a spec of comfort till I git you safe down hum agin on the old farm."

ALMOND MEAL.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox declares there is nothing to compare with almond meal. It is her practice to wash her face once in the morning, and after drying it she goes to an open jar, in which a quantity of the powdered almond is kept, and gives her face a good scouring with the oily meal. After a dozen handfuls have been rubbed in and the skin has a smooth, moist feeling, the fair poetess is as fragrant as an almond blossom and proof to chaps or roughness.

REAL BLONDES VERY SCARCE.—Says a St. Louis gentleman: There are not so many blondes as you would think, not one in twenty, I should say. In explanation of this I would say that few people understand what constitutes a blonde. Every lady with light hair is not a blonde. The word we get from the French. The adverb blonde, on the authority of Clark, the philologist, is defined as meaning fair, light, or flaxen, referring to any object, whereas Simmonds describes a blonde as being "a woman of fair complexion."



There are about 1,300 Protestant teachers in the Province of Quebec.

Seven divorce suits will come before the Dominion Senate next session.

It is understood the Minister of the Interior has under consideration a scheme for very materially enlarging the scope of the industrial schools in the Northwest.

The setting up of the voters' list for the Dominion will be completed about the 15th of January. There are over 1,000,000 names on the list. The great bulk of the matter will be kept standing in type, so that the cost of revision will be trifling.

In the Northwest Assembly Judge Richardson, on behalf of the legal experts, presented a report in reference to the constitutionality of the Assembly taking a vote on the question of prohibition or license for the Territories. The report concludes that the power of legislating in the way proposed is not vested in the Assembly.

A very considerable emigration from those rural districts of France from which the first settlers in Canada came is expected in the province of Quebec next year. The curés in these districts are said to be interesting themselves very much in the movement, and the people being dissatisfied under the present *régime* in France, are disposed to emigrate.

M. J. Bourgeois, Dominion Government land surveyor, has just returned from the Northwest, bringing with him several relics. Among them is a revolver, said to have belonged to Captain French, who was killed on showing himself at a window in Batoche's house, and the chair which served Riel as a throne during his short reign and is said to have been made by Gabriel Dumont.

SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS.

Every element, says a writer in *Health*, that is necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than 500 different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite has ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form, and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesmen. After the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggrafs and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man, and two to excellently valiant Schwepperman." Far more than fish—for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorous, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against the most malignant jaundice. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of modern statesmen. The merits of eggs do not even here.

In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80 millions a year, and the Alsations consume fully 38 million in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention the various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which, in any shape, are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even egg shells are valuable, for allopath and homœopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest carbonate of lime.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

The Tyrolean peasants hold the weeping willow sacred; because, in spite of its prayers and tears, its boughs were used to scourge our Lord; the sorrowful tree has never ceased to mourn and weep over the dreadful deed.

Fairest among the trees of Eden grew the willow. Tall and strong, it shot forth its many branches, higher and still higher, each leaf springing upward toward the glowing heavens.

Exulting in conscious strength and vigour, it grew every day more proudly beautiful. When our first parents' fall threw the shadow of sin and sorrow over every growing thing on earth, the willow alone remained unmoved.

Whenever the wild, roaming beasts rested under its shade, they howled mournfully, and their pitiful savage voices seemed to say: "Alas! unhappy tree!"

Then the willow, rearing aloft its noble head, thought in its arrogant heart: "Fools! I need no compassion."

And whenever the birds alighted on its branches, their joyous notes were changed, and in their melancholy song the tree heard plainly, "Alas, unhappy willow!" But she rustled her dainty leaves, and answered scornfully: "I have no need for pity."

The summer insects, buzzing in the sultry air; the soft wind playing with the boughs; the rain drops pattering on the upturned leaves—all seemed to murmur sadly: "Alas, unhappy willow!" But still the tree grew strong in ever increasing pride and beauty.

Many years passed. But one day came fierce and cruel men, who tore from the willow her glowing branches, and with them scourged the Lord their God. Then the tree, shuddering with grief and horror, and bowed down with unutterable shame, drooped its proud head to the earth, and wept.

And ever since, uncomfited, it has never ceased to mourn the sufferings of our Saviour, but weeps day and night over the Sacred Drops of Blood which flowed beneath its branches. Shrinking from the sun, it hangs its head and sorrows always, and when the wind stills the heavy leaves, they murmur in their pain, "Alas!"

MILITIA NOTES.

The 91st Battalion, of Winnipeg, has been disbanded.

The changes in Montreal corps gazetted are: Montreal Garrison Artillery—To be surgeon, F. Gault Finley, Esq., M.D., vice Charles Ernest Cameron, whose resignation is accepted.

Lieut.-Col. Ouimet has applied to the Minister of Militia for leave to use one of the rooms in the Drill Hall, Montreal, for target practice, with the Morris air rifles, by the men of the 65th Battalion.

His Excellency the Governor-General has appointed Lieut.-Col. Henry R. Smith, of the 14th Battalion, extra aide-de-camp from the 25th July, 1888. Lieut.-Col. Smith filled a similar position under Lord Lansdowne.

Lieut.-Col. Tilton, the new commandant of the Governor-General Foot Guards, stands nearly six feet in his stockings and weighs just 250 pounds. Lieut.-Col. Anderson, the new commandant of the 43rd Rifles, stands over six feet and weighs 215 pounds.

A certain number of officers are going through special course at the St. Johns Military School. They are: Capt. E. Jones, 8th Royal Rifles; Capt. Blackwell, 54th Battalion; Lieut. Barthe, 86th; Lieuts. Oscar Evanturel, J. A. W. LeBel, A. Bourget, of the 9th Battalion Voltigeurs of Quebec.

The retirement of Lieut.-Col. Macpherson from the command of the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the promotion of Major Tilton will make other important changes in the regiment. Capt. Toller will become major, Lieut. Gray, captain, and then the corps will be minus six officers, three lieutenants and three second lieutenants.

The militia general orders contain the appointment of Major John Tilton as lieutenant-colonel of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, vice Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, who is placed on the "special list" of officers retaining active militia rank under the provisions of No. 2 general orders (7), 13th May, 1887. This will settle what has been known as the Gurds difficulty.

Major W. H. Anderson is gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel of the 43rd Battalion, Lieut.-Col. White and Major Walsh being placed on the "special list" of officers relieved retaining rank. This leaves the two majorities in the battalion vacant. The names of Capt. Wright, of Hull, and Capt. A. P. Sherwood, Commissioner of Dominion Police, are mentioned in connection with the position.



A lady and her maid acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils.—Old proverb.

Women are extremists—they are either better or worse than men.—La Bruyere.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.—Commerson.

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second.—Proverb.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—Belzac.

Of all the heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemantey.

A man with a new idea cannot be too careful of it. It may get away from him and become original with someone else.

People who want to be in fashion now all have a cold. In that respect they resemble people who do not want to be in fashion.

For putting on a coat a darkey's instructions were—"Fust de right arm, den de left arm, and den gib one general convulsion."

No acids do in kisses lie;

Who would for honey kisses barter?

Yet when one comes to bid "good-by,"

Then kisses are the cream of "ta ta."

Lanky wife (to cranky husband): "Dear, a fancy ball is to be given. What character would you advise me to select?" Husband: "Cut your hair short and go there as a mop."

"Fifty cents, please," said the hotel clerk to the lady who had been using the telephone. "I thought the charge was only ten," she replied. "Yes," he replied; "but that is the rate for men, you know."

"They are working on a new telescope," observed De Smith, "that will bring the moon within sixty miles of the earth." "If the moon is really made of green cheese," remarked De Cantur, "that's close enough."

"Then you really think you appreciate orchestral music, Mr. Fitzroy?" she said, in a quizzical sort of way. "Well—er—yes. That is, I think I do. Once in a while, you know, the instruments seem to be all out of tune, and wander a little, but when the man hits the bass drum solid, all is clear to me."

A professor of natural history, says the *Washington Critic*, wandered away from the Smithsonian the other day and got into a lawyer's office on F street, where there is a very pompous young clerk. The professor asked two or three questions on the point at issue, and the clerk finally remarked to him, very largely: "I tell you it's true, and it is true. What do you know about law, anyway?" "Nothing, nothing at all," replied the professor, meekly, "but I know a great deal about natural history, and I think you are an ass."

The following incident occurred at the battle of Bull Run. In the heat of the action an officer, who has since become prominent and well known throughout the country, was then in command of a brigade on the right of the line. While riding over the field he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The general rode up to him, enquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join it at once. The man looked him full in the face, placed a thumb upon his nose, and replied: "Oh, no you don't, old fellow! You want the hole yourself."

Last evening while sitting by Kate—

The dear, by argument, is my sister—

She pouted her lips near my face

So sweetly, I turned round and kissed her!

Though she boxed me right square on the mouth

With a force that engendered this blister.

"What possessed you," she cried, "to do that?"

And every word was a missile.

"Why, you puckered your lips!" I replied;

But her glance stung my face like a thistle,

As she said, "You presume a great deal;

I was merely attempting to whistle!"

A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of a public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions:

"Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming table."

"'Vat I dell you, vat I dell you?' shouted the Irishman."

"As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

"She forgot the Lord and all His blessings, and after that she went and got married."

Fond mother: "Little Dick is a perfect gentleman, bless his little heart. Coming down stairs he politely stepped aside and allowed Mrs. Heavyweight to precede him, didn't you, darling?" Little Dick: "Yes, mamma; I was 'fraid she might stumble."

"Yes," said a lecturer in a country town to a large and intelligent audience, "the people of the United States owe more to the newspapers than to any other cause for their advancement." And the editor remarked, parenthetically and pathetically: "You bet they do, if subscribers elsewhere are anything like mine."

Fannie: "So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and all its possibilities." Hattie: "Yes, my husband is very rich." Fannie: "And you enjoy it very much?" Hattie: "Very much indeed." Fannie: "And your husband?" Hattie: "Oh, well! you know in this world, dear, we have to take the bitter with the sweet."

Edward: "I love you, Miss Claribel. Will you be my wife?" Claribel: "Certainly; right away." Edward: "But—the necessary delays—the minister?" Claribel: "Oh, that's all right. Papa is in the next room. He's the mayor, you know. I've made the mistake of a long engagement once or twice before. Come!" They stampeded.

An old lady, brought up as a witness before a bench of magistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying: "There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh," said one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us!" "No, I thank you, sir," replied the old lady; "there are old women enough there already."

We have heard of the woman in a picture gallery who asked the subject of a fine painting, and, on being told, "Nydia of Pompeii," immediately shouted to her deaf companion the supposed information, "An idiot from Bombay." Almost equal to this was a comment overheard at the Metropolitan Museum recently. A buxom lass from down East, who was viewing the Wolfe collection, said: "Did Catherine Wolfe paint all these? Wasn't she a genius?"

Here are some things a man cannot do: Smile through his tears. Make a crying baby smile. Put in a pin that will hold. Wither a rival with a glance. Talk with his mouth full of pins. Carry his car fare in his mouth. Make love to two girls in the same room. Get a number six foot into a number three shoe. Remain self-possessed when there is a pin sticking in him. Read a book at the window and scrutinize everybody that passes. Spend the whole day shopping when he doesn't want to buy anything.



A LAST RESORT.

PROPRIETOR OF THE "DAISY": Well, Hannah, if the pump's give out, an' they hev meters in the city, I reckon it 'll be cheaper for us to keep *another* keow.



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From the painting by Oscar Begas.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, at the same time, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of four subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of *early*, as our stock of back numbers is limited.



In reply to several queries, we may state that the population of Prince Edward Island is set down at 120,000 souls. That of Charlottetown is about 12,000. In proportion of its size, there is no province in the Dominion that has men more distinguished in public life and literature. The legend on its escutcheon is one of the happiest conceits ever devised, taken from Virgil:

Laurea pinus
Parva sub ingenti patris se subjicit umbra,

The first volume of the French census of 1886, just issued, shows that the number of children in a family is only 2.07. Eight out of every hundred of the children are unlawful. In 37 years the number of native-born French has increased less than 1,500,000. The handful of French in Canada increased in the same time from about 500,000 to 1,300,000. During the last forty years more persons of French descent have been born in Canada than in Old France. It is a hard thing to say, but France is visibly wasting down, and if she does not multiply her marriages and increase her births, she will wilt into inanition.

Our main safeguard in Canada has been the inviolability of the marriage tie, the scarcity of divorce and early marriage. But we must have a care. While the laws of Quebec, for instance, do not provide for divorce, there is recognized a system of "annulment," which is being carried out more and more. While the large cities are not to be relied on, in this respect, there is ground for belief that, in the country parts, the good old fashion of almost life-long marriages and plenty of children will be kept up.

The long-lived chiefs of the Indian tribes, dwelling on the historical reserves of the older provinces, among white men, are gradually passing away, and as each one goes, his name ought to be kept on record. The last of these deaths is that of the well known Kadhagewon, "Spotted Feather," Chief of the Saugeen band of Ojibway

Indians, who died at Port Elgin, Ont., aged 83. He received a valuable silver medal from George III., for loyalty to the British Crown, in 1812-14. He also received a medal from the Prince of Wales when the latter visited Canada in 1860.

Mr. Blake is a native Canadian, and hence is our common property. We, therefore, naturally resent insinuations made against him by writers who should respect his ability and his record. Surely one of these might have spared himself his school-boy English precedents in treating of Mr. Blake's legal connection with the railway question in the Northwest. To talk of Oliver St. John not holding a brief for ship-money, or Somers doing the same for the arbitrary prerogative of James II., is laughable enough, but to add that Samson ground in the mill of the Philistines without a fee is an insult.

We stated casually, last week, that Quakers were unknown in Canada. And so we thought. But we are glad to learn that we were mistaken. An esteemed correspondent from Ottawa informs us that there are large settlements of the Disciples of Fox in Prince Edward county, Picton, Bloomfield and other parts. Also, in the Township of Mariposa, County of Victoria. This being the case, there must be members of the Society of Friends elsewhere in the country, and we should be happy to hear from any that chose to furnish us with statistics.

The record of the graduates of our Royal Military colleges is most worthy and deserving of being set before the public. The positions held by the 128 graduates and the 33 ex-cadets, who obtained their discharge before graduating, are:—Of the graduates, 26 are now holding commissions in the Royal Engineers, 12 in the Royal Artillery, 1 in the cavalry and 9 in the line. Twenty-four graduates are civil engineers in Canada; 9 following the same profession out of Canada; 12 are in the Civil Service, 9 of them being employed professionally as engineers; 4 are in the Regiment of Canadian Artillery, 2 in the Infantry of School Corps, 6 in the Mounted Police, 2 are instructors in the R. M. C., and the rest are following miscellaneous employments. Of the ex-cadets not graduates three hold commissions in the Royal Engineers, three in the Royal Artillery and nine in the line.

It is beyond belief that the Mormons, from Utah, settling at Lee's Creek, in the Northwest, should have the assurance to talk of importing polygamy in their covered waggons and harbouring it under their new thatches on the prairie. Mr. A. Maitland Stenhouse, who resigned his seat in the B. C. Legislature to join the colony, states that the Mormons there do not propose to abandon polygamy. He argues that they have as much right to practise polygamy as the Moham-medans of British India. Reports from Lee's Creek say that in some of the settlers' houses three or four women are residing, only one of whom is the wife, the rest being "aunties," but whether "aunties" or "wives," the Government is determined not to put up with polygamy on Canadian soil.

In one of his discussions, Dr. Whiton asks: "Is Deception Ever a Duty?" and takes his text from 2 Kings, vi. 19: "This is not the way, neither is this the city: follow, me and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria." Then the doctor holds that the great point is not only "Are we allowed to wander from

truth?" but "What is my duty?" Duty has sometimes conflicting claims.

On this continent, where we have to deal with the red and black man, numbering still several millions, it would be well to heed what Dr. Needham Cust says, in his "Notes on Mission Subjects." He holds that civilization is the incidental, not the primary, object of a mission. It is wrong to expect that civilization must precede evangelization; it may accompany it. The missionary should have as a model not the British nor New England village, but the villages of Palestine, such as they were when our Lord passed through them. Nothing is so bad as to turn a negro into a pseudo-Englishman.

It is a mistake to say that Quebec women are more prolific than those of Ontario, for instance. Before five years of age, Quebec has indeed the upper-hand, but, above that age, Ontario raises more children than her sister province, according to the population. Still here, in Montreal, we have the authenticated case of Mother Quintal, who just celebrated her 95th birthday with 14 children, 113 grandchildren, 138 great grandchildren, and 20 great-great-grandchildren.

The number of secret societies in the United States is legion. There are over 200 fraternities, benevolent, social, insurance, political, religious, temperance and other secret orders. Following is the membership of some of the prominent American organizations: Freemasons, 600,000; Odd Fellows, 530,000; Grand Army of the Republic, 380,000; Knights of Pythias, 210,000; Good Templars, 200,962; Ancient Order of United Workmen, 191,876; Knights of Honour, 124,756; The Royal Arcanum, 80,000; Improved Order of Red Men, 64,000; American Legion of Honour, 61,664; Knights and Ladies of Honour, 46,200; Sons of Veterans, 47,000; Ancient Order of Foresters, 38,539; Daughters of Rebekah, 33,858; Knights of the Golden Eagle, 30,000; and Order of Chosen Friends, 29,271. The total number of Masons in the world is estimated at 4,000,000. The total number of Druids in the world is 67,000.

NATURE AND ART.

Among the public lectures of Laval University, delivered fortnightly during the winter season, the series of M. Desmazures, Professor of Archaeology, have been singularly entertaining and instructive. In his last lecture he made a striking and picturesque explanation of the evolving tendencies of nature into art, and showed how architecture, for instance, is nothing less but a copy of the works which God set before the eyes of man.

Thus, in the beginning, trees served for the habitation of man. A tree planted in the earth was taken for support. Its boughs were so much covering, and they were gathered and fastened together. Branches were set around, garnished with leaves, moss, creepers, and all this afforded a scanty shelter. Later, instead of a natural tree, an artificial one was made, with artificial boughs, and this afforded the framework of a house. Then to the walls, in the room of leaves, was set kneaded earth, by the aid of which cold and insects were kept aloof. The doorway was quite low, narrow and solid, to give protection against wild beasts. Then, fire was introduced into the hut, with an opening at the top for ventilation. This fire proved very useful, and was employed to burn

squares of earth, with which the walls of the hut were covered, and thus they got brick which is water-proof, and enamelled brick that keeps out the damp. Then, it was that primitive man, filled with happiness and presumption, imagined the tower of Babel, which is the triumph of brick, just as, slyly adds the lecturer, the Eiffel tower is the triumph of sheet-iron and the Babel of the nineteenth century. He says also that, by dint of going ahead, man sometimes goes back on his footsteps.

Later on, brick was found inferior to stone, and the latter carried the day. Then, after the hut, the house made its appearance, with all its comforts, and they who, before that, had grovelled in caves and tents, now brought their houses to some perfection. The cavern, the carvings, the pilaster, the column, were used to adorn the dwelling and prop it up. The tent grew larger, and served not only for dwelling, but for public meetings, religious and national. A renowned type is the Tabernacle of the Master in the barrens. It must next be observed that when the people emigrated, they reproduced, with new materials, the buildings which they had conceived with primitive materials. They transformed the cabin from wood to brick, and from brick to stone; the cavern, in wood and framework, and artificial carvings; and the tent, in woodwork, or even in stone. This is so true that certain works in sandstone, in India and Cambogia, look much like carpentry, and travellers have been deceived in them, seeing them from afar.

Man was imitative all along. He imitated the mountain in the pyramid; the cavern, in the labyrinth; sheer rocks in towers; forests, with their plentiful leafage, in the colonnades and vaults of their palaces and churches. Chateaubriand, carried away by the exuberance of his fancy, saw the cathedral of the Middle Ages in the ancient woods of Gaul and Germany.

The first pillars of Egypt had the shape of palm tree trunks and reeds bound together. Then, man borrowed the leaves and flowers for his ornaments; the skulls of beasts, stags, reindeer, and the geometrical shapes of minerals. He imitated the leaf of the olive, the laurel, the thistle, the acanthus, the lily and the rose. He imitated the shell, the egg, the pearl, the olive, the almond, the tears of the rain, and the tongues of fire. Stone was transformed into rings, collars, spear-heads, beams and rafters. Animals were put under contribution—the heads of beasts, the trunks of snakes, and thence the torsoes of columns. Monuments supported on the backs of elephants; the muzzles of gargoyled lions; of men in caryatides; of stalactites and stalagmites, are thoroughly reproduced on a large scale in the great relics of India. The Swiss chalet, for example, so happy, elegant and appropriate in style, is found in the Himalayas and the valley of Kackmyr. The Lacustrine cities are found in America and China. As we find the kinship of peoples by their tongue, we discover it also by their manner of building. The vault comes from the cavern; the pillar from the tree; the capital from the wreath of flowers. Among the English we trace all the elements of Aryan construction—the hall, the portico and the gynæceum. The temples of India are derived from the imitation of caverns; and Chinese buildings, from the transformation of tents.

The learned professor closed this masterly exposition by describing the migration of the Cyclo-

pean tribes—the Pelasges and the Hellenes. He then displayed a series of views illustrative of the works of these several people, and wound up by rendering a picture of the Parthenon of Athens, the *ne plus ultra* of architectural grace and beauty.

COSMIC FORCES.

In our number before the last we presented our readers with an engraving of the Eiffel Tower, the loftiest building in the world, and in our last number, as a sequel, we gave them some "Curiosities of Measurement," in which we compared the tower with some of Nature's works in this world of ours. But what are the greatest of these compared with God's works outside of this world? The sun and his attendant planets, and the stars, infinite in number, each a sun attended, astronomers tell us, by his attendant planets; and an infinity of space beyond them again, with stars whose light has not yet reached this world. Those of them which we can see are made visible by their light, which, also, by the aid of that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, has shown us that many of the elements of which they are constituted are the same or similar to those found on our earth, and thus revealed the unity of creation. Yet that very light, by which we see these at night, makes them invisible by day, and if the sun shone always upon us, we should know nothing of these other worlds and suns. Our readers, or many of them, must be acquainted with Blanco White's beautiful sonnet founded on the facts we have mentioned, but many have probably never seen it. It will bear repetition, and we reproduce it. It has been called the finest, and is certainly among the finest, sonnets in our language.

Mysterious Night! when our first father knew
Thee, by report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the Host of Heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view,—
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou would'st us blind?—
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?—
If Light can thus deceive us, why not Life?

LITERARY NOTES.

L'Evangeline, printed at Digby, has begun its second year. It is the mouthpiece of the Acadians.

The Canterbury volume of "Poems of Wild Life," edited by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, is now published.

Wilfrid Chateaucclair has a sketch in the *Globe* Christmas number entitled "The Relics of St. Tegakwita."

We learn that Miss Elizabeth G. Roberts has a small volume of her poems, published for private circulation.

The fifth volume of the "Genealogical Dictionary of Canadian Families," by Mgr. Tanguay, has just been issued.

Among the new books received by the McGill College Library is a volume of Esquimaux Legends, translated into French, which are very readable.

An Historical Society has been established in Chateauguay, and there is already talk of raising a monument on the historical battlefield of that name.

Goodridge B. Roberts, editor of the *King's College Record*, is preparing a series of papers on the literary men of Canada. He is enthusiastically Canadian.

Mrs. Frances Harrison has a Canadian sketch on the Valley of the Eustache in an American periodical. We are glad to see that she has dropped the name "Seranus."

At the last fortnightly meeting of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies, Mr. John Reade, B.A., F.R.S.C., read a full and learned paper on "Canadian Histories."

"The Fisheries Dispute and Annexation of Canada," by J. de Ricci, is a new work just published. It is very full on the Fisheries, containing all the correspondence on the subject, with the text of the treaty and the American Retaliation Act.

AT LUNDY'S LANE.

The president of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society has sent for our columns the following lines, written by Mrs. S. A. C., a gifted authoress of Toronto. The occasion was a recent visit of the writer at the Lundy's Lane battle ground and cemetery, and observing the grave of Captain Abram Hall, aged 28 years, United States Infantry, who fell there in the fierce conflict of July 25, 1814, saw that it was lonely and neglected. The thought suggested was a mother's grief for her son, and for that mother's sake the writer would contribute to restore the grave and its surroundings, which has been done, under the society's direction.

At the grave of Abram Hall, Captain U. S. I., who fell in the fierce conflict of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814, and was interred where he fell by the British forces, who victoriously held the ground, now Lundy's Lane Cemetery.

Not that thou wert an enemy do I desire
Thy grave should be no mound of weeds or mire.
My country's enemies are mine and I would fight
With tireless arm to guard her sacred right.—
Nor that thou wert an enemy and I forgot
The fierce incursion—unforgiven yet—
But that thou wert a mother's son I'd keep,
For mother-love, thy bed in thy last sleep.
Lay e'er, my son, in stranger-land a foe.
I would some mother's breast might pity know—
Some kindly hand should smooth, as I do now—
His last long pillow, and upon his brow
Drop gentle tears, for one so brave and young,
Nor leave, for enmity, a warrior's dirge unsung.

Toronto.

S. A. C.

AMHERST ISLAND.

ITS PURCHASE FROM THE INDIANS—SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

It might be interesting to some, says a correspondent, to hear a little of the early history of Amherst Island. There are various theories with regard to the purchase of "Isle Tanti" from the Indians by Sir W. Johnstone, but the theory generally received, so far as I know, is that Sir W. Johnstone purchased the island many years ago from the "Six Nation Indians." As for the price paid, it is supposed that it is not now known. He afterward bequeathed the island to his son, Sir John Johnstone, who in his turn bequeathed it to his daughter, Catharine Maria Johnstone, who was married subsequently to Brigadier-General Bowey, of the British army. Brigadier-General Bowey met his death in the battle of Salamanca, Spain, 1813. While Arthur Kennedy Johnstone, brother of Lady Bowey, was her chief agent and resident in Montreal, he paid an occasional flying visit to Amherst Island. But for a number of years previous to 1835, the resident agent was Richard Hitchins, Esq., father of Toronto's estimable citizen, Col. Hitchins. Lady Bowey in turn sold the island to Lord Mountcashel in 1835. Then, from the autumn of 1835 until the spring of 1839, Captain John S. Cummings held the agency, and then, in the most magnanimous manner, resigned in favour of a friend, Capt. Wm. Radcliff, who assumed the agency and continued to hold it until the spring of 1849, and was succeeded by Mr. John Boyes. Major Maxwell, the present owner, purchased the island, about 1858, from Lord Mountcashel. Mr. John Boyes in turn was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Percival, who continued agent until early in the seventies, when Mr. Wm. Moutray, the present agent, entered into office and still continues to hold the position.

COWPER.

A gentle stream purled on its peaceful way
Through woodlands fair and meadows wondrous sweet,
Chancing at length a cavern dark to meet
Within whose depth ne'er fell the light of day.
Lo! as it enter'd, heavenward flew the spray,
All loth to pass beyond, and backward beat,
As though the natural course it would defeat
That plung'd it where the sun cast not a ray.
Through that lone cave of blackness on it sped,
Its happy music turn'd to mournful sigh,
Until it reach'd the end, when earth and sky
Shone doubly bright that seemed for so long dead;—
Thus didst thou pass, sweet singer, through the gloom
Of life's dark hollow. Light came at the tomb.

SAREPTA.

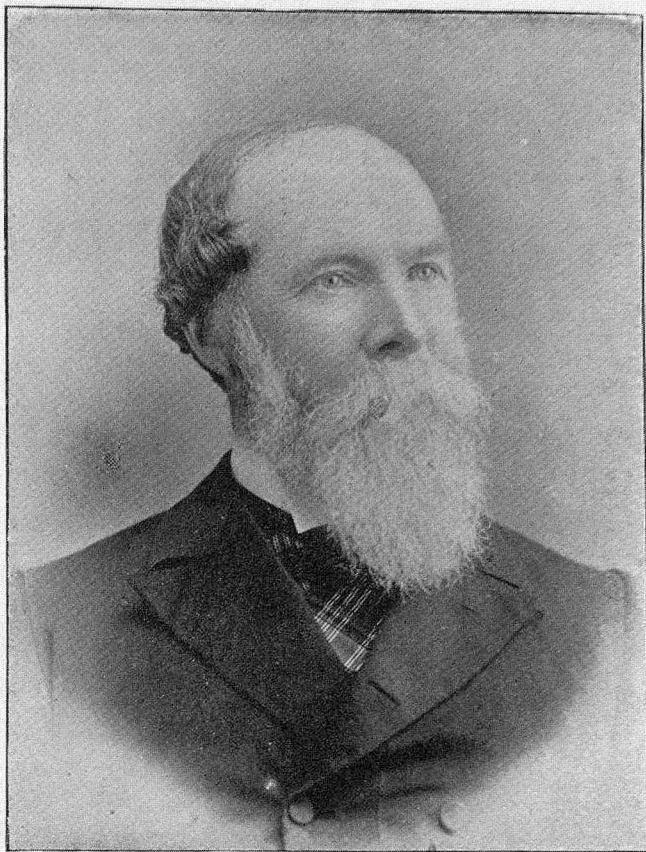


SIR GEO. STEPHEN, BARONET.

From a photograph by Notman.



"NASEBY." THE FARM BUILDINGS OF JAMES S. FREER, BRANDON HILLS, MANITOBA.



HIS HONOR A. A. MACDONALD, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. H. Cook & Co Charlottetown.



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

From a photograph by C. Lewis.



THE GREEK GIRL.—Our front page is graced by the study of a head which the author, Arthur Bégas, calls that of a Greek maiden. The Greek full face is not so easy to take, nor is it so agreeable to the eye, as the profile, and hence it is that, in the ancient medals, the side face is much oftener employed for effect. In our picture, however, the forehead is broad and stamped with understanding. The expression of the eyes and mouth is not so much Hellenic as it is Latin, such as we see it in Spanish and French Creoles.

SIR GEORGE STEPHEN, BART.—This distinguished man was born at Dufftown, Banff, Scotland, on the 5th June, 1829, and educated in the parish school of the same. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an Aberdeen draper, and, after four years' service, completed his business education in the great house of J. F. Pawson & Co., of London. In 1850 young Stephen came over to Canada, and, in 1853, formed a partnership with his cousin, the late William Stephen. On the death of the latter in 1860, the former bought his interest, enlarged the business and met with extraordinary success. He was elected a director of the Bank of Montreal, and in 1876 was chosen vice-president. He became president on the death of the late David Torrance. It was about this time that he joined a syndicate for the purchase of the interests of the Dutch holders of the bonds of the St. Paul & Pacific Railway, and, finishing the road so as to control the whole traffic of the Canadian Northwest, they soon found themselves in possession of an exceedingly profitable line. Then, extending their operations, the syndicate made St. Paul the final point of their system, which they named the St. Paul & Manitoba Railway. This led to Sir George Stephen's connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in 1888 he was elected its president, which position he retained to within a few months ago. In 1885, along with his relative, Sir Donald Smith, he founded the "Montreal Scholarship," tenable for three years and open to Montreal and neighbourhood, in the Royal College of Music, and again, in 1886, he and Sir Donald donated each the princely sum of \$500,000 for a new hospital at Montreal, to be called the Victoria. In 1885 the Government of Canada presented Sir George with the Confederation medal, and in 1886 Her Majesty the Queen created him a baronet in recognition of his services on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir George Stephen has no family of his own, but his adopted daughter was married, a few years ago, to the son of Sir Stafford Northcote. His own name will ever be linked with the prosperity and glory of Canada.

NASEBY, BRANDON HILLS.—The following letter, dated from this place on Nov. 5, 1888, will give due information about our picture: "By this mail I am forwarding you a view of my Farm Buildings as an illustration of what is done on what was so recently wild prairie in the way of substantial home buildings, as contrasted with the earlier erections of pioneer settlers. It may interest you to know that I am farming under the Brandon Hills, having recently come out from the old country (Bristol), having there been a printer and newspaper publisher. We are regular subscribers to THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and should not now like to be without it. The preparation of the matter and the character of the illustrations leave nothing to be desired, whilst the price (15c. up here) places it within the reach of every man, woman and child who cares for a high class literary and artistic publication. Should you not care to use the view of "Naseby" I am sending you, please return the same; should you use it and care to reproduce it, kindly forward me twenty-five copies of the issue containing the same, and remittance shall follow immediately upon receipt. Perhaps you could enclose them to your agent at Brandon. I want to send a number of copies to England. Yours truly, JAMES S. FREER.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR A. A. MACDONALD.—The Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island springs from the Clan-ronald branch of the Macdonalds of the Isles. He is son of the Hugh and Catharine Macdonald of Panmure, and grandson of Andrew Macdonald, who purchased a great stretch of land in the province, and with his family and retainers emigrated from Inverness-shire, and settled at Three Rivers, P.E.I., in 1806, where he and his sons thrived for many years. The subject of our sketch was born at the latter place, in 1829; was educated at the County Grammar School, and by private tutor; and married, in 1863, Elizabeth, daughter of a former Provincial Postmaster-General, Thomas Owens. Mr. Macdonald was U.S. Consular Agent at Three Rivers, from 1849 to 1870, and represented Georgetown in the House of Assembly from 1864 to 1870. He was a member of the Legislative Council, for the second district of King's, from 1863 to 1873, when he was made Postmaster-General of the Province; P.O. Inspector from 1880 to 1884, and Postmaster at Charlottetown in 1884. Mr. Macdonald has the high honour of being one of the Fathers of Confederation, having been a delegate to the Charlottetown Conference of 1864, and, in the fall of the same year, to the decisive Quebec Conference. He was also a delegate to the Intercolonial Convention at Portland in 1868, member of the Board of Education from 1867 to 1870, and of the Executive Council from 1867 till the Confederation in 1872. In reward for

his services to both parties, in the Free Education, Land Purchase, Railway and Confederation Acts, he was appointed Lieut.-Governor of his native province in 1884.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN.—The Government House is the residence of His Honour the Hon. A. A. Macdonald, Lieut.-Governor of Prince Edward Island. It was opened July 6th, 1834, the Hon. George Wright being administrator at the time, in the absence of the Governor, Sir Aretas W. Young. It is beautifully located, a short distance west of the city, upon a slightly elevated plot of ground, gently inclining toward the sea, and commands a fine view of the harbour and city.

MOUNT DONALD.—In the heart of the Selkirks, up the Beaver Valley, tower the Selkirk Mountains, and the highest of these is christened Sir Donald, after the great financier and philanthropist, whose name is forever linked with the Canadian Pacific Railway. Of the many mountain views which we have published in these pages, there is none more stately, sublime and graceful withal than that of Mount Sir Donald.

THE LATE SENATOR ROSS.—This distinguished and useful man, one of the foremost men in Canada, was born in Scotland in 1819, came to Canada at an early age, settled in the old capital of Quebec, and went into the shipping and timber trades, where he amassed a colossal fortune, owning ships in every sea, and doing business in all parts of the globe. He became one of the wealthiest men in America. He had a hand in almost all the monied institutions of Quebec, being President of the bank of that name and Director of the Guarantee Company of North America. He was often asked to enter public life, but always declined, until 1873 and 1878, when he ran unsuccessfully in Quebec Centre for the Commons. He was at length prevailed upon to accept a seat in the Senate in 1884. Mr. Ross died, a few months ago, at only 69 years of age, and is succeeded in the representation of the Laurentides division by Mr. Prince, the timber king of Chicoutimi.

"B" BATTERY DRILL SHED.—Our picture represents a gun weighing about 6300 lbs., raised to the top of parapet (about thirty feet in height) by means of sheers, 60 feet long, the heaviest part of an artilleryman's duty. The whole work was performed without a hitch under the direction of Sergt.-Major Lyndon, superintended by the Commandant for the instruction of a "special class" studying for "Long Course Certificates."

"A" AND "B" BATTERIES SHIFTING ORDNANCE.—"A" and "B" Batteries, Regular Canadian Artillery, are not allowed to compete with the Militia Batteries, as their greater opportunities for drill and practice and, presumably, superior instruction, would give them an unfair advantage. They are, therefore, pitted against one another. The task this year was to dismount a 58 cwt. gun from one carriage, move it on rollers through a narrow passage—four feet wide and nine feet long—and mount it on another carriage 75 feet distant. The winning squad of "B" Battery performed the task in 6 minutes 22 seconds.

THE LAW COURTS, CHARLOTTETOWN.—The Court House (or Law Courts, as it is called), was erected in 1875, at a cost of \$58,000. Its dimensions are 52 x 84 feet, built of pressed brick with free-stone trimmings. To the right is seen St. Paul's Church (Episcopal.)

THE CHARLOTTETOWN POST OFFICE.—The handsome Post Office built by the Dominion Government after the Island entered Confederation was unfortunately reduced to ashes in the big fire of February 20th, 1884. The present one was erected and first opened on February 16th, 1887. Although not considered by many so handsome a structure as the old one, it is, however, much more substantial and commodious in its appointments. Besides the Post office, there are in it also the Savings Bank, Custom and Inland Revenue Offices. It is built of brick and free-stone, 60 x 65 feet, three stories high, and cost about \$75,000. F. de St. Croix Brecken is postmaster.

QUEEN SQUARE GARDENS, CHARLOTTETOWN.—These Gardens, although only quite recently opened, form, with their gravelled walks, profusion of varied hued flowers and velvety green lawns, one of the chief attractions of the city, and are much admired by strangers. In the foreground, to the right, is the Parliament House, next to it stands the Post Office, and the third building is the Market House.

THE REV. W. W. CARSON, pastor of the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, is a native of the County of Carleton, and received part of his education in the city in which he is now a pastor. He is in the prime of life, and among the most vigorous and liberal thinkers in his denomination. He is a minister of the Methodist Church, but his creed is said not to be exactly limited by that of any denomination. On public and national questions he speaks out fearlessly his views, while the frankness and candour of his manner disarm unfriendly criticism. To his catholic spirit and cosmopolitan sympathies, as well as to his earnest eloquence, is due the fact that at the Capital all classes wait upon his ministry, and he seldom speaks save to a crowded congregation. He was called to the ministry in 1867, and was ordained by Rev. W. Morley Punshon in 1871. After ordination he held the pastorate of the First Methodist Church, Hamilton. He has held important positions in connection with his denomination, and, in seeking to enlarge his knowledge of mankind, has travelled extensively in Europe and America.

P. O., WOODSTOCK.—One of the chief features of our country towns, in the provinces, is the beauty and substantial appearance of their public buildings—court houses, gaols, post offices and custom houses. The Post Office of the flourishing town of Woodstock is a case in point, as the reader may see by looking at the engraving in this issue.

PTOLEMY ON THE NILE.

[From an unpublished gala entitled "How Balthazar the King went down into Egypt."]

BY HUNTER DUVAR.

"Nilus! Nilus!" and before them rolled
The mystic river; and a barge of gold
Lay moored with its carved prow against a pier,
From which the King embarked with all his train;
The reis on the foredeck drew the spear
From out the ringbolt and cast off the chain,
And they were floating upon Nile the old!

Full bravely led the galley of the King,
And, all at once, like flap of ibis' wing,
Flashed out the gilt and crimson-bladed oars,
And lightly o'er the molten surface skimmed,
While slow unrolled the low and level shores,
Like to a landscape on a curtain limned,
And blended into shadows, lessening.

Music was on the Nile boats. Conch and horn,
Flute answering flute, with zittern and lycorn,
Took up the keynote from the leading barge,
And part and counterpart in measured strain,
In gathering volume, rolled on to the marge,
The while the swelling chorus grew amain
And inland o'er the standing rice was borne.

Along the shore, as down the mystic river
Floated the King, the boughs without a shiver
Bent in the breathless air, and ibisis
And birds of scarlet plumage waded grave,
While small deer, timorous as their nature is,
And panthers to the brink came down to lave,
But drew back as they saw the oar blades quiver.

Along the burnished waters meadow flowers
Floated, and buds with berries, which the scours
Of torrents, melted moons ago, had shred
From Afric's inland mountain range of snows,
And torn up with the rich mould from its bed,
And brought to Egypt when the waters rose
To pour into her lap full harvest dowers.

They floated past the swamp of crocodiles
And labyrinths of submerged bulrush isles,
With matted lilies growing on the ooze,
While round the shallow bars the eddies swum,
All changeless as in old time when the Jews
Mustered at beat of the Egyptian drum
And laid their tale of brick upon the piles.

Upon the left bank of the river loomed
A massive wall, where Pharaohs lay entombed,
With their deeds vaguely limned in hieroglyph,
In tincts of vivid azure, green, and red,
Ochre and vermeil—standing stark and stiff
Their rigid forms—while 'mong the mummied dead
The frogs croaked and the woful bittern boomed.

As they swept on they saw a form of stone
Cleaving the yellow skyline, stern and lone
And awful, so no man might bear to dwell
'Neath its eyes glaring with unwinking lids,
As if of beings it alone could tell
The august mystery of the pyramids,
Ere centuries of sand had round them blown.

Now on the right bank of the river's flow,
Where sentinelled with watch-towers and aglow
With half-mooned vanes all flickering like jets,
Uprose a city walled, in proud estate,
Full of domed roofs and tall white minarets,—
The King's fleet veered toward a water-gate
And anchored 'neath the walls of Cairo.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

[The reader will agree with the editor that it would be hard to find a more skillful piece of workmanship than this picture of the bard of Hernewood.]

IN OCTOBER, 1888.

O Toronto's fair city is all in a blaze!
From the crown of her hills to the depth of her bays.
By the Don's sluggish wave and the Humber so bright,
Toronto's fair city is all in a light!

O brilliant the burning! and wondrous to see;
Like the low of a furnace it lights up the lea.
And O! its rare colours, its rays and its glints!
Divine were the artist should catch its fine tints.

O ardent the glow and resplendent the sheen!
The scarlets and ambers, the yellow and green,
The russets and purples, the crimsons and greys,
The bronzes and browns of the beautiful blaze.

O the surge of the fire o'er the highways hath rolled,
The orchards' hot glare hath the hue of red gold;
The willows grow ashen, their feet in the stream,
The underwood smiles in the soft golden gleam.

O the yellow flame glares from the poplars so tall,
And glows in the elms and the beeches withal;
The crimson burns lambent on maple and oak,
O clear shines the fire that is free from dun smoke!

O Toronto's fair city is all in a blaze,
From the crown of her hills to the depths of her bays!
Like the low of a furnace, it lights up the lea,
O the fires of October are glorious to see!

S. A. C.



Sir Donald Smith is expected back home by the beginning of the new year.

The Archbishop of Ottawa, who is now in Rome, will spend nearly six months abroad.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has withdrawn from public life, meaning to spend his time in literary work.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbott has made an important purchase of 4,000 volumes for the Montreal Fraser Institute.

Sir John H. Johnston, of St. Osyth's Priory, England, is interested in the phosphate mining operations at Buckingham.

Senator Alexander has written to a friend in Ottawa to say that ill health will prevent his attending the coming session.

Hon. Mr. Blake will spend some days again at the Capital to watch the interests of his clients in the great railway case.

Sir Donald Smith has had plans prepared for a handsome stone cottage at St. Andrews, N.B., where he will live each summer.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron, of Toronto, formerly of Detroit, has made her will, disposing of upwards of four millions of dollars.

Hon. Mr. Price, the lumber king of the Chicoutimi and Saguenay, has been raised to the Senate in the room of the late Hon. J. G. Ross.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau and Mrs. Chapleau sailed for Paris on Saturday last to consult a physician for the Minister, who expects to be back by February.

Mrs. Barnabas Tilton, mother of John Tilton, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, died at Lancaster, N.B., yesterday. Deceased was in her eighty-first year.

Mrs. Hannah Macdougall, mother of the Hon. William Macdougall, who died in her 84th year, was born at St. Andrews, on the Ottawa River, and came to Toronto when fifteen years of age.

Mrs. F. X. Quintal a few days ago celebrated the 95th anniversary of her birthday, surrounded by her 14 children, 113 grand-children, 138 great-grandchildren, and 20 great-great-grandchildren.

The memorial window presented by Lady Macdonald to St. Alban's Church, Ottawa, in memory of her mother, was manufactured in England from a Canadian design, is understood to be very handsome, and cost about \$1,500.

Professor Wiggins, of tempestuous fame, has scored another success, and is receiving greetings from all parts. He foretold an earthquake somewhere, and all along the south shore of the St. Lawrence to Rimouski the earth trembled. No casualties.

On November 22, 1888, at the advanced age of 82 years, being born in Montreal 12th August, 1806, there passed away one of the last surviving members of the Montreal branch of the well known Canadian family of Sewell. Mrs. Durnford was a daughter of the late Stephen Sewell, K.C., formerly solicitor-general for Lower Canada.

Sir Charles Tupper writes us from his office, at London, asking that the following facts be added to his biography which we lately published. He obtained the M.D. degree at Edinburgh University, and also the license of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1843. He was created a baronet in the present year, 1888. He was one of the three (being Minister of Railways at the time), who made the agreement with the C.P.R. Syndicate for the building of the road, and he carried it through Parliament the next year, the Imperial Parliament having nothing to do with it.

QUEBEC IN 1830.

At this period several British regiments occupied the Citadel and Jesuits barracks, composed of infantry, armed with the antiquated flint lock "Brown Bess" gun, the Royal Artillery and Engineers and Commissariat department. The artillery and engineers were located in barracks at the foot of Palace street, and the commissariat a building on the *Place d'Armes*, the officers' mess on St. Louis street, where they and invited guests dined, enlivened by the strains of a regimental band. The entrance to the city was by five gates, namely, St. Louis, Palace, St. John, Hope and Mountain Hill gates, at each of which was a guardhouse, with sentry boxes for the soldiers, who paced for two hours, till relieved by others in their turn; besides a guardhouse near the old chateau and Castle St. Louis (since burned), the residence of the Governor-General. At about the midnight hour might be heard the words of a sentry: "Turn out the guard!" "Who goes there?" "Rounds!" "What rounds?"

"Grand rounds." "Stand and give the countersign." "Pass, grand rounds." The officers of this guard then proceeded to the other guardhouses, till the round was completed, the occupants being supplied with rations, selected by the commissariat. On Sunday a review of the troops took place on the Esplanade by the Governor-General (then a superior officer of the army), accompanied by a brilliant staff, the troops, after marching and counter-marching, then proceeding to their barracks. A grand review of all the troops at the Plains of Abraham, on the Queen's birthday, was an imposing sight to those then living (alas! how few remain), who witnessed the military display. The firing of the cannon on the Citadel, at 9 p.m. in summer, and 8.30 p.m. in winter, summoned the soldiers to their barracks from the taverns in the suburbs, where some remained after roll-call, or fell struggling on their way, to be picked up by a corporal's guard, and to undergo the penalty of extra drill on the following morning. This brief pen and ink sketch must suffice, as the art of photography was unknown in those days, which would otherwise have afforded some more vivid conception of "Quebec as a garrison city" to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Ottawa.

G. S. P.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

Murray's Magazine is amusing in its description of the ideal oyster, by which it means, of course, the British native. The shape should be like the petal of a rose leaf. Who ever heard of the petal of a leaf? Its shell should be as thin as china. It should have a metallic ring and an opalescent hue. The hollow should be like an egg cup and the flesh firm, white and nut-like. All of which is very fine, but what about the *taste* of your native? Why that smack of copper?

The Canadian man of letters likes his own hard shells, because they come from the deep, have the zest of brine, are fed, not on slops nor sewage, but on kelp and slippery sea weed, with lesser mollusks that make them fat and plump. Then look at the kingly size of them—the Bouctouche, large as your hand; the Saint-Simon, tapering and firm; the Malpeque, with its bunches of pearly meat, and the little Caraque that holds in solution a saline elixir.

"Foy," of Quebec, has sent me several pieces of verse, all clever, but not always polished enough with Horace's file. There can be no good workmanship without the *limae labor*. The following triolet, however, from his pen, shows that he has a fine touch:—

L'HIRONDELLE.

Petit hirondelle,
Joli voyageur,
Voles donc vers ma belle,
Petit hirondelle!

Demandes lui qu'elle
Me renvoie mon cœur,
Petit hirondelle,
Joli voyageur!

The *Varsity Gazette*, of Toronto, gives this list of college newspapers:—*University Review*, Trinity College, Toronto; *College Times*, U. C. College, Toronto; *Knox College Monthly*, Toronto; *The Varsity*, Toronto; *McGill Gazette*, Montreal; *University Monthly*, Fredericton, N.B.; *Portfolio*, Hamilton Ladies' College; *Sunbeam*, Whitby Ladies' College; *Gazette*, Dalhousie College, N.S.; *King's College Record*, Windsor, N.S.; *Journal*, Queen's College, Kingston; *Acta Victoriana*, Cobourg; *Argosy*, Sackville, N.B.; *Journal*, Manitoba College, Winnipeg; *Presbyterian College Journal*, Montreal; *The Owl*, Ottawa College. From this it will be seen that nine papers are published in Ontario, two in Quebec, two in New Brunswick, two in Nova Scotia, and one in Manitoba. Of these, two are from ladies' colleges in Ontario. The *Varsity* is the only weekly among the number; there are several fortnightly, but the great majority are monthlies. The list lacks *The Athenæum*, of Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S.; the *Almafilian*, of Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont., and *Le Couvent*, of Joliette, P.Q.

Not better than our own, but pleasing from association, is the *Oxford Magazine*, published, with its buff cover and frontispiece of MOVSIKE and GYMNASTIKE. It comes out weekly during term. The number before us contains this cynic and scholastic outburst:—

ODE TO THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT OSNEY.

Proud monument of British enterprise!

Stately highway of Commerce! thou art old:

Since with enraptured gaze we saw thee rise

Three winters o'er thy perilous planks have rolled,

Each with its load of carriages and carts:

Freshmen, who saw thy birth, are Bachelors of Arts.

Majestic arch, that spans the Isis' flow,

Fraught with the memory of our lives imperilled,

We could not hope to keep thee—thou must go.

Yet shall no bard in Chronicle or Herald,

No civic Muse, deplore thee! none of all

Who paid augmented rates to rear thee, mourn thy fall.

Thou art of schemes municipal the symbol,

As crazy, and as tortuous. Fare thee well!

Not long o'er thee shall Undergraduate nimble

Evade the Proctor and his bulldogs fell:

Business and Pleasure to their old forgotten

Path will return again, and leave thy timbers rotten.

Perchance some Alderman, or Member of

The Local Board,—his shallop softly mooring,—

Beside thy site contemplative will rove

And weep awhile thy glories unending:

And unimpeded by thy barring wood

Dead cats and dogs shall float adown the central flood.

A. G.

We have two more monuments that are spoken of. The first is to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. All Canada owes him this tribute for his services in the cause of good fellowship and national union. We, men of letters, have special cause to enlist in this good work. Poor D'Arcy was a born orator, and, in his published speeches, the very best are those delivered after his settlement in the Dominion. He wrote much pretty verse, and so ductile was his mind that, among his gathered poems, we find quite a little collection of ballads on Canadian themes.

The other monument is to the Iroquois virgin and saint, Catharine Tagakwita, born near Auriesville, in the Mohawk Valley, and who lived and died at Caughnawaga, over against Montreal, or, as it was called in her time, Sault St. Louis. Rev. Clarence Walworth, Rector of St. Mary's, Albany, had this statue made and inscribed at his own cost, and sent over to Caughnawaga to be set up. In some unaccountable way the stone has been stopped on the road, near Portage River, six miles from the Sault, and it is said that the hitch lies in \$40 of Customs' duties which have not yet been paid. The writer of these lines, with other men of letters and students of history, are going to see that this mistake is mended.

TALON.

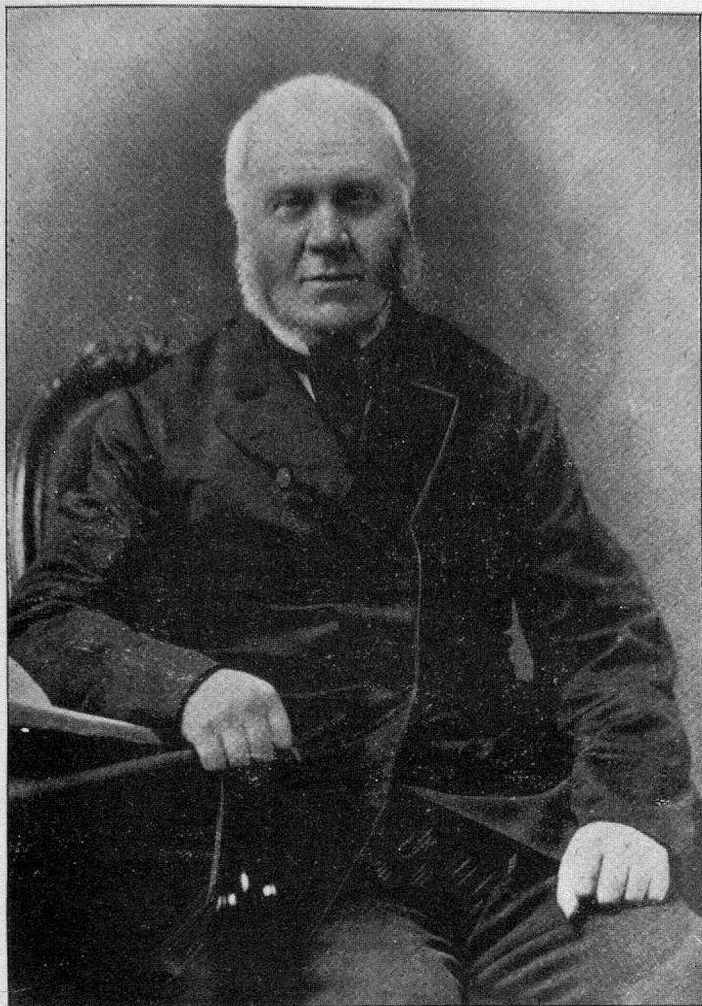
OLD FRIENDS.—Never give up old friends for new ones. Make new ones if you like, and when you have learned that you can trust them, love them if you will, but remember the old ones still. Do not forget that they have been merry with you in time of pleasure, and when sorrow came to you they sorrowed also. No matter if they have gone down in the social scale, and you up; no matter if poverty and misfortune have come to them, while prosperity and plenty have fallen to you—are they any less true for that?

OATMEAL AS A FOOD.—Many of the keepers of big groceries in this city tell of the large extent to which oatmeal is used as an article of diet. In thousands of families a plate or a bowl of oatmeal porridge, which ought to be of the best quality, well boiled, and taken with cream, is the first thing at breakfast. The children are apt to be very fond of it. It is wholesome, nutritious and advantageous to the digestion. It is surprising that more people do not learn how to prepare for the breakfast table oatmeal cakes, those thin, crisp, most excellent biscuits which one finds in all households in Scotland, and which ought to be eaten with fresh milk. They are easily made, worth making, possess most of the merits of porridge, and are a desirable change from it at times.

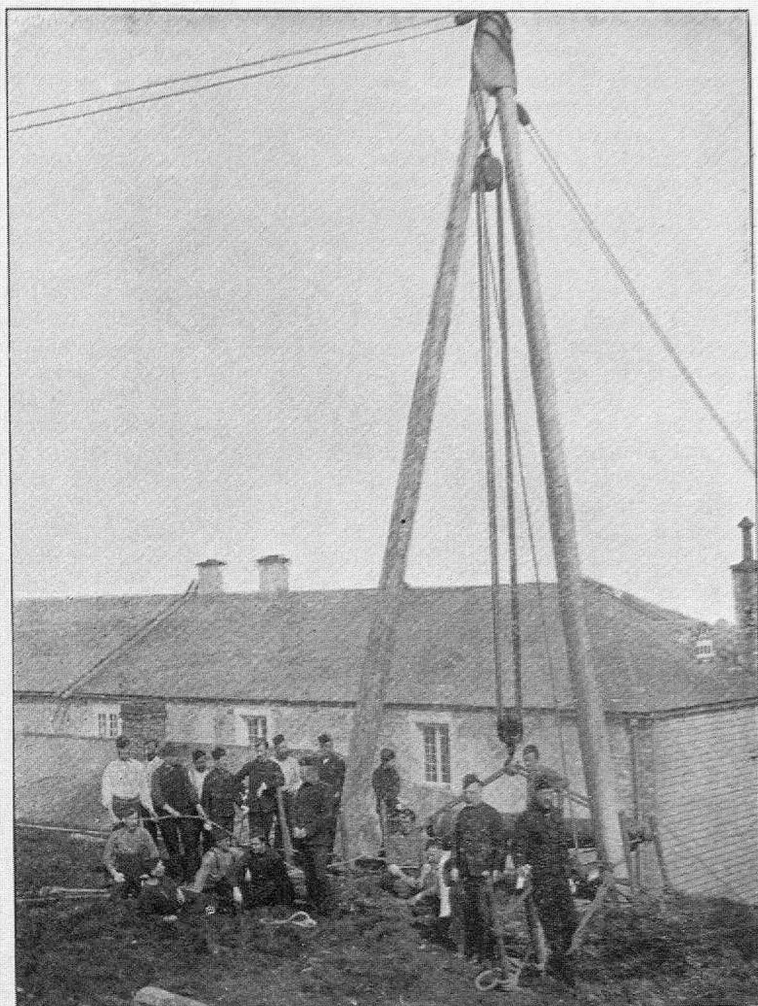


MOUNT "SIR DONALD," SELKIRK.

From a photograph by Numan.



THE LATE HON. J. G. ROSS.
From a photograph by Livernois.



"B" BATTERY AT SHEER DRILL IN THE CITADEL,
QUEBEC.



"B" BATTERY SHIFTING ORDNANCE IN THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

From a photograph by Capt. Imlah, R. C. A.

The Lady in Muslin.

I.

IN WHICH RICHARD GAUNT DECLARES HIMSELF UNROMANTIC.

We were sitting comfortably in Dick's room, smoking our after-dinner cigars, and enjoying as much of fresh early summer air as is permitted to make its way through the open windows of London "first floors," talking the while in that easy fashion which is the result of intimacy, philosophical quietude of mind, a good dinner, and an excellent cigar.

If I recollect rightly, the leading subject of our conversation—though of course relieved by pleasant digressions, suggested by our employment—was, the spirit of the age.

"Practical, no doubt," I replied to a lengthy remark of Gaunt's on the unpoetical, unromantic leaning of the civilization of the nineteenth century. "Yet, after all, one can't be surprised at it. The time preceding the realization of desire is the time of imagination—of high-coloured expectations. The realization must needs be practical. I regard the present pitch of civilization as the realism necessarily resulting from the idealism of the chivalric ages. Perhaps to make another step we shall have to go through another poetic or ideal period higher in degree than the last, and so on."

Dick smoked on. He was not imaginatively inclined, so I was neither surprised nor discouraged at the composed silence with which he received an idea that, I flatter myself, *was* a little novel.

"You don't know much of Tennyson, Gaunt, do you?" I said, putting down my cigar, and taking a lately published volume of the poet from my pocket.

"No; can't understand him," was Dick's curt reply. "Never could understand any of your mysticisms. At college I always made a horrid hash of metaphysics, and all that kind of stuff."

"Yes," I replied, gently. I remembered my excellent friend had made a considerable hash of not only all such "stuff," but other practical kinds of knowledge, too, without, however, falling much in his own estimation.

"The only poet I ever read is Byron, and I skip him where he grows too—you know—up in the clouds," continued Dick, grinning pleasantly, and letting the fragrant smoke lazily get out of his mouth as it could. "As you said before, I belong to the age, and as a respectable inhabitant of the world in the nineteenth century, I concern myself with only the practical and the get-at-able; I never did a romantic or sentimental thing in my life."

I could quite believe it. As I looked in my friend's brown, rather stolid, countenance, I had not the least doubt of it.

He was a strongly-built, tall, powerful-looking fellow, with a large head, covered by thick, curly, brown hair, reddish-brown whiskers and moustaches hiding at least a third part of a face that was certainly not intellectual, either in outline or expression; but, then, there was something so hearty and honest in the dark full eyes, that, in looking in Richard Gaunt's face, the last thing you troubled yourself about was his intellect.

I am—well—I won't call myself an intellectual person; all I say is, that I am an admirer, and, I believe, understander, of Tennyson. I have a fondness for German literature, besides which I dabble in reviews and magazines; and I flatter myself the satire and sharp-edged wit which you, my dear reader, appreciate so well, are not the only weapons I could bring to defend myself, were my right to the title of a "literary man" disputed.

I only make this allusion to myself to throw a stronger light on the virtues of Mr. Gaunt. A man, I say, of my stamp, in looking at Richard's face, forgot to notice his want of intellect; and in those pleasant, kind eyes of his found something which made him forget his favourite synonym for a human being, "mind," and feel glad to call their possessor "friend."

We were silent after that candid declaration of Dick's, I pursuing a train of ideas that our conversation had suggested, Gaunt lazily employed in sipping his wine, puffing out his smoke, and watching his opposite neighbour, a young lady of artistic talents, who, seated at her piano, was giving us, or I suppose him, the benefit of some dreadfully high pitched songs, gratis.

"She didn't sing badly last night at Sadler's Wells," remarked Gaunt, breaking in on my reflections. "I think I shall go with Philipps, and sup with her next Friday. She's not bad-looking either, is she, Mark?"

"Not at all," I answered, dryly; "and I've no doubt, in a theatre, where full scope is given to her rather powerful voice, she is a charming singer; as a neighbour, I confess I should find her inconvenient."

Dick grinned again, in a little quizzical way, that was his nearest approach to the satiric.

"I understand you, my boy. Well, you know, it's one of the peculiarities of the age of 'Realism.'"

What "it," meant, I didn't enquire. I am a stern moralist, but I don't like discussing such cases of "it" with my friend Gaunt.

I took another glass of claret, and lighted another weed; Dick did the same, and drew his chair a little nearer the open window, for which he was evidently rewarded by some sign over the way, for he certainly smiled, and suddenly waved his cigar in a manner that was otherwise both objectless and absurd.

I made no remark. "Chacun à son goût" is my motto, with a mental shrug of the shoulder; but I drew back into the shade of the window curtain, and began sketching an article I meant for the next month's London *Society*, which should contain all the pith of the sentiments my friend's conduct awoke in me, regarding not only himself, but society in general.

I was disturbed by the postman's knock.

Mrs. Briggs herself—Dick was a favourite of hers—brought up the letters, and as my worthy friend happened at the moment to have his head stretched out of the window and his eyes quite engrossed by "over the way," she gave them into my hand, with a few pleasant remarks on my own healthful looks, etc.

Mrs. B. knew I was Gaunt's dear friend, so, like a skilful diplomatist, she cultivated my acquaintance with smiles and care, although, as I once overheard her say to some one who was making enquiries concerning me, she didn't know as if I was a "raal gent, for I wore boots as had been mended, only three shirts a week, and was a noospaper writer."

A man who takes letters in his hand, naturally examines them, and without any very prying curiosity I turned over the two envelopes and examined the writing and postmarks.

Both were from Blackheath, and to my surprise, instead of the manly handwriting of Dick's usual correspondents, one bore most unmistakably the direction of a lady's hand, and the other, to my still greater astonishment, the unsteady round characters of a child's!

Now, I knew Richard Gaunt's history and genealogy pretty well, and was thoroughly aware that he had neither sister, aunt nor cousin of any degree, in the feminine gender. The Gaunts were a singularly unprolific race, consisting most unbrokenly of a line of only sons. Indeed, I doubt if such a person as a *Miss* Gaunt had ever existed, in their family at least.

I turned over the letters meditatively, then I looked at my friend, who was in the act of pressing the tips of his fingers to his moustache in a very unmistakable fashion. "Richard," I exclaimed, sternly, a rather unkind idea concerning Mr. Gaunt's character suddenly dashing through my mind.

Dick popped his head back as if electrified.

"What the deuce is up?" he exclaimed, sharply. "Can't you let a fellow alone, Mark, to do what he chooses?"

"Here are two letters," I answered, serenely.

"Well! and what of that? Do you think that the arrival of a letter is such a rare and important

event that you must disturb a man just—just—ah!—she's gone!" added Dick, ruefully, looking again towards over the way. "Confound you, Mark!"

I was quite accustomed to compliments of this kind from my bosom friend, and I received his remarks with a philosophical silence, merely throwing him the letters.

Dick took them, crossly, but no sooner did he glance at the lady's handwriting than his eye lighted up with sudden interest. He hastily broke the seal, and turned eagerly to catch the few gleams of daylight that remained.

I felt puzzled. I had no idea that there was any secret in Dick Gaunt's life that was hidden from me. He was not a man for mysteries, and all his romances—if, indeed, his love-making could be termed as such—was most frankly exposed to the gaze of all who chose to look.

I roused myself from the kind of affectionate carelessness with which I generally regarded Dick's doings, and watched him curiously.

The first letter read, he carefully re-folded it, and then took up the other, which he examined with a smiling wonder, as if pleased, yet considerably puzzled, by it. He stroked and curled his moustache excitedly, screwed up his eyes, turned about the paper, and evidently did his best to possess himself of its contents. I could not help thinking that Dick's young correspondent must have some strong hold on his affections to induce him to give himself such evident exertion to make him or her out.

I looked very seriously at my friend, as, apparently despairing of success, he merely glanced at the fourth page, and then folding up the little blotty letter, slipped it with the other into his pocket. I waited a moment or two expecting some remark, but Dick neither returned my look nor spoke a word.

"I had no idea you had juvenile correspondents, Richard," I said, and in a pleasant confidence-inviting tone. With a cool, daring opponent like myself, I knew that he was a bad fencer, so I was quite prepared to see him start a little, look uncomfortable, and exclaim: "Eh!—oh! didn't you?" and then awkwardly attempt to act the natural and unembarrassed, by striking fuses and applying them to the wrong end of his cigar.

"I thought you had no female relations, Dick," I continued; "no bothering womankind, you once told me."

"But I didn't tell you I had no female friends, I suppose," Dick answered, gruffly.

"Friends! Oh, no, certainly. Don't you choose your friends rather young, though?"

Gaunt did not look up or reply, but even in the growing twilight I saw the phenomenon of Mr. Richard Gaunt *blushing*, whether with conscious guilt, shame or anger I knew not.

We smoked silently for at least half an hour after that, I feeling not exactly at my ease, Gaunt with a grimness that was his imitation of sulkiness.

Actually sulky he was not, for he answered civilly enough any questions I put to him, passing me the tobacco canister with his usual alacrity directly he saw that my pipe was empty, and suggesting brandy and water, as he always did, as soon as a certain time had elapsed from our finishing our claret; but he was not conversationally inclined; he smoked lazily and almost musingly; and I particularly remarked that it was in vain our opposite neighbour seated herself at the open window in the full light of the lamp in her most becoming attitude. There sat Dick in his arm-chair, silent and grave, apparently quite oblivious of ever having felt the slightest interest in over the way, at any rate, quite unconscious of her presence.

How long this unsocial state of affairs might have continued, and whether my delicate silence might at length have melted Gaunt's grimness into friendly confidence, I cannot say, for we were suddenly disturbed by noisy boots and noisy voices on the stairs, and in came Philipps, Brown and Smith, all smoking and all jovial, from a very late dinner, to make us join their expedition to—well—no matter where.

(To be continued.)



The Toronto Zoological Society is insolvent.

The Dominion Parliament will meet on January 31st.

Quebec now pays 22 cents per lamp for its electric lighting.

The town of Fraserville (River du Loup) is lighted with the electric light.

Savings banks deposits in Canada amounted to over \$50,000,000; ten years ago they were \$13,500,000.

Over two hundred members of the Northwest Mounted Police have savings bank deposits. Their deposits exceed \$25,000.

The Canadian Pacific intends building a road through Crow's Nest in British Columbia with a view to making it their main line.

The proposed monument to Jacques Cartier is to be made of the splendid granite lately found on the line of the Lake St. John Railway.

British Columbia shingles are readily sold all over Manitoba and the Territories, and a profitable market might be found for them in Eastern Canada.

The Messrs. Allan have interviewed Sir John Macdonald and urged the claims of the Allan Line to the Atlantic mail subsidy, declaring that they could offer advantages equal to any.

C. J. Brydges, land commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, reports that the Company has sold as much farming lands so far this year as they did in the preceding five years. The Company also sold a much larger amount of Winnipeg property this year than in any year since the boom.

A very considerable emigration from those rural districts of France from which the first settlers in Canada came is expected in the province of Quebec next year. The *cures* in these districts are said to be interesting themselves very much in the movement, and the people being dissatisfied under the present regime in France are disposed to emigrate.

From a statement which has been compiled respecting the proportion of children to population in Ontario and Quebec, respectively, it appears that in 1881 Ontario had more children in proportion to population than Quebec of every age from eleven years upward. Below that age Quebec had the preponderance. It must be concluded, that English Canadians raise larger families than French Canadians.

HERE AND THERE.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—W. J. Barnwell, a mathematician and organist, of Berkshire, England, claims to have squared the circle. He has been at work on the time-honoured problem for 15 years. His solution consists of eight figures, which, in concrete shape, form a perfect cyclo-meter. Mr. Barnwell has laid his formula before the French Academy of Sciences. If he has really squared the circle he should now devote himself to the effort to discover perpetual motion, and also settle the historic question as to who filliped the late lamented Billy Patterson,

VOODOOISM.—Voodooism is practised in Hayti, but without human sacrifice. There is no cannibalism known on the island, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The Voodooists are a remarkably learned people in the science of botany, and they can do things which would seem incredible to those who never saw them performing their strange rites. They profess to be able to give a charm to the life of a warrior, and they can render the human body impregnable to the thrust of the sharpest sword. This is done by bathing the body in a vegetable solution. They are a strange people, and their influence on the island is considerable.

BEARS AND GAME.—Mr. Louis Lapointe, wood-ranger for the county of L'Islet, reports that 56 bears were killed in that county this fall, in the townships of Garneau, Lafontaine and Fournier, and in the seignory of St. Roch des Aulnais. One *habitant* named Legros killed 8, another named Caron 7, a third named Jincas 7, and a fourth named Launier 5. Mr. Lapointe also reports that moose, cariboo and red deer have considerably increased in that section, and that a great number of the two latter kinds have been bagged of late by hunters.

A MARITIME PROVINCE MEDAL.—A prize to be entered the "Charles G. Coster Memorial Prize,"

and intended as a tribute to the memory of the late Chas. G. Coster, M.A., Ph. D., Principal of the grammar school at St. John, N.B., is offered by Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, B.A., to the undergraduates (men or women) from the Maritime Provinces, in April, 1889. It is not restricted to any academic year, and will be awarded to that undergraduate from the above Provinces who, in the opinion of the Faculty, shall have passed the best sessional examination. In 1890 it is to be restricted to undergraduates of the first year.

A GREAT COLLECTION.—The Slater memorial museum at Norwich, Conn., has been opened. It has been established under the supervision of Edward Robinson, curator of antiquities in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and is said to be the finest collection of casts of Greek and Græco-Roman and renaissance sculpture and photographs of the frescoes and paintings of the masters of art, in the Italian, German, Netherland, Dutch and other schools between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of the architectural monuments of the old world on this continent.

LA BELLE POULE.—The French are considering the question of breaking up the old "La Belle Poule," the vessel that brought Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France. There is much opposition to the project among the Imperialists, who declare that every splinter of the famous vessel is sacred.

IN THE TUNNEL.

My little son
Was troubled in the darkness, and he cried.
As we sped on,
I felt him nestle nearer to my side;
Soon, hushed and calm, his hand in mine he laid,
And whispered softly, "Now, I'm not afraid."
I sat and thought.
I had been troubled in the dark—had cried—
Not trusted as I ought.
Yet had not I long since drawn near his side?
Was not my hand within my Saviour's laid?
Why had I been so troubled and afraid?
We flashed into the light;
My little son, his fright and trouble o'er,
His countenance all bright,
Cried gayly, "It is lighter than before!"
And I smiled back, my fear and trouble o'er;
"Yes, yes," I cried, "much lighter than before!"

E. H. Moore.

THE LOG CABIN.

The following lofty and touching reference to his early home is from the great Daniel Webster, and a masterpiece of eloquence and philosophy which deserves to be inserted in a book of Selected Readings. Hence it is that we publish it to-day:—

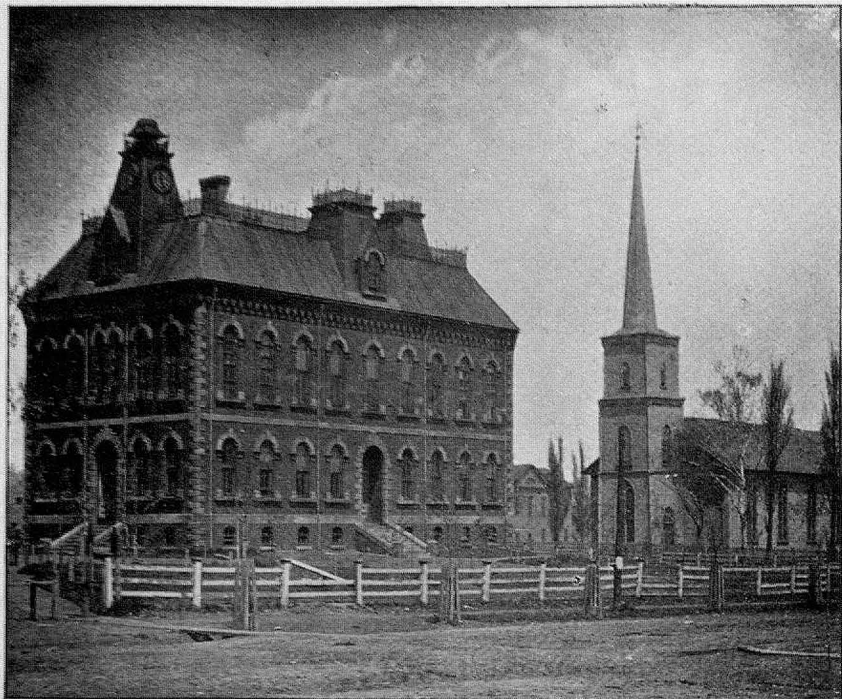
"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years' revo-

lutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to save his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind."

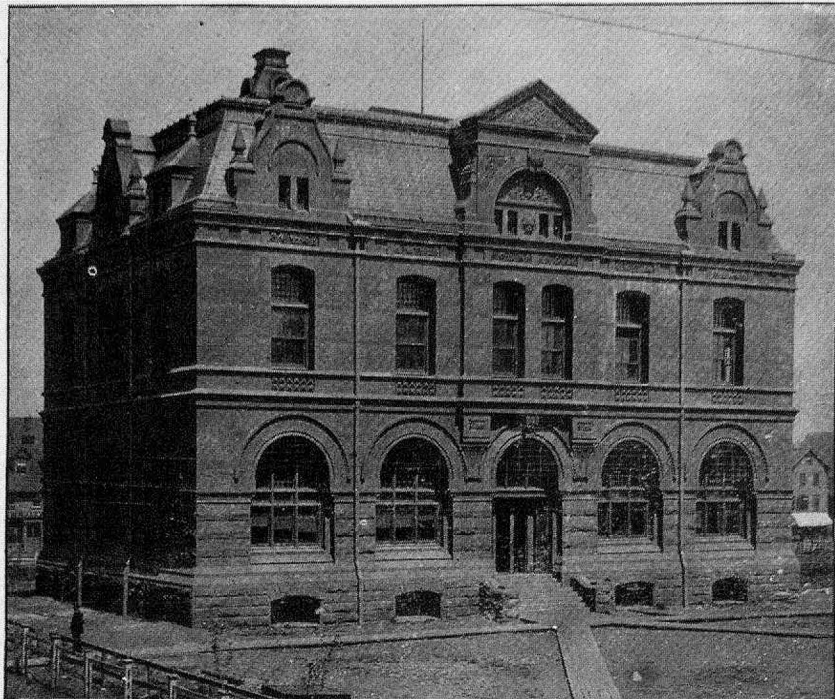
THE FEAR OF THE LORD SHOWN IN SHAKESPEARE.

This "fear of the Lord" is incorporated by Shakespeare in the impression left upon us by his great tragedies in a way far more effectual than if he were invariably to apportion rewards and punishments in the fifth act with a neat and ready hand to his good and evil characters. It is enough for him to engage our loyalty and love for human worth, wherever and however we meet with it, and to make us rejoice in its presence, whether it find in this world conditions favourable to its action or the reverse. This we might name the principle of faith in the province of ethics, and there, at all events, we are saved by faith. The innocents suffer in Shakespeare's plays as they do in real life, but all our hearts go with them. Which of us would not choose to be *Duncan* lying in his blood, rather than *Macbeth* upon the throne? Which of us would not choose rather to suffer wrong with *Desdemona* than rejoice in accomplished villainy with *Iago*? But *Macbeth*, *Iago*, *Edmund*, *Richard III.*, *King Claudius*, and the other malefactors of Shakespeare's plays do not indeed triumph in the final issue. "The conscience of mankind refuses to believe in the ultimate impunity of guilt, and looks upon the flying criminal as only taking a circuit to his doom." Shakespeare here rightly exhibits things foreshortened in the tract of time. Though the innocent and the righteous may indeed, if judged from a merely external point of view, appear as losers in the game of life, the guilty can never, in the long run, be the winners. The baser types, which for a time seem to flourish in violation of the laws of health or the spiritual laws of the inner life, inevitably tend toward sterility and extinction. The righteous have not set their hearts on worldly success or prosperity, and they do not attain it; a dramatic poet may courageously exhibit the fact; but what is dearer they attain—a serene conscience and a tranquil assurance that all must be well with those supported by the eternal laws. But the guilty ones, whose aim has been external success, and who have challenged the Divine laws, or hoped to evade them, are represented as failing in the end to achieve that poor success on which their hearts have been set. "I have seen the wicked in great power * * * * but I went by, and lo, he was not." Follow a malefactor far enough, Shakespeare says, and you will find that his feet must needs be caught in the toils spread for those who strive against the moral order of the world. Nor can pleasure evade those inexorable laws any more than can crime. A golden mist, with magic exhalations and a strange glamour of pleasure may rise for an hour; but these are the transitory glories of sunset vapours, which night presently strikes into sullen quietude with her leaden mace. This is what Shakespeare has exhibited in his "*Antony and Cleopatra*." All the sensuous witchery of the East is there displayed; but behind the gold and the music, the spicery and the eager amorous faces rise the dread forms of actors on whom the players in that stupendous farce-tragedy had not reckoned, the forms of the calm avenging laws.

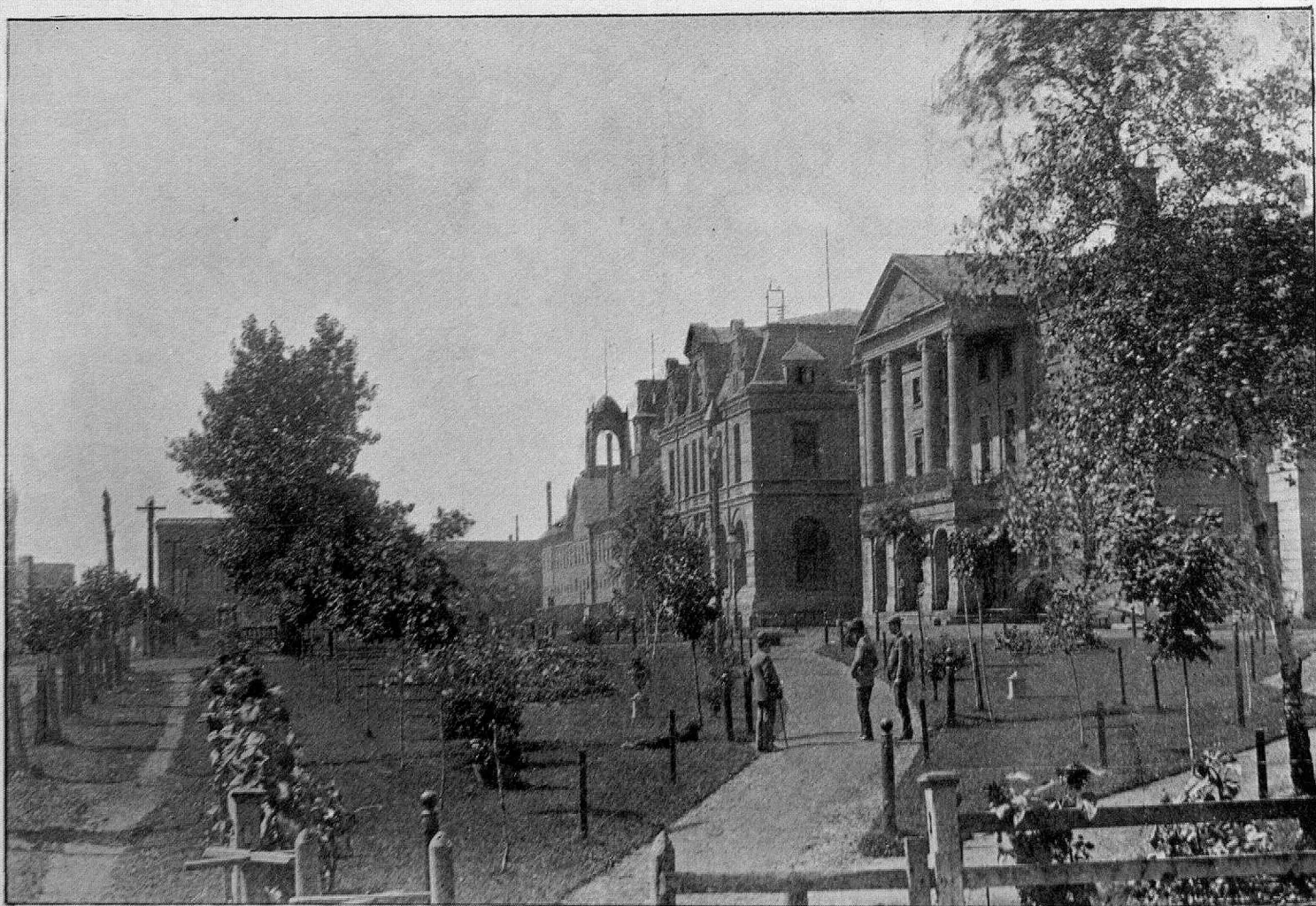
"A TABBY."—When Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-General of England, applied to a famous mathematical coach at Cambridge to be taken as his pupil, she was rudely repulsed, and the ungallant tutor remarked that he "would take no tabbies." Very well. This same Miss Fawcett has been systematically beating the best men of her year in the Trinity College examinations, and will doubtless be senior wrangler for the ensuing year.



THE LAW COURTS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

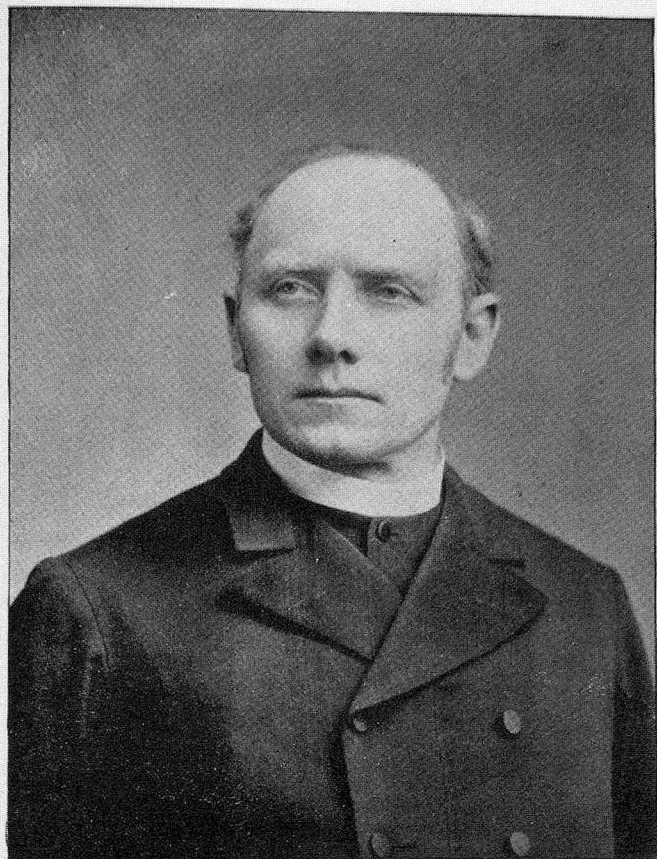


THE POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



QUEEN'S SQUARE GARDENS AND LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

From a photograph by C. Lewis.



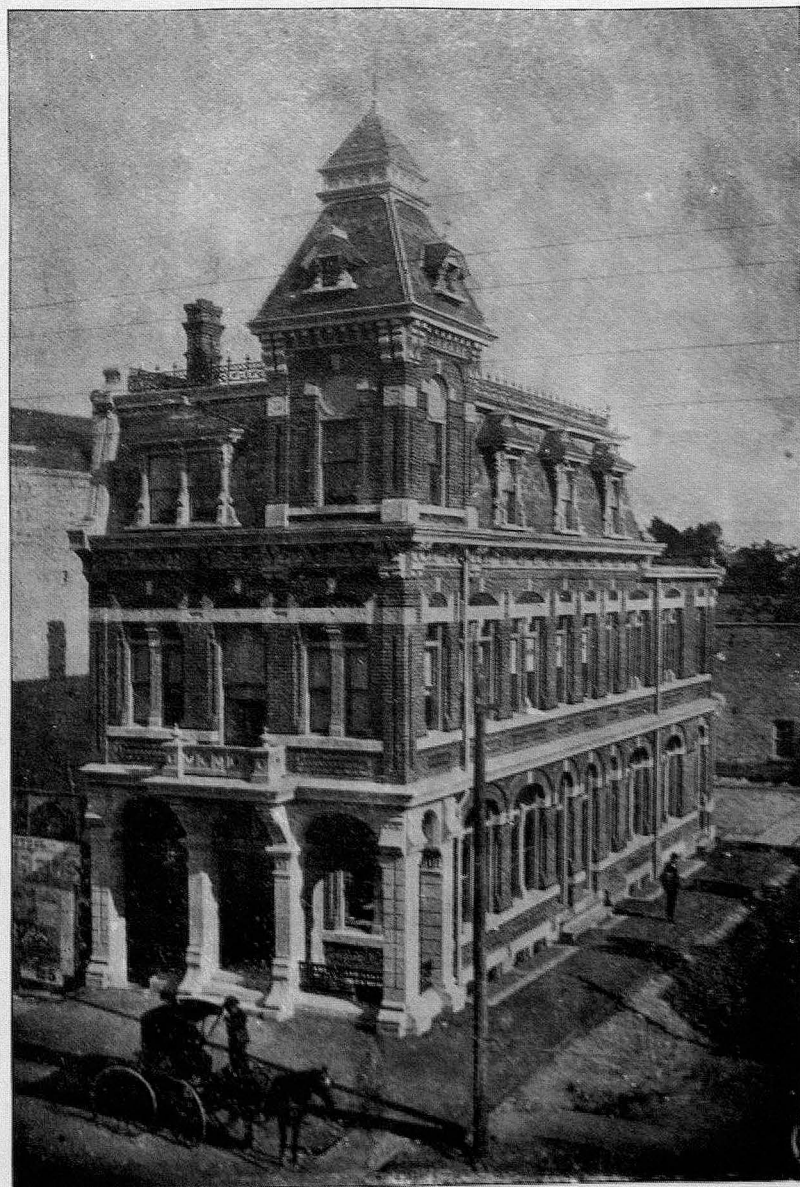
REV. W. W. CARSON, OTTAWA.
From a photograph by Topley.



DR. H. P. WRIGHT, OTTAWA.
From a photograph by Topley.



THE DOMINION METHODIST CHURCH, OTTAWA.
From photograph by Topley.



THE POST OFFICE, WOODSTOCK, ONT.
From photograph by C. E. Perry.



THE MODEL MOTHER.—Happy would all Christian mothers be, if at the end of their lives they could say they were faithful to their children even in death. And unhappy must those mothers be who hand over their children to the influences of a false education, and when they are dying know they are leaving behind them children who will not even say a prayer for their souls. Their own hearts "a sword shall pierce," but their sorrows shall never be crowned with joy, like Mary's.

IN SIGHT.

Long years, beloved! held us far apart;
A waste of days, the goal beyond our sight;
We only knew by our firm faith in right,
That somehow, some day, bringing heart to heart,
Our ways would meet and never more would part,
And we would both be happy bearing light
To make life's journey for each other bright,
And knowing balm to heal each burning smart.
But now, oh joy! beloved, see the goal!
Behold the glory of that mountain peak!
Ah, sweet! your eyes are lit with happy tears—
A light is in them, laying bare your soul.
A little while, dear love, and all we seek
Will then be ours, to crown the coming years.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.—The bridal veil is of Eastern origin, and among the Anglo-Saxons it was held over the heads of both bride and groom. The orange blossom is the emblem of purity and truth, although in some portions of France the bride is crowned with a myrtle wreath, which is transferred to her hand when she is blindfolded, and the bridesmaids dance about her while she seeks to place the wreath on one of their heads. The one so crowned, it is said, will herself be a bride within the following year. An old superstition prevails to the effect that all pins used in fastening the bridal veil and flowers must be thrown away or ill fortune will come to the bride. How many must have neglected to do this.

A CHILD'S TIME TABLE.

Sixty Seconds in a minute;
Here's your task, so now begin it.
Sixty Minutes in an Hour;
Do your work with all your power.
Twelve good Hours in every Day;
Time for work and time for play.
Twenty-four for Day and Night;
Some for darkness, some for light.
Every Week of Days has Seven;
All are good, since all from Heaven.
Yet the first, the Day of Rest,
Ever must we count the best.
Lunar Months of Weeks have Four;
Calendar, a few days more.
Twelve new Months in every Year;
Each in turn is coming near.
Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
All their pleasant changes ring.
Century!—a Hundred Years;
Leave with Heaven its hopes and fears.

A ROYAL BREAKFAST.—A letter written by Anne Boleyn about three and a half centuries ago has just been published. It was on the occasion of her first visit to London, and the writer describes, among other things, the unfavourable effects produced in her case by the late hours and dissipation of the capital in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. She writes:—"We rise so late in the morning—seldom before six o'clock—and sit up so late at night—being scarcely in bed before ten—that I am quite sick of it. The irregular life which I have led since I came to this place has quite destroyed my appetite." She then proceeds to mention what was a normal appetite in a healthy English woman at that period. "You know," she writes to her correspondent, "I could manage one pound of bacon and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast in the country, but in London I find it difficult to get through half that quantity."

A Horse-Dealer's Little Ruse.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

The season had been a most disastrous one to the agricultural community throughout Great Britain, in consequence of a long continued drought, combined with an almost unprecedented depression of the markets all over the world, and an unusually large wheat crop in India, which completely demoralized prices and drove English competition out of the market. There was a general stagnation of trade, and great failures were of daily occurrence; but the greatest distress prevailed in the agricultural districts, and among the many sufferers was Mr. William Flewelling, of the Oak-tree Farm, Knobbing, Greenshire.

He was living with the sword of Damocles, in the shape of bankruptcy and ruin, trembling over his head. It was a heavy heart, which he carried silently in his bosom through many a weary day of anxious apprehension; and many a sleepless night he passed staring the grim future in the face, and trying to discover a loophole of escape from the web of difficulties which entangled him. It was not for himself that he cared, but he was married, and had given hostages to Fortune, and the thought that his little ones might soon be crying at his knees for bread and he not able to give it to them, sent the blood with a hot rush through his veins, and made his heart turn sick. He was no longer a young man, and had been engaged in agricultural pursuits from his youth up, and was ignorant of aught else in life, so what could he do? That was the question which revolved unceasingly in his mind. He never knew when he arose at early dawn to perform his daily toil, which once had been a pleasure to him, and was now such a hopeless making of bricks without straw, but that the long expected thunderbolt might not fall before the sun set. He had dreaded it so long that it would almost have been a relief to know the worst, instead of living through years of misery in anticipation, and yet when he looked at his wife and children he still dreaded it, and prayed to that Heaven, which always preserves such a stilly silence, to defer the evil hour. He had for a long while by one means and another managed to obtain a reprieve and avoid a crisis; but it could not last much longer, and the inevitableness of it all, ate into his life like a cancer. His heart was devoid of all hope; only despair and a terrible expectancy, which was a perpetual thorn in his side, remained. Life to him had become a burden, but he bravely clung to it for the sake of his little ones. There is often more heroism in living for others than in laying down one's life for them. As an old philosopher tersely put it: "Sometimes to live is magnanimity."

When he met any of his neighbours down in the village he endeavoured, with what poor success he half divined himself, to laugh and talk cheerfully for the sake of keeping up appearances, but it was with a sense of being arraigned at the bar before a prejudiced jury that he did so, and he longed all the time to get away and be alone with his sorrow. He knew, by a thousand and one little signs, that nearly everybody more than suspected his position, and that he and his affairs had long been a topic of conversation in every tap-room in the village. He knew that in his absence well-disposed folks said "Poor devil!" if his name was mentioned in conversation, and then charitably began to recall his imprudencies. It's the way of the world. Probably in happier days, in the arrogance of prosperity he had exercised the same charity himself in speaking of an unfortunate acquaintance. We poor mortals are so blind, and are possessed of such short memories.

But, ah, it's a terrible comedy in which to play a principal rôle this keeping up of appearances! To die rotting on a battle field, and hear the troops departing in the distance, and lie there forsaken and forgotten by the whole world is not harder. There, at least, a man need not hide the agony he feels. He is alone with his God, who in His infinite compassion will release him from his desolation. The struggle is bitter, but it is short. In the world, however, when a man falls, the circle

in which he moved is as uninterested as if he were a sparrow, yet he dare not cry out in his agony, because a thousand eyes are upon him, all as watchful as the carrion birds, which swoop above the dying soldier in his solitude, ready to fall upon his body when he has no longer strength to defend himself. And once he is down he is dismissed from all further consideration with a shrug of the shoulders, or a couple of empty phrases between two mouthfuls at dinner.

Hope is a pillar of fire flying before all men; lighting each one according to his aspirations and ambition through his individual Gehenna; only those who have been suddenly left in mid stream to grope through the valley in darkness, with precious souls upon their shoulders, fully comprehend the bitterness of poverty. Wickedness, especially if it be blatant and brazen, the world can condone; successful roguery commands its respect and as much moral whitewashing as may be desired, but poverty is too heinous a crime to merit even a backward glance of pity.

It was in the fall of the year. The crops were in and stacked in three miserable little ricks, already mortgaged, and the blustering autumn winds were beginning to assume their fierce autocracy over the fallen leaves. Flewelling, in order to save a little something from the wreck of his fortunes, and also to appease certain of his most pressing creditors, and keep a roof over the heads of his wife and family, had anticipated the auctioneer's hammer, and disposed of the greater portion of his farming implements, for which he had no further use as the season had closed, and all the best blood in his stables, with the exception of one colt, which, as he put it, "had a great future before him." In this colt were centred all his hopes. He had kept him back as long as possible, and would have liked to have been able to keep him a year or two longer, when he would naturally become much more valuable, but now this was not practicable, and he hoped that he might realize sufficient money upon the colt to meet some of his most urgent liabilities. Quarter day was close at hand, and he was already two quarters in arrears; the tax collector, too, would soon be round again, and every mail brought peremptory demands for settlement, or in default of the money being immediately forthcoming, threatening the institution of legal proceedings.

Such was the condition of affairs at the Oak-tree farm. When, therefore, Mr. Julius Smart, a horse-dealer, resident in the neighbouring village of Great Swingerton, of which he was one of the leading spirits, drove over to Knobbing one fine morning, in a high dog-cart, very rakish in appearance, and drawn by a tall, high-stepping trotting horse, a decided flutter of pleasant expectation ran through Mr. Flewelling's establishment. Mr. Smart's advent had much the same effect upon the household of the Oak-tree farm as a wave of heat does upon a thermometer. Everybody's spirits rose immediately. The general joy even infected "Trix," a big retriever dog, who ran out to the gate and greeted the visitor with sundry friendly barks. Usually "Trix" was too lazy and unconcerned to leave his kennel to notice persons whom he conceived to be calling upon merely business errands, and simply regarded such persons from his snug quarters with half shut sleepy eyes in a sort of superior and cynical manner. He reserved his enthusiasm for the reception of friends. He was quite above dissimulation on all ordinary occasions, and in this and many other particulars displayed an in-consequent integrity, which is generally more characteristic of dogs than of their masters. Of course, the object of Mr. Smart's visit was to examine the colt, which he had heard Mr. Flewelling was *disposed* to sell. Mr. Flewelling himself appeared in better spirits than he had done for many months, and with an hospitality born of his exuberant joy and the confidence he reposed in the colt, he pressed Mr. Smart to dine with him *en famille*, before proceeding to business. Nothing loth, after his drive in the keen air, Mr. Smart readily consented.

"The dinner was served up and waiting," said Mrs. Flewelling, putting her head out of the kit-

chen window, bestowing a smile of welcome upon the visitor, and an immediate adjournment was proposed.

With an affectation of making his toilette for the occasion, Mr. Smart flicked his top-boots with a red silk handkerchief of prodigal dimensions, and having given his horse into the charge of one of the boys, he uncovered his head, and offering an arm to each of a couple of the daughters of the house, to show his acquaintance with the formalities of town life, stepped cheerfully into the dining-room.

(To be Continued.)



The composition which gives its name to the book of poems of the Lockhart brothers* is the "Masque of Flowers." It occupies the place of honour in the volume, and is written in prose. Curiosity led us to read it first, and we saw at once that it was really a feat of strength on the part of one or both of the brothers, and should be classed as a prose-poem. There are two portraits, one of Burton W. Lockhart, and the other that of Arthur J. Lockhart, the latter being the chief author of the poems. We greet the work as a further proof of the literary activity which reigns in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Lockhart is a Nova Scotian, born—we should say from several of the best poems, such as "Gaspereau" and "Hills of Minas"—in the Acadian valley, but now residing at East Corinth, Maine, whence we have received several interesting communications from him. His brother dwells in Suffield, Connecticut.

We shall say at once that "The Masque of Minstrels" is a distinct acquisition to Canadian literature. There is zest and freshness in the treatment of a broad range of subjects, sentimental in great measure, but the prevailing bent of the author's mind is introspective and philosophical. There are also mild assertions of faith and worship which impart grace to several of the lesser poems. "Alice Lee," a love story, in four parts, is the one that gives character to the volume, and that by which Mr. Lockhart will win his title to public fame and favour. We may say of this whole work what the author says in "The Maiden-Eve."

The maiden-Eve is a bride to-night,
And her brow is bound with a circlet bright,
And her robe of blue, in every fold,
Is sprinkled and starred with dust of gold.

And I at the holy altar stand,
And hold, sweet Mary, thy lily-white hand;
Fair is thy face, and thine eye is bright,
And thou, meek maid, art a bride to-night!

As Byron says, "there is the charm of recollected music" in the modern treatment of classical subjects. Here we have before us the "Legend of Marathon," † written forty years ago by a Canadian judge whose name is withheld, and who prints this work, of his three and twentieth year, for private friends, because he deems it "less worthy of cremation than the residue." The legend is that of Eucles, the soldier, who, after being wounded in the battle, ran from Marathon to Athens—22 miles—and fell dead as he spoke the words: "Rejoice. We triumph! *Chairete, Nikomen!*"

If it is true that the style of the historic and warlike ballad is, as it were, forgotten in our day, then we account for the charm with which compositions of the kind before us take the mind back to the good sterling days—which seem already so far away—when the school of Scott, Lockhart, Macaulay, Moore, Byron and the incomparable Aytoun—kept up the Lays of the Last Minstrels, and sang in rattling verses the scenes of love and the deeds of chivalry. Our septuagenarian bard handles his metre—which he diversifies in several rhythms—with perfect skill,

and we met not a single slipshod line. The descriptive passages are correctly classical, and in the account of the battle the splendour of Persian pageantry is happily contrasted with the simple valour of the Greeks. The episode of the appearance of the phantom Theseus is introduced with striking effect:—

What awful Shade
Gigantic in the sunlight made,
O'er silent hosts and ranks dismayed,
Is floating stern and slow!

The work closes with a little love-poem in itself, "By the Grave," and these are the concluding lines:—

Years fled on—the land was dark,
The Persian swept the Attic hills,
And thousands thronged the flyer's bark
And wail the mourning Athens fills.
The eve before the woful flight,
A scant and melancholy train
With dirge and wreath and funeral rite,
Came sadly to the rustic fane;
A maiden's dust to earth they bare,
Her heart for years had rested there.

MILITIA NOTES.

The Militia Department deny that St. Johns Infantry School will be moved to Montreal.

Captain H. B. Mackay, R.E., graduate R.M.C. June '84, has been appointed Commanding Royal Engineers, West Coast of Africa.

Lord Lansdowne has appointed Captain Streatfield, Grenadier Guards, who was his aide-de-camp in Canada, his acting private secretary.

Lieut.-Col. Boswell, commandant of the 90th Battalion, has applied to the Militia Department to be allowed to raise two additional companies.

The death is announced in England of General Sir C. H. Ellice, late adjutant-general of the forces. Among his military services is recorded a campaign in Canada during the rebellion of 1837.

Colonel Francis Duncan, who died lately, had, as an officer of the Imperial Army, served in Nova Scotia, and often visited the Dominion, where he had many friends. He was an honorary D.C.L. of King's College, N.S.

Major W. P. Anderson has been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 43rd Rifles and Carleton Rifles, in place of Lieut.-Col. Wm. White, who organized the battalion in 1881, and has ever since commanded it.

As a result of the recent visit of Mr. John Robson to Ottawa the Dominion Government have agreed to assume the greater portion of the expenses of suppressing the Indian uprising on Skeena river, and an appropriation for that purpose will be asked for at the coming session of Parliament.

AFTER THE STORM.

Oh! swallow, fleet swallow, thou fliest so high,
Now the storm in its fury no longer is nigh;
Beseech it thou piercest, in arrowy flight,
The gold and the blue on the borders of night.

Is it for joy that thou spreadest thy wings,
Where the last gorgeous beam of the rainbow springs?
As tho' thou wert happy to welcome again
The sun-setting blushes o'er valley and plain.

As I watch thy manœuvres I cannot but think,
How much of the glory that lies on the brink
Of our deepest affections, we never behold,
Because we soar not for the blue and the gold.

But tempest-tost, rudderless, hopelessly lie,
Seldom caring to look for the succour so high;
Contented to wait for the chance that may bring
Some miracle-mercy on far-reaching wing.

How sweet is the calm now the tempest is spent!
It seemeth as tho' the old promise was sent,
Once more to the earth thro' the bow in the sky
To shield us and tell us "THE MASTER IS NIGH!"

Oh! swallow, sweet swallow, thy heavenward flight
Hath taught me a manifold lesson to night,—
A lesson of hope, inexpressibly sweet,
A balm for my soul, and a light for my feet.

Montreal.

HENRY PRINCE.

Ruskin says: "To read, to think, to love, to hope, to work—these are the things to make men happy. They have power to do these things; they will never have power to do more." To this a contemporary rejoins: Yes, men have power to do more than these things. They have power to pray, to worship God, to abstain from the commission of sin, practice virtue, to help their neighbour in distress—in fact men have power to do innumerable good things beside those mentioned by Ruskin. And these, more than those mentioned by Ruskin, will help to make men happy.



The Empress of Austria lives almost entirely on milk, boiled eggs and biscuits.

A little girl's view of it:—"Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom; she never married."

A man always thinks his love letters models of composition till they come up in a breach of promise case.

"On what do you base your sudden antipathy to tobogganing, Spriggs?" "On the seat of my trousers!"

Theodosia is about to marry a corn doctor. She is romantic, and says she always wanted a man at her feet.

A British subject has been declared insane in Chicago. Probably he had been trying to understand the England campaign bugaboo.

There are few things more painful than the effort of a man using a word, of whose pronunciation he is doubtful, to appear nonchalant.

A little boy who had been used to receive his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently asked: "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

"John, you are not listening to a word I am saying!" "Why, my dear, I am all ears." "I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."

"The awkwardest thing in the world," says a cynical neighbour, "is a woman handling a gun." Dunno about that; did you ever see a man handling a baby?

Miss Westend (confidentially): "Mr. Saphead proposed to me last night." Rival belle: "Did he? When I refused him in the afternoon he said he was going to do something desperate."

"My dear," remarked a fond mother to a belle of several seasons, "what did you mean by taking Mr. Red-cheek's hand last night?" "Nothing, mamma; I always like to encourage amateurs."

"Do you not think that this world is beautiful?" she said. "Yes, tolerable." "Do you not think that there is poetry in everything?" "Yes, poetry in everything except the poems we see in the magazines."

A correspondent asks: "Which is correct, 'Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes,' or 'See, the Conquering Hero?'" It depends upon the location. If the correspondent should be out West and see an Indian making for him with a scalping knife the former would be the correct way of using the quotation.

Mr. Bogle, of Chicago, has a small daughter who has just begun to attend Sunday school, and a good neighbour who answers to the name of Jewell. Lately there was sung at Sunday school the hymn beginning, "Precious jewels, precious jewels," when the young Bogle, who thought an invidious distinction was being made, rendered her part of it, "Precious Boggles, precious Boggles."

Seven is the perfect number, and if the following seven rules were faithfully observed they would do something toward making a perfect man. Before thou openest thy mouth think: 1. What thou shalt speak. 2. Why thou shouldst speak it. 3. To whom thou art about to speak. 4. Concerning whom or what thou art about to speak. 5. What will result therefrom. 6. What benefit it can produce. 7. Who may be listening.

HIAWATHA'S OTHER GIRL.

II.

Legends say that Hiawatha,
When he lost his Minnehaha,
Joined the tribe of Ojlawaha
For a lark.

III.

And made love to Mintawewe,
Daughter of the Chief Okeechee,
On the shores of Lake Pokeepsee,
In the dark.

IV.

But the maiden met a trader,
Who proceeded to persuade her
Of his love until he made her
Eyelids fall.

V.

Then a dumpy little squatter
Flung the trader in the water,
And the Indian warrior got her
After all.

FRENCH TEA.—The French do not drink good tea, but they give this recipe as the proper way to make tea: Pour boiling water on the leaves and then turn it out of the pot. Then pour one-third of the water required, and place the pot over a steaming apparatus in order to let it draw without boiling. After a while add another third, and then the last third. In this way the full flavour and strength of the tea are obtained.

* The Masque of Minstrels. By Two Brothers. Bangor, Me., 1887, 12, 361 pp.

† A Legend of Marathon; 8 vo. paper; 35 pp.

Tom: "You are laying in an unusually large supply of coal this year, aren't you, Dick?" Dick: "Yes; you see I bought one of those patent fuel saving stoves."

A little girl spent the afternoon at her grandmother's. When she came home her mother asked: "Have you been a good girl, dear?" "Not so very," answered the truthful little one; "but, oh, I've had lots of fun!"

Tommy (anticipating things): "I wasn't at school yesterday, Miss Bangs." His teacher (very severely): "No, you were not." Tommy (decisively): "Miss Bangs, I've got to turn over a new leaf or get into trouble."

"Don't you find life a good deal of a grind, Count Spaghetti?" "I used to," replied the Count, as he let his mind revert to the days when he and his monkey worked eight hours a day to gratify the public taste for music.

"What were you laughing at so loudly this evening?" asked Mrs. Brown, when her husband came upstairs to bed. "I was telling that old schoolmate of mine a very funny story." "But I didn't hear him laugh." "No," growled the old man, "that fellow is an ass."

A young travelling man had been going to see a young lady for a good while, and had just proposed to her for the seventeenth time. "Can you take no for an answer?" she enquired, in a tone that showed decided annoyance. "No, not exactly," he replied, meekly. "But I'll try to get along with it till you can give a better one."

Magazine editor: "Did you pay the artist who illustrated the great poem, 'Christmas Chimes,' on our first page?" Secretary: "Yes, sir. Sent him a cheque for \$250." "Good. How much did you pay the engraver?" "I sent him \$75." "Yes. Is there any money left?" "About seventeen cents." "Very well. Send it to the man who wrote the poem."

Speaking of thankfulness, old Polydore, one of the patriarchs of a South Carolina plantation, had a great many aches and pains, but when asked how he was, invariably answered: "I'se chock full o' misery, massa, t'ank de Lord, t'ank de Lord!" Somebody asked him one day what he thanked the Lord for and he replied. "Case you been so bleeing' as to ask about it, massa."

"Tacky" is a new word which has just found its way into the American language. Its origin is obscure, and the efforts of several Eastern papers that have devoted themselves to the subject have thus far failed to reveal it. The meaning, however, is well defined. "Tacky" means any person or anything in bad form. Persons that are a little "off" in the social scale are "tacky." An inferior actor or play is "tacky."



EXTENUATING.

YOUNG RECTOR: You go to the Kindergarten, little girl?

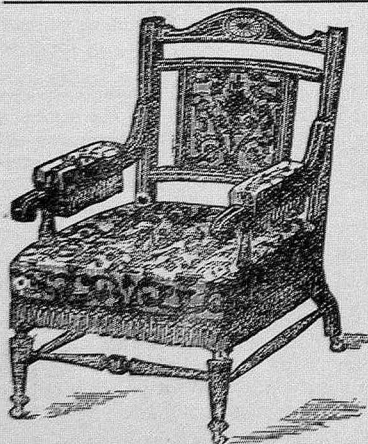
LITTLE GIRL: Yeth, thir.

RECTOR: There are many little boys and girls at the Kindergarten?

L. G.: Yeth, thir.

RECTOR: I hope they are very good, and never say or do anything naughty?

L. G.: Well, thir, Johnny Sharp did thay that Harry Brown wath a blamed fool, but then he ith, you know?



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MARY AND ELIZABETH.

From the painting by Carl Muller.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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22ND DECEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, at the same time, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of four subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of early, as our stock of back numbers is limited.



What shall we call that queer strain of mind which leads to the belief in a certain principle; then swings about and becomes as devoted to the very opposite? We have a striking case of this from Philadelphia. Young Crawford Hening won a prize of \$250 for the best paper on Protection, and, shortly after, published a second, on the advantages of Free Trade, having become a sincere convert to the latter in destroying his own arguments for the former.

There is often ground for sorrow and grumbling at the neglect and destruction of relics and landmarks of Canadian history, but we are not single in that respect, the Americans also being open to the charge of wholesale levellers. Nothing remains of one of the very oldest English settlements—that of Jamestown, in Virginia—begun in 1607, one year before Quebec, save the ruins of a church tower, and churchyard slabs cracked by tree roots.

A pleasant and curious case occurred lately at the dedication of a church to St. Augustine, in Toronto. In the opening address the Bishop spoke of St. Augustine of Canterbury; while Professor Clarke's discourse hinged on St. Augustine, or Austin, Doctor of the Church, and Bishop of Hippo. The *Dominion Churchman* leans to the latter. We think the former was meant, because he is an English saint, the apostle of the Angles to whom Pope Gregory the Great sent him as among angels. *Non Angli sed Angeli.*

Who is responsible for having introduced the English sparrow into America? To Blanton Duncan, of Louisville, Kentucky, is attributed the questionable honour for the United States. It was he who brought over a lot from England to guard his orchard from other birds and his bushes from worms. Singularly enough, the story goes that the new Quebec Minister of Agriculture, Colonel Rhodes, is the man who did the same

service for Canada. The least he can do now, officially, is to destroy that bird of prey.

A new word has been coined at the Antipodes—Froudacity. The "Oceana" of John Anthony Froude is a very interesting work, sparkling with the author's well known style and off-handed fault finding; but the Australians hold that it is full of mistakes, and mischief as well, and hence the word "froudacious." The people of Bristol, from which town he hails, we believe, have long given him the further nickname of "Nemesis" Froude.

If the spread of schooling is a sign of a nation's progress in civilization, then we have a new and striking argument in favour of the United States. England had, in 1882, 5,500 students in her universities, out of a population of 26,000,000; Germany, with a population of 45,250,000, had 24,000 students. In the same year, with a population of 60,000,000, the United States had 66,437 students in colleges, 4,921 in theological seminaries, 3,079 in law schools and 15,151 in medical schools; total, 89,588. With a population of over 4,000,000 at that date, how many scholars had the Dominion of Canada? We call on Mr. George Johnson, the Ottawa statistician, to tell us.

France is acting with her usual pluck in the matter of the Panama Canal. Some Washington politicians are talking about American interference and the enforcing of the so-called Monroe Doctrine. The enterprise has been French from the beginning, and, spite of international jealousies, as in the case of the Suez Canal, France will see that it is carried through. It must not be forgotten that France is an enormously wealthy country, spite of her public debt, and French loans never go out of France to be covered.

A queer story comes to us from Paris. Madame Boulanger, in an interview, denied that she had refused to live with her husband. She said he was trying to play Napoleon and make her Josephine. She then burst into tears and begged to be excused from answering further questions. Now it is hard to believe that the good lady should have said such a thing. Napoleon eschewed Josephine, whom he fondly loved unto the end, to wed Marie Louise of Austria, because he wanted an heir, and Josephine, who was mother of Prince Eugene and Queen Hortense, bore him no children. It seems to us that we read only lately of a daughter of the Boulangers who entered a convent.

By the one mail, last week, we received letters from four widely separate points of the Dominion, set in heartiest greeting, on the artistic and literary excellence of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and its well established claim to be called a national paper. One of these is from Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, with two sonnets from Rev. A. J. Lockhart, whose poems we reviewed last week; a second is from Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, with a characteristic poem of the prairie, "Kanata," to appear next week; a third from Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, Man., with information on the Heavy and Light Brigades; and a fourth of Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, of Vancouver, B.C., with "A Christmas Eve in Canada," which will be found in the present number.

The question of College Federation in Ontario has been discussed with great fulness and some bitterness, without having reached any definite result. It seems to us from the outside that the

late Cobourg meeting, to which we referred at the time, consolidated the opposition of Victoria's alliance with Toronto university. Letters rained upon the papers on the subject, until the *Globe* felt called upon to put a stop to them, when the correspondents poured their missives into the *Mail*. The outlook is that the matter will be shelved for a time, until some financial plan shall be devised to conciliate all local interests.

The clash between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways has taken place over the baize tables of the shareholders in London. To any far-sighted observer on this side that result has long been inevitable, and the sooner the matter is settled, the better for the companies themselves, for the country at large, and for the Government in especial. There is room for the two trunk lines in a vast country like this. A level-headed man, Mr. Duncan McIntyre, has been chosen as umpire, and he will likely succeed in striking an equitable balance.

The Hudson's Bay Company has been drawing a full share of public attention lately, and our despatches from London have made almost daily reference to them. Although the bulk of their almost boundless territory in the Northwest has been sold to the Dominion of Canada, they still hold vast spaces of land, and retain all their old trading posts, from Labrador and Red River to the Arctic outskirts of the Athabasca—MacKenzie Valley. The old historic company is still one of the mightiest corporations in the world, and when the three reforms that are being mooted by the shareholders' committee in London—reformation of the board, production of fuller accounts, and thorough inquiry into every branch of the land and trading departments—the company will doubtless return to its former vigour and thrift.

CHRISTMAS.

Civilization is a state of society which is difficult to define in scientific terms, but it is a fact which all men can approximately recognize, whether in the case of living nations or in those instances where the only records by which a people can be judged are scanty remains of art and literature. Civilization, moreover, is a state of society the benefits of which can be appreciated by all reasonable men. A civilized nation may lapse into semi-barbarism by the force of inner and outer circumstances, as Greece sank under foreign domination, but it does not make a conscious endeavour in that direction. When a nation once emerges from an entirely savage state its natural tendency is in the direction of civilization. The reason of this is not far to seek. The first benefit conferred by an upward step is generally the construction of a less rude sense of justice between man and men. The path from this point onward to the highest civilization is often long and sometimes retrograde; but the sense of justice, having its roots in the natural instinct of self-preservation, causes such an amelioration of the conditions of life that men do not willingly recede from a more to a less civilized state.

But if it is possible to recognize readily a state of civilization in a living nation or to discern it more or less distinctly in the memorials of one that has passed away—and to account perhaps in part for a man's tendency in this direction—it is, on the other hand, a difficult task in any given instance to trace all the factors which have gone

to the making of, or which are still assisting, a civilization. The higher a civilization may be, the greater is its complexity and the more numerous are the forces which have been and are at work upon it. Nevertheless, in a general view of the history of the world we may see three factors which stand out prominently in the work of civilization. They are Religion, Science and Commerce. We see this, too, in spite of the fact that, in the name of each, things have been done and policies have been pursued which have retarded and thwarted advancing waves of civilization. In the name of Religion, thought has been fettered and conscience benumbed for centuries in countries which were so placed that they were capable of influencing the whole world. In the name of Science, true knowledge has been resisted with a force which has often strangled Progress and well-nigh quenched the spirit of enquiry. In the name of Commerce, lastly, we have seen in this age whole races just emerging from savagery destroyed by man's greed. But it is a poor reading of history that sees only the wrong which has been done in the name of any one of these. Yet we have in these days a class of historians and teachers who see in Religion, and even the Christian Religion, only the enemy of civilization. And these historians and teachers, from Dr. Draper down to Col. Ingersoll, have succeeded in obtaining a wide circle of hearers. Everywhere we see the growth of a secularism in life and literature which treats Christianity in its past and present forms as the retarder of man's moral and social advancement.

At the time which commemorates the birth of the Founder of Christianity it is appropriate to look at the other side of the picture, to consider some of the fruits of moral and social advancement which man owes to the unfettered spirit of this religion, and to ask whether these benefits do not outweigh the evils which have been wrought in the name of Christianity. Within the limits of this article it would be impossible to take a survey of nineteen centuries, and we will confine ourselves to a few of those movements in our own day which owed their birth to the spirit and teaching of Christianity, which have made the world happier and better and which have been the parents of thousands of other movements almost equally beneficent. The greater of these movements have been the spread of popular education, temperance, amelioration of life for the sick, sanitation, prison reform, the lessening of the gulf between capital and labour, and the partial establishment of the principle of arbitration between Christian nations. With each of these practical movements earnest secularists have identified themselves, often, it must be admitted, to the shame of many professing Christians; but can it be fairly denied that every one of these movements had its beginnings in Christian principles and with Christian men? Take the case of popular education. Was it not first established as a principle in England that the poorest had a right to be educated, when Robert Raikes started the first Sunday-school in Gloucester one hundred years ago? Father Matthew, an Irish priest, first awakened the world to the blessings of sobriety and temperance. Florence Nightingale, with a band of other Christian women, first led the way to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers. John Howard, quickened to action by Christian love, left the ease and comfort of his home to visit horrible scenes of suffer-

ing and sin, by his accounts of which the world was aroused to a sense of its cruelty toward captives. It was that noble Christian body, the Society of Friends, which first advocated those principles of arbitration and justice best calculated to preserve the peace of Christian nations. That the homes of the poor in peopled cities are made less wretched, less filthy, less crowded, is due most largely to the exertions of Christian physicians, like Dr. Allison, of Scotland. These and other incalculable labours are performed by millions of Christian men and women who are prompted thereto by the principles of Christian love. Are these things not living forces in our civilization? And yet there are men who say that Christianity is the enemy of civilization, and there are millions in Christian countries who listen and believe.

But if the unfettered spirit of Christianity has done much for modern civilization, if it has done more than is calculable, the fact remains that the world is still full of wretchedness, sin and ignorance. The work that has been done has been vast, but it is, comparatively speaking, but a beginning. To go no further than the bounds of our own country, has not the unended record of this year taught us that there is much to be done in Canada? Has the strange series of this year's crimes no meaning? Is there no warning in what we have heard of the dens where labour is oppressed? Is there not misery, or ignorance, or intemperance within our reach? If it is appropriate at this time to consider the influences of Christianity upon civilization, it is also practical to look forward to what may be done by larger measures of peace and good will toward men.

PERSONAL.

William O'Connor, the Toronto oarsman, will probably leave for the Pacific slope immediately after Christmas. He will give exhibitions at Victoria, San Francisco and other places before leaving for Australia.

Madame de Lery, who died last week at Quebec, was the widow of the late Hon. A. R. Chaussegnot de Lery, Seigneur de Rigaud, Vaudreuil, Senator and Legislative Councillor. His ancestor, Chevalier Gaspard Chaussegnot de Lery, came to Canada in 1716.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, possesses the original manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only manuscript of Dickens, with the exception of a few short stories, outside of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Childs has refused \$6,000 for it.

Mr. Hansard, for many years the official reporter and publisher of "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates," will cease to act in that capacity on January 1st. From the monopoly his house has enjoyed he has amassed an immense fortune. Mr. Hansard will be succeeded by the firm of Macrae, Currie & Co.

Lord Seaton died recently after a long illness at Boulogne, where he had resided for many years. During the Canadian rebellion in 1837-38 he served as A.D.C. to his father, Sir John Colborne, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. He joined the 24th Regiment as ensign in Montreal. In 1851 he married Charlotte, second daughter and co-heiress of Baron Downes. She died in 1863, and by her he leaves issue, three sons and four daughters.

Lord Lonsdale has been heard from in the Far North. He is still going toward the pole and is now doubtless within the Arctic circle. He has only two Indian guides with him, and is known amongst the red men as "the man who walks fast." He has secured numerous specimens of birds and beasts for the Scottish Naturalist Society of Edinburgh, and has learned minutely the habits of the animals of the northern regions, besides those of the Indians, the language of whom he has learned.

Here are some of the Canadians who were elected to public life in the United States: R. S. Hudspeth, nephew of A. Hudspeth, M.P., of Lindsay, Ont., elected to the New Jersey Legislature; Lewis Frank, brother of A. Frank, of Victoria, B.C., to the California Legislature; J. W. Murtagh, a native of London, Ont., to the Michigan Legislature; O. Mowat Fraser, a Kingstonian and nephew of the Premier of Ontario, county auditor in Dakota; W. James, son of B. James, of Lanark, Ont., Sheriff for Pembina County, Dakota; Wm. Tierney, of Pembroke, Ont., Registrar of Deeds for Walsh County, Dakota.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN CANADA.—1663.

From all our ancient forests, lakes and streams,
A murmur of the past arises still,
And mingles with the wind that sadly sweeps
In chill December through the leafless boughs,—
Clear tones of preaching, wild appealing prayers,
The moanings of the tortured, and the stern
Reproving words of priests; the furious din
Of savage revelry; and high above them all
The long sweet cadence of the evening hymn,
Sung by the martyr with his latest breath,—
And countless tales of duty nobly done,
Still sparkle on our history's early page,
Like jewels on some antique missal's rim.
But in few words the saddest fate is told,
Of one who came to our Canadian wilds,
Strong in his self-renouncing hope and love,—
The youngest of his brotherhood—and died.
The only one who toiled and prayed in vain,
Suffered all things, yet missed the martyr's palm,
And brought no spirit with him home to God.

"Again the dull crash of the icy boughs
Upon the birch-bark roof, again the long,
Low wail of winter winds among the trees,
While near me, in the wigwam's narrow space,
Lit by the blazing pine-knot's ruddy glow,
Dark faces gleam, like demons, through the smoke
That the wild storm drives back within our hut;
And I, to seek a breath of purer air,
Press close against the crevices, where still
Creeps in the stinging blast, and strive to read
The breviary, whose letters seem of blood
To my scorched eyes.—no more;—the sacred page
Fades into visions of the dreary past,
When, through the frozen forest, day by day,
I struggled onward, with my heavy load,
O'er fallen trunks and matted cedar-swamps
And pathless drifts of snow;—the nightly camp,
When I, alone among a savage horde,
Shrank from their deeds of wanton cruelty,
And strove in vain to raise a pleading voice
Above the sorcerer's din of dance and drum,—
The loneliness and peril;—yet I know,
Oh, God! Thy will hath led me to these wilds,
And so—I am content. I look around
Where, stretched in slumber deep the Indians lie,
Dreaming, amongst their dogs, of sport and chase.
If only one of these I could have taught
To love Thee, I would feel my labours crowned
With benediction,—but no light from Heaven
Fell on the weary months that bring to-night
The Eve of Christmas.

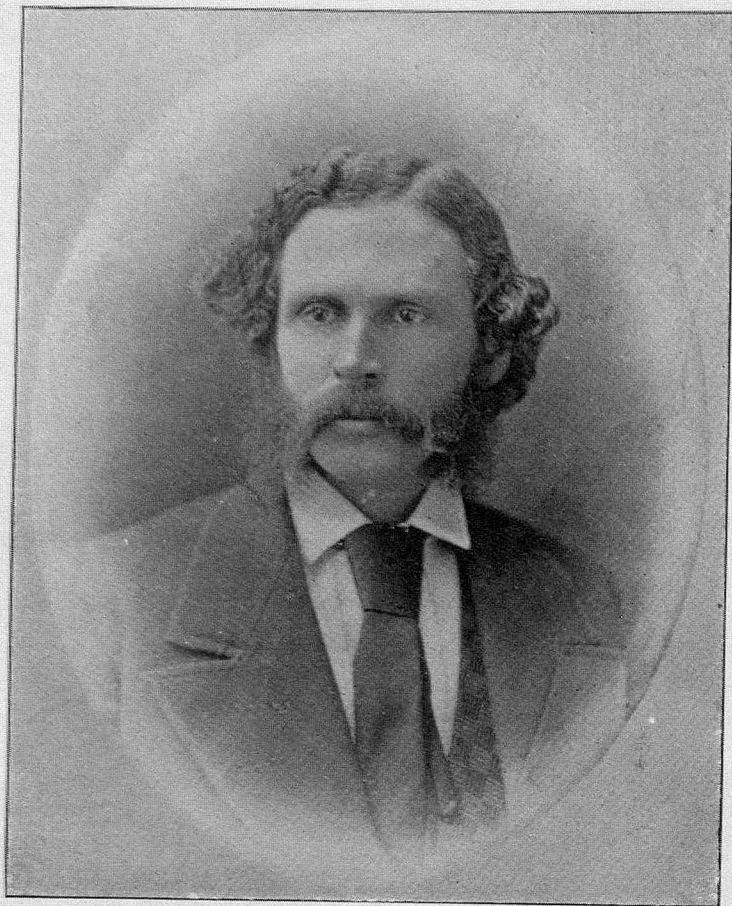
Yesterday they came
Back from the chase with empty hands and dark
Stern faces, pinched with hunger, and they cried
To me that if my faith indeed were strong
To bring them food, they would believe and pray.
And so, with trembling heart, I sent them forth
This morn, and thought my supplication heard,
When, tall and dark against the crimson sky,
I saw them stride towards me, dragging slow
A mighty moose across the reddened snow.
But soon, amidst the revelry, arose
Fresh jeers and insults, and again I knew
My hopes and prayers had ended in despair,—
My life in nothingness.

Now, fainter grown,
I ask my God if it is all in vain,
Shall I not teach one soul to worship Him?—
I, who have given all, since in fair France,
Among the sunny slopes and purple vines
Of my dear home, I heard the Voice that called.—
'Leave all thou hast, and come and follow Me.'
Ah, no!—my work is ended, for I feel
The icy hand of Death upon my heart,
And here, alone, amongst a savage horde,
Must I, in storm and snow and wilderness,
Breathe my last sigh of effort unfulfilled,
Knowing that I have toiled and suffered long
In vain—in vain? The hut grows cold and dark—
A mist is round me,—Lord, to Thee my soul!"

And so one night, two hundred years ago,
An humble priest amongst our forests died—
Swept suddenly from heights of sacrifice
As a light leaf that early tumbles down
Before the radiance of the autumn gold
Has crowned its days with glory. Yet we know
Nature has decreed the logic of results,
Nor life nor leaf is wasted, for the soil
Takes to its breast, beneath the winter's snows,
Alike, the lonely waif that fell too soon
And the rich gifts the burning maple sheds
In glowing triumph of attained desire,
Drawing from each, with subtle chemistry,
The blossoms sweet and starry buds of spring.
From many a nameless grave shall start and bloom
The flower of high resolve, and other hearts
Shall claim it theirs, and other hands shall grasp
And bear it thro' the tumult of the world,
Bright as an oriflamme in times of war,
Strong to inspire all noble deeds of men.

Vancouver, B.C.

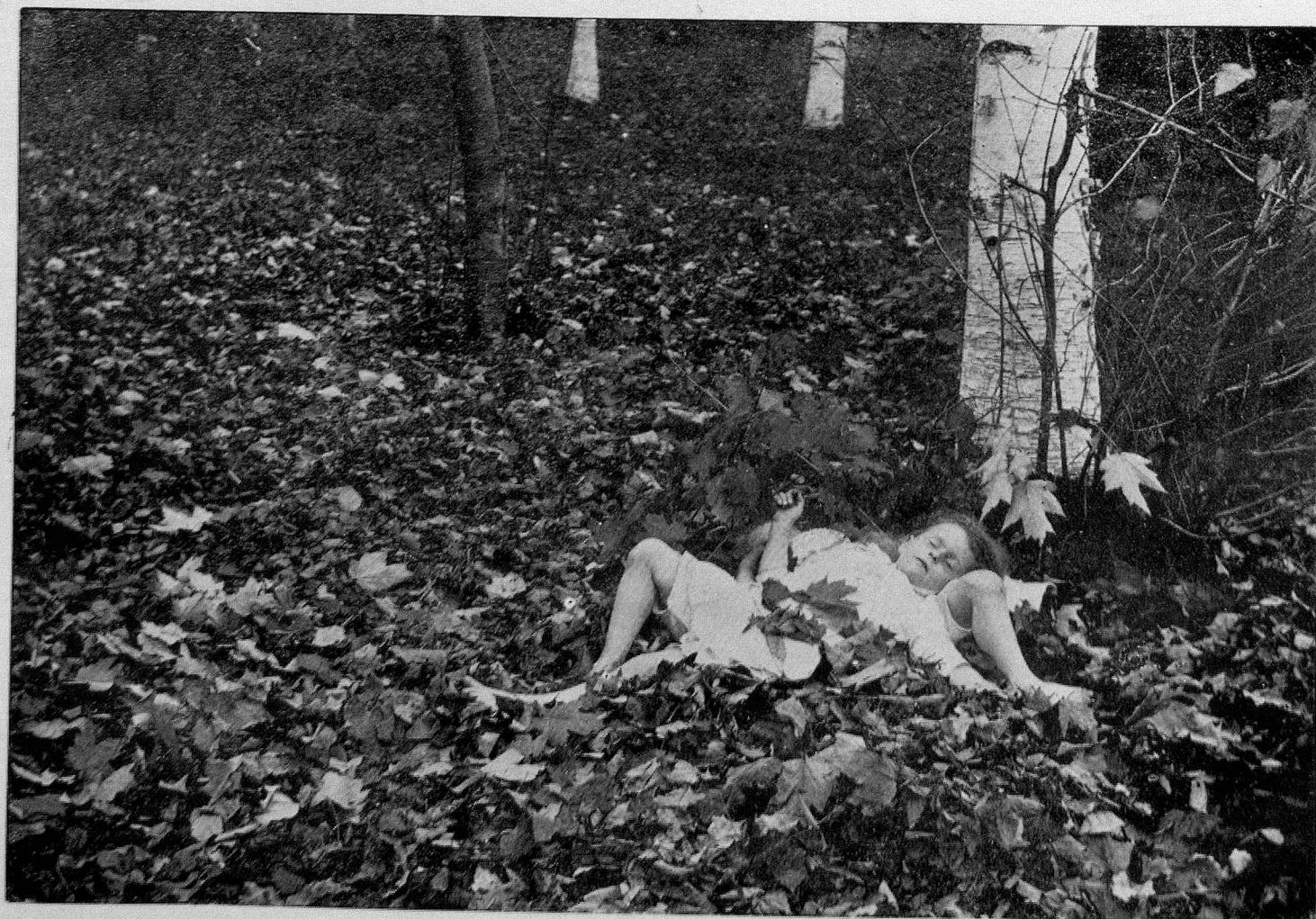
FLÉURANGE.



THE LATE W. A. FOSTER.
From a photograph by Notman & Fraser.



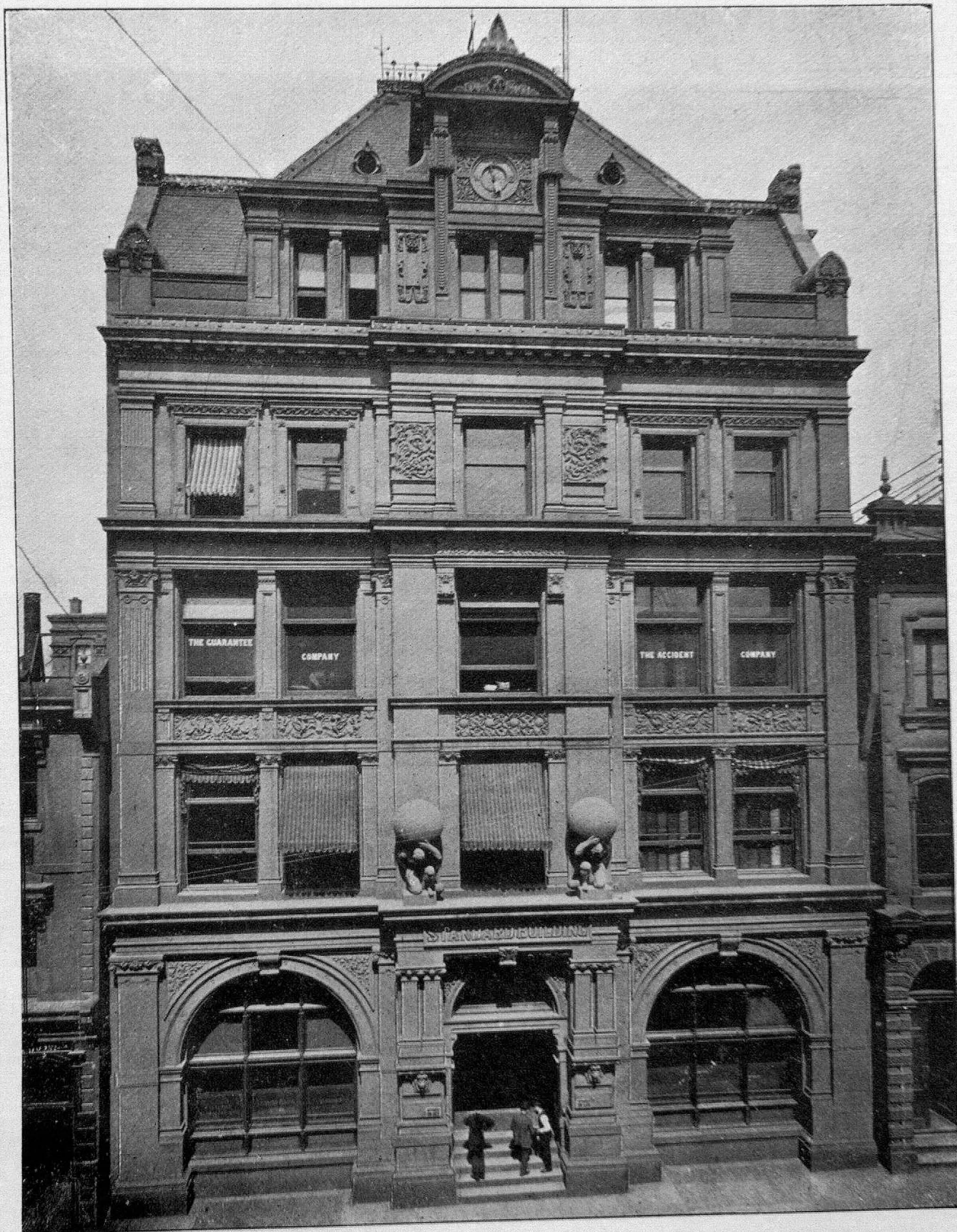
HON. JNO. NORQUAY.
From a photograph by Notman.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

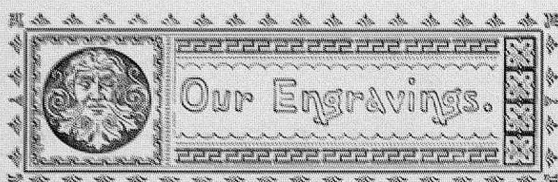
From a photograph by Capt. Imlah, R. C. A.

MONTREAL IMPROVEMENTS.



THE STANDARD BUILDING, ST. JAMES STREET.

From a photograph by Parks.



MARY AND ELIZABETH.—If the stars of the heavens are without number, we might almost say more so are the so-called sacred pictures with which, from all time, artists great and small have sought distinction or notoriety. Visitors to the continent of Europe especially are more than shocked at the infinite variety of daubs and crudes everywhere apparent; meant to do justice no doubt to those we all revere. Raphael, Guido, Corregio, and others of the old school; Hunt, Munkacsy, Selon and others, of the modern school, have, of course, given us sacred subjects that we are almost compelled to reverence and respect; but we question if any of them—including even the painter of the picture we are now discussing—ever excelled the sublime beauty of "Mary and Elizabeth." His "Holy Family" and "Nativity" are, as it is well known, amongst the foremost Biblical pictures of the day, but do not surpass this one. Thinking this, we have engraved it and feel proud in being the very first, as we believe, to publish it. No description is required; the veriest child of grace knows all about the subject, or else where to find it. Carl Müller was born at Darmstadt, Germany, in 1818. His works of art are numerous, and as he is still at the easel more may be expected from him before his distinguished career closes.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER FOSTER, Q.C.—Having already given the main events and dates of the late Mr. Foster, we shall accompany his portrait by some notes gathered from an article in the *Ottawa Citizen*. In addition to a distinguished place at the bar, Mr. Foster won a high position as a literary man. While yet a student at the University of Toronto (of whose Senate he became a member), he, together with the late Thomas Moss, Chief Justice of Ontario, W. J. Rattray, author of the "Scot in Canada," and others, contributed to a humorous weekly called the *Grumbler*, published in Toronto by Erastus Wiman, the now famous capitalist of New York. At a later period he was a contributor to the *Toronto Leader*, the *Hamilton Spectator* and the *Toronto Telegraph*. He was also editor of the *Monetary Times*. When the project for a Confederation of the B.N.A. Provinces came before the people, Mr. Foster wrote two able papers for the *Westminster Review*, and in both articles he warmly supported the scheme of union. He also favoured a renewal of the old Reciprocity Treaty, negotiated by Lord Elgin. Other contributions from his pen on Canadian affairs appeared in the *London Spectator*, the *London Athenaeum* and the *London Times*, and for some years he was the Canadian correspondent of the latter paper. Like Thomas D'Arcy McGee and others, he was a sincere believer in the future destiny of Canada as a distinct nationality, and lost no opportunity of preaching the doctrine in season and out of season. This belief found notable and eloquent utterance in his well known essay entitled, "Canada First, or a New Nationality," published in pamphlet form shortly after the Red River insurrection of 1869, a work much admired by the young Ontarians of the day for its lofty tone and patriotic sentiment. The publication of this essay led to the formation of what was known as the "Canada First" party, of which Mr. Foster was the acknowledged leader, and among whose members were many young Canadians who have since attained distinction, in their respective walks of life, Wm. H. Howland, late Mayor of Toronto; George T. Denison, now Police Magistrate of Toronto; Joseph Easton Macdougall, now Judge of York; Charles Mair, the author of "Tecumseh;" John Schultz, now Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba; Robert Grant Haliburton, the scientist and litterateur; Frederick C. Denison, now M.P. for West Toronto; Wm. B. McMurich, late Mayor of Toronto; James H. Morris, Q.C., and Hugh Scott, insurance agent, being of the number. The party controlled one or two organs of public opinion and erected a club house—the National—which became the rallying place of "Canada First" adherents and disciples living in and visiting the Ontario Capital. "Canada First," however, ceased to exist, as a separate organization, with the birth of the National Policy in 1878. From that time Mr. Foster devoted himself almost exclusively to his law business, and some years since obtained a silk gown from the present Government in recognition of his legal talent. Had he been spared to his country a few years longer, we think there cannot be any doubt of his succeeding to higher rewards in a profession of which he was for many years so distinguished an ornament.

HON. JOHN NORQUAY.—This well known man is prairie born, a native Manitoban, and has done his full share of service in public life. He is the only member who has held his seat in the Legislative Assembly of his Province, without a break, since the union, in 1870. He was born on the 8th May, 1841, and educated at St. John's Academy, where he took a scholarship in 1854. He is a member of Council of Manitoba University. He first made his mark, in the dark and dangerous days of the Red River Rebellion, in 1870; was Minister of Public Works and Agriculture from December 1871 to July 1874, Provincial Secretary in 1875, and at the head of Public Works again in 1876. In 1878 he was called on to form a Government, and held on to power for several years, amid a very stormy time. He sits in the Legislature for St. Andrews, and although in opposition now, with only a small following, is still one of the strong men of the North-West.

BABES IN THE WOOD.—We would like our readers to look at this picture. It is not an ideal one, nor is it a copy from a painting. The scene is recent and Canadian, in a wood near Quebec, and was photographed from nature by Captain Imlah, R.C.A. Three points are characteristic and give a smack of originality to the picture. First, it is a sultry fall day, the dress of the two children showing that in its scantiness and whiteness, to say nothing of the bare legs. There is no mistake about one thing—the young ones are sleeping soundly, like true Babes in the Wood. Look at the fat, rounded legs, and the upheld arm, and the big full face in the repose of health and sleep. Then the three kings of Canadian forests—silver birches—with trunks as white as snow, and as an artist would like to have them. Finally, feel the depth of that floor, the extraordinary spread of the leaves, and the size thereof, most of them from our national maple.

THE STANDARD BUILDING.—This may be called the pioneer of the modern era of office building in Montreal. The foundations were laid in 1883, and the edifice was completed in 1885. Its dimensions are 60 feet front by 100 feet depth, and five stories in height, besides basement and sub-basement. The material is brown sandstone. Is it to-day one of the handsomest buildings in Montreal, and will always be one of those pointed to with pride by the citizen cicerone. Mr. Wm. Miller Ramsay, the popular Manager of The Standard Life Assurance Company in Canada, presides over the large business of this institution and has his offices on the second floor. The first floor of the building is occupied by the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Royal Insurance Company. The Standard Life Assurance Company was established at Edinburgh in 1825. Its success has been uninterrupted, and the Standard claims to have done, during the five years just closed, a larger aggregate business than any other British Life Office confining its operations within the Queen's Dominions. This result may be attributed not only to the wide and influential connections of the Company, combined with a long course of able and careful management in the past, but also in no small measure to the liberality of its dealings, and the constant adoption by the Directors of all improvements and facilities bearing on the contract of Life Assurance. This Company has been established and honourably known in the Dominion of Canada for a long number of years. Persons assuring with the Standard have thus the advantage of dealing with an office which has stood the test of time, and to persons resident in the Dominion the Standard offers the combined advantages of a local Canadian Office and of a large British Institution of world-wide connection. As a Local Office it affords all the advantages which are conferred by Resident Secretaries and Agents assisted by Local Boards of Directors, who have authority to accept proposals, collect premiums, settle claims, carry out surrenders of policies, etc., while, as an old and influential British company, it is in the position of possessing immense funds and extended opportunity of investing them throughout the British dominions, as well as that greater experience in conducting business which can only be acquired by a company having a wide area of operations. The returns of the Standard show that it has: Subsisting assurances, \$100,000,000; invested funds, \$3,000,000; an annual income of \$4,450,000; investments in Canada, \$4,000,000; deposited with Government, \$1,000,000. It can evidently afford to own a handsome place of business, which, moreover, yields in rental a fair interest on the outlay.

JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.—This is a scene, during the week before Easter, when the snow had not yet disappeared, but the produce trade was brisk all the same. Jacques Cartier leads to, and on big days is part of, Bonsecours Market, the greatest retail field of its kind in Canada, and where the French-Canadian huckster and the Montreal-born huckster-woman can be studied in all their glory. The pillar and statue, at the head of the square, are there to the memory of Nelson, and they have been there some eighty years, being perhaps the most artistic statuary in Canada.

BONSECOURS MARKET.—This is a scene on the eve of Christmas. The snow has come and trade is brisk. Every mortal, eating or spectacular, is there for bargain, and the Babel that goes on, with womens' tongues above the din, is phenomenal. If you are shrewd, you can drive sharpest bargains there; if not, you are sure to pay a twofold price. Of meats, the chief sale is in pork and turkeys, of which the French are specially fond.

MASONIC TEMPLE AND GRAND OPERA HOUSE, LONDON.—The Masonic Temple, located at the corner of King and Richmond streets, is one of the most imposing structures in the City of London. It was dedicated in 1881 and occupied in 1883. The building is of three storeys and basement, the front on Richmond and King streets being occupied as offices and stores. The westerly half of the building is an opera house (the Grand), capable of seating 1,400 persons comfortably. The Lodge rooms of the different Masonic bodies are on the third and fourth floors and handsomely fitted up. The building was erected under the auspices of the Masonic Fraternity, and half of its cost (over \$60,000) was secured by means of the Gift Enterprise (or lottery) set afoot by the Masonry of London. It is managed by a directorate of five of the Brethren, R. W. Bro. Geo. S. Birrel being the president. Its total cost was over \$120,000.

THE MCCLARY FIRE, LONDON.—On the night of the 30th November, the McClary Manufacturing Company's stove foundry, of London, Ont., caught fire and burned furiously. The brigade, aided by volunteers from the military school, fought the flames, and finally got them under control. The fire was confined to the stamping and japan-

ning departments and the storehouse. Some 150 tons of tinware were destroyed. Two firemen were knocked from a ladder, but not seriously hurt, by a falling cornice. The cause of the fire is supposed to have been spontaneous combustion in the varnish room. The company employ about 400 hands, of whom 100 worked in the burned department.

A PICNIC ON THE ST. FRANCIS.—This picnic was held on the River St. Francis, three miles above the Village of Melbourne, and among those present were the Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, of Melbourne; His Honour Judge Tait, of Sweetsburg; Mayor Hart, of Richmond; Captains Brown and Harkom, of the 54th Battalion, and J. G. Lloyd, assistant engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway. The picnic was held in one of the favourite spots out of the many to be found on this river, and it may be mentioned that Melbourne is getting to be quite a summer resort for people from Montreal. Mr. James R. Miller, of Melbourne, will please accept our thanks for the photograph.

CAMP AT ISLE-AUX-NOIX.—The historical part of Isle-aux-Noix, twelve miles from St. Johns, P.Q., is a favourite resort for picnics and camping expeditions, and hardly a day passes without some gay party or other going to enjoy the cool breeze and picturesque view of this charming place. Fishing is good, pickerel, bass, etc., being abundant, especially as you round the south channel of the island. Ducks, snipes, plovers, blackbirds, find there an easy shelter in the long grass along the shore. Our engraving shows the camp after a short siesta. The big log has already served as a bonfire the previous night, and is still capable of holding out another "nocturnal." The fish caught in the morning was plentiful, and the spoils are hanging on the log. The campers have given an "airing" to their wet blankets, whilst the organ by the "maestro" is silent until the spasm of the photo's stare is over. The tent is planted on a rising ground, at the entrance of the "officers' walk" leading to the officers' "old mess quarters." The old poplars, standing there as two "unrelieved sentinels of yore," shelter the camp effectively from sun and rain. The campers are, probably, still thinking of the hail-storm that occurred the day previous, when one of the party secured enough "hail" to make *punches glacés* for two days; of the "clay pipe of peace" offered to strangers; or of the modern way of photographing groups. We are indebted for the photos to a band of St. Johns boys, several of whom figure in the foreground—Aldermen Arpin, Boucher and others.

DALHOUSIE GATE, QUEBEC CITADEL.—Of all the historic monuments connecting modern Quebec with its eventful and heroic past, none have deservedly held a higher place in the estimation of the antiquarian, the scholar, and the curious stranger, than the gates of the renowned fortress. Of the gates, as originally built, there only remains to-day the Dalhousie Gate, forming the entrance to the Citadel, built in 1827, and the Chaingate. St. Louis, St. John and Palace Gates, raised under French dominion, together with Hope and Prescott Gates, provided by the British Government since the Conquest, have long since disappeared. The present St. Johns Gate was built in 1865, and St. Louis and Kent Gates in 1880.

CHRISTMAS MORN ACQUAINTANCE.—Our cover has a little engraving suited to the holiday season. The child awakes to the echoes of the Christmas chimes, pealing from the parish steeple, and the first thing it sees, on opening its eyes, is the Punchinello which was laid upon his bed. Then the string begins to play, the manikin will be hauled up and down all day, and the chances are that, by night, the whole machinery will have been thrown out of gear.

DR. H. P. WRIGHT.—Last week, after waiting up to the last moment for the letter, and when it was too late to make a change, we had to let the portrait of Dr. Wright go, without any biographical notice. Since then these notes were received and we are happy to publish them. Dr. H. P. Wright, of Ottawa, is the chosen president of the Canada Medical Association, having been elected at their last meeting in Ottawa. His term of office does not begin until August next, the acting president being Dr. Geo. Ross, so favourably known in Montreal. Dr. Wright is a Canadian, having been born in Toronto in 1851. Graduating in the spring of 1870, at McGill College, Montreal, with honours as final prizeman, he entered upon the practice of his profession at St. Clair River. A large country practice, built up in eighteen years, presaged his present enviable position. As previously contemplated by him, he removed to Ottawa in 1872, partially led to choose the Capital as his permanent home by the fact that his father held a responsible position in the Civil Service. Up to the present, his work has been that of an untiring practitioner, quietly but laboriously pursuing his noble profession; and now, through the combined influence of an ability that commands respect, and social qualities that transform the physician into a friend, we find him, at the early age of 38, at the head of his profession, elected to fill the chair of what is our National Medical Association. Although this is his first appearance in public in any official capacity, he has held several professional appointments, such as examiner in physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, etc. He is one of the promoters of the local Medical Association, was its first secretary, and afterward president, and has served for over twelve years on the staff of the County of Carleton Protestant Hospital.

Mr. Baldasano y Toptete, who succeeds the late Count de Premio Real as Spanish Consul-General, has arrived at Quebec with his family and will make that city his headquarters.

HERE AND THERE.

OYSTERS IN CLASSIC DAYS.—Kaw oysters were eaten at Athens and Rome as a preprandial whet, and although we have no evidence that the English mediævalists followed so good an example, still there never was a time when English epicures failed to cultivate, or at least to plunder, oyster beds. To discredit them as judges of fish, however, and to prove that the tastes of epicures have changed, if not improved, it is only necessary to mention that our ancestors sugared their oysters.

THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.—This is the third of British islands in size, and 45 miles long by 30 broad, and inhabited by a mixture of Norwegians and Celts. Ninety per cent. are Presbyterians—all speaking Gaelic. Stornaway has 3,000 inhabitants; its castle is one of the finest in Scotland. Their literature consists largely of the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Baxter's Fourfold State, and other theological works. The ministers will not marry any who will not promise to perform family worship night and morning, and the Sabbath is strictly observed. Grace before and after meals.

A CELTIC SCHOLAR.—Dr. John Smith's poems, in Gaelic, and his translations of the minor prophets and the psalms and paraphrases are celebrated. He died in 1807. He wrote a life of Columba, and many other works which rendered his name famous among Celtic scholars. He was appointed to gather information regarding the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic poems by the Highland Society. He published 5,335 lines of Gaelic poetry composed of poems, being old recitations gathered from time to time.

FRENCH WINES.—With the advent of the phylloxera and the wholesale failure of vineyards France has become a hopeful competitor for the palm of drunkenness. Government reports show a startling increase in the number of crimes and cases of insanity due to alcoholism. According to M. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine, the manufacture of spurious liquors is conducted on an enormous scale, both in Paris and in provincial towns, and their quality is vile beyond description. Besides Indian hemp, nitro-benzol, and other products of the laboratory, poisonous in the extreme, such loathsome ingredients as hippuric acid, made from the drainings of stables, are freely used. The effect of such stuff upon the bodies and minds of the drinkers is of course ruinous.

THE ORDER OF THE WHITE CANONS.—The history of the White Canons, whom the Empress Eugenie has established at Farnborough, is curious. They were turned out of France in 1780. In 1882 there were only five under a prior, and they founded a little priory in a cottage belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, at Storrington. Now they number fifteen. Since the Reformation no White Canons have been seen in England. The order, founded by St Norbert, in the XII. century, at one time had no less than 1,000 abbeys under its rule. In the fifteenth century the Hussites ruined their abbeys in Bohemia, and, in the sixteenth, they lost their numerous houses in Germany, Norway, England, Scotland and Ireland. The revolution of 1793 completed their ruin. At the present time the order has twenty abbeys and forty priories throughout the world, ten of which are in America.

THE WATERFALL.

(SLEEPY HOLLOW, SHERBROOKE.)

A torrent ceaseless falleth
Near a hearthless home I know,
My Heart-friend's memory haunts it;—
He left me long ago.

Each other's troth we cherished
In the golden days of yore,
We hoped, we thought, together,—
He roams the wide world o'er.

When I list to falling water
Vague yearnings never cease;—
In works of love and kindness
Alone,—I taste of peace.

But in a Bright Hereafter
We'll meet, we'll love again,
And hold these years of silence
A fleeting dream of pain.

F. C. EMBERSON.

THE XMAS STAR.—We are glad to see that the public have thoroughly appreciated the beautiful number which Mr. Hugh Graham has put forth for the Christmas time. The *Star* has always redeemed its pledges in the periodical publication of illustrated supplements to celebrate events of general interest, but it has never succeeded so well as in the present instance, in the matter of perfect art, good taste, faultless workmanship, and a strong impression of the fitness of the means to the end. The illustrations are well chosen, appropriate and finished, and the letter press is all good, and we specially hail the name of Miss Helen Fairbairn, well known to our readers, for the first time that we see her in verse—as good as her prose, and that is saying a great deal.

THE CHAPEL OF THE DEAD MONKS.

A Capuchin Convent,
Near Nineveh's mound,
Stands high o'er a Chapel
Scooped out underground.

Wax tapers illumine it
By night and by day;
Dead Monks are its tenants,
In ghastly array.

Erect in tall niches
The grave they survive,
Each robed in the habit
He wore when alive.

They stand there, like spectres—
Gaunt statues of flesh,
That cunning embalmers
Have toiled to keep fresh.

Each Monk, young or old, has
A scroll in his hand,
With red-lettered legend
That all understand:

"I, whom thou beholdest,
Was once like to thee,
And such as I am, thou
Hereafter shalt be."

One night in their *Parloir*
The Monks sat around,
And talked of pale ghosts in
The Crypt underground.

Outspoke a young Brother,
And deeply he sighed:
"I will seek our loved Prior,
Who recently died.

And, kneeling before him,
Confessing each sin,
Christ's pardon through faith from
His lips I may win."

"Oh! go not!" his comrades
Besought in alarm:
"The Spirits of Evil
Are plotting thy harm!"

"I fear not," he answered,
"God's arm will control
The fiends that oft harass
A penitent soul."

He went—and they listened
With feelings of dread—
His footsteps descended
The stair to the dead.

They heard a door open—
They heard a door close—
And trembled, like leaves, at
The thoughts that arose.

Soon, piercing abruptly
The tremulous air,
A shriek of wild terror
Rang up from the stair:

The Monks hurried downwards
With tapers alight,
And found their young Brother
Convulsed with affright.

Quick climbing the steps while
He felt for the rail,
The hem of his long robe
Had caught by a nail.

Then, horrors of darkness
The victim misled
To dream he was clutched in
The grasp of the Dead.

* * * * *

He died on the morrow—
Secure from decay—
His corpse fills a niche in
The Chapel to-day.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



St. John (N.B.) is considering a scheme for systematic relief of the poor.

Cariboo hunting in the Sague ay district is reported in full blast. Several hunting parties are out and the sport is reported good.

British Columbia dealers are forming a Salmon Cannery Association for the purpose of advancing their interests in other parts of the Dominion.

Arrangements have been made for the amalgamation of the Colonial and Westmoreland Copper Mining companies, and they will begin to operate the mines at Dorchester, N.B., in the course of a few weeks.

Hon. Mr. Dewdney continues to receive encouraging reports of threshing operations in the Northwest. A settler located ten miles south of Regina had a crop of four hundred acres of wheat this season. He got \$1.05 per bushel without even leaving his farm. He will put six hundred acres under cultivation next year. Another correspondent says that the settlers throughout the Qu'Appelle valley are in good spirits. He recently saw 302 bushels of hard fyfe threshed from five acres. This is over sixty bushels to the acre. The wheat was raised near Katepwa at the edge of the Qu'Appelle valley. Wheat on the various Northwest districts averaged from thirty to forty bushels per acre.

HEARKEN YE.

"Peace be on Earth,"
Let all men know
God wills it so;
Joy at each hearth.

Love in each breast,
For God is Love.
In Heaven above
The Saints have rest.

New Glasgow, N.S.

J. H. IVES MUNRO.

LITERARY NOTES.

We shall publish, in our New Year's number, a beautiful little poem by Miss Hattie R. McClellan, of Windsor, N.S.

Richard Henry Stoddard had a poem published in Harper's after it had been fifteen years in the publishers' hands.

The writer of a book on dancing estimates that eighteen waltzes are equal to about fourteen miles of straight work.

Rowell & Hutchison, of Toronto, will soon publish "The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario," by David B. Read, Q.C.

A fair and gifted correspondent informs us that Mr. Bliss Carman is visiting Prof. Roberts, at Kingscroft, Windsor. The two poets are cousins.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet and anthologist, will probably take in the literary men of Nova Scotia about Christmas, and is awaited in Montreal during Carnival time.

Doctor Scadding speaks very highly of Kingsford's "History of Canada," so far as it has gone, and forecasts that it will yet become the standard in its own field. The second volume is doubtless much better than the first.

The Abbe Casgrain has prepared a new edition of his work "Un pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline," much augmented by references to MSS., in London and Paris, bearing upon the subject of the expulsion of the Acadians.

Andrew Lang says in the New Princeton Review there are four popular kinds of novels—the novel of the new religion, the novel of the new society, which declines to have a religion, the novel of the divorce court, and the novel of the dismal commonplace.

In reviewing "Poems of Wild Life," the *Globe* is quite right in calling two of the names therein—Maurice Thompson and Edgar Fawcett—"wearisome bores." The latter, chiefly, turns up a little everywhere, trying his hand at everything, and being only a mediocrity in all.

Prof. W. J. Alexander, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is about to publish, through Ginn & Co., of Boston, an "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." Our readers have been made acquainted with Prof. Alexander through a late editorial article on "The Study of Literature."

The old form of "the" as in "Ye Merrie Englands" is often pronounced "ye" incorrectly by those who never heard that this form arose from the resemblance of the contracted form of "th" to Y. It was a form similar to that of the letter theta of the Greeks, embodying the consonant t and the aspirate.

Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts is the editor of the volume "Poems of Wild Life," recently added to the "Canterbury" series. He prefaces the volume with a short essay on "Wild Life" versification. Several Canadian poets, including Mr. Duvar, Miss Machar, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Mair and Mr. Saugster, are represented in the book.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* may be called one of our institutions. It will begin its twelfth year in 1889, and doubtless will be even still more improved. A few years ago we had only *Picks* of Rochester, as a floral magazine, but now Mr. Wolverton has given something national, which holds its own against any other publication. The matter is well chosen and useful; the illustrations are appropriate; the frontispiece is always a beautiful coloured plate, and the whole periodical is a credit to the publishers. The office address is Grimsby, Ont.

The *Week* has enlarged its shape, with the first number of its sixth year, thus giving almost twice more reading than before. The size of the sheet is perhaps too oblong, but the paper, type and "make-up" give it the look of the great English weeklies, as the *Spectator*, *Athenaeum*, *Examiner* and *Saturday Review*, four periodicals that have not a rival in any country. It is agreeable to see that the *Week* is meeting with public favour, and we congratulate the two brothers Robinson, as manager and editor, on their success.



JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE, MONTREAL, ON A MARKET DAY.

From a photograph by Hamilton.



BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL, CHRISTMAS EVE.

From a photograph by Henderson



MASONIC TEMPLE AND GRAND OPERA HOUSE, LONDON, ONT.

From a photograph by T. W. Elliott.



THE McCLARY FIRE, LONDON, ONT., ON THE 30th NOVEMBER.

From a sketch by F. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A.

The Lady in Muslin.

A philosophical mind seeks knowledge everywhere, and what knowledge is preferable to that of human nature? "Know thyself!" said the Delphic oracle.

"Now, the study of human nature," as I once remarked to Dick, "in the streets, in a ball-room, or at the opera, is perhaps not so stern or decorous as among the folios of the British Museum, but it is none the less the study of human nature. A well-disciplined mind peruses philosophical speculation everywhere and anywhere."

To which Dick replied—

"Of course it does. And it's much pleasanter to study here in this fashion than in those musty old libraries."

II.

DICK'S JUVENILE CORRESPONDENT.

The long vacation came at length, and as London grew emptier and emptier, and hotter and hotter, I began to shut up my books, nod over my writing, and think yearningly of country air and fishing rods, or, in my more energetic moods, of excursion trains and steam-packets, etc.

The last summer Gaunt and I had taken ourselves to St. Petersburg, and had found each other such good company and so conveniently paired—I being able to make people understand our various wants, and he to pay for them—that on our return we had engaged each other to repeat the attempt the following summer, and in our tour take in the capitals of Norway and Sweden.

During the last two or three weeks, however, Dick had been visibly less eager in planning our voyage; once or twice he had even vaguely hinted that perhaps he would not be able to go—still, he never told me out plainly that he wished to give up the journey, neither did he mention having formed any other plan for spending the long vacation. I was rather annoyed, therefore, to receive one morning a hurried scrawl from him to say that he was obliged to give up his cruise north, as business was taking him off that same day to Norfolk. He was extremely sorry, he added, and hoped I should find some more agreeable manner of passing the vacation.

Dick was a very good-hearted fellow, and not generally careless of others' convenience; and it was quite inconsistent with his character to thus coolly break his engagement and leave me to shift for myself.

"Such is the world!" I exclaimed to myself with a conremptuous smile, as I sat that melting morning over my eggs and coffee; "all miserable selfishness. His business indeed! and I should like to know what am I to do with myself."

Meteorological extremes are trying even to the most philosophically disposed. (I wonder if the philosopher would have stood absorbed in thought during twenty-four hours, with the temperature 10° below zero, or under the noonday sun of tropical India?) and when the affliction of a small unairy London apartment on a hot August morning is added to the disappointment of an agreeable journey gratis, a tired mind and a light purse feel considerably aggrieved. Mine did. I crumpled up Dick's note and tossed it into the grate, calling it "heartless" and himself "hollow," and for the future I vowed to forswear friendship.

After breakfast I set myself to the irritating task of arranging my pecuniary affairs.

Should I have to accept Brown's invitation to pass a fortnight with him in the Isle of Wight, the only one of the numerous invitations that, counting on my expedition north, I had not refused? or could I manage a continental trip on my own account? I had been lavish of expenditure lately, not expecting to have to provide for my holiday; so I thought drearily of Brown and the Isle of Wight, or, still more drearily, of a visit home to that very retired village in the fens where my infant eyes first saw the light.

Such meditation did not tend to relieve my angry feelings towards Dick, nor to restore that composure of mind which Epictetus so strongly recommends concerning matters over which we have no control; indeed, so irritating was the

combined effects of that letter and the high temperature, that, as I sat pondering over a heavy article I was forced to finish that morning for the "Magazine," and for which I had to refer to that respectable philosopher, instead of reading admiringly his remarks, I could not help distorting my features and calling him an "old fool!"

Alas! for the duplicity of man's nature! From his youth upwards had I known Richard Gaunt believed him to be the sincerest of mortals—the most open-hearted of friends!

That evening, having nothing particular to do, after the posting of a letter to Brown, accepting his invitation, I took a hansom and drove down to Dick's lodgings to fetch some books that I had left there. Perhaps I had also just a faint intention of gathering from Mrs. Briggs any information she might have as to the cause of Mr. Gaunt's sudden departure. Of course I had no idea of prying into his affairs by underhand means. I never dreamt of questioning Mrs. Briggs. Still, if she should drop any hint that to my wise head would be sufficient, why, there would be no harm—none whatever.

The blinds were all drawn and the windows of Dick's room were all closed. "He's off, at any rate," I muttered as I jumped from the cab and ran up the steps.

My knock was quickly answered by some faint efforts within, at turning a key or jingling a chain, and after a moment or two the door was pushed slowly open, and, to my surprise, a little girl in a white muslin frock and pink sash danced through the aperture and caught hold of me. I was taken a little aback, particularly when the small young lady clasped her hands, exclaiming "Oh!" in a frightened tone, and then added, "I thought it was godpapa Dick."

I was not used to children, and I didn't quite know what to say or do. To take off my hat to that small white frock and pink sash would have been ridiculous; but to stoop down and caress the dignified little head that turned up its abashed face as blushing as any girl of eighteen, would have been impertinent. "No," I said, after a moment's hesitation, "I am not godpapa Dick, Who may he be? Is it Mr. Gaunt?"

The child turned immediately into the house. "Yes," she said, in a quiet tone; "but don't ask me questions, please."

I followed her into the hall, and was about to ascend the stairs when she turned, and, barring the way with her little flounced-out figure, said gravely, "I don't think you had better come up stairs. I don't think godpapa Gaunt wants me to see anyone."

I could not help smiling at the very simple manner in which Dick's evident confidante was exposing his secrets.

"Don't you," I answered, laughing; "and do you think I should see you better upstairs than here at the present moment?"

What the young lady would have replied was lost to me, for at that moment Mrs. Briggs came panting up from the domains below.

"La, miss! run up stairs now, do! there's a dear," she exclaimed, soothingly. "It's Mr. Gaunt's niece, sir," she added, turning to me. "Her and his sister came quite unexpected-like this morning."

"Oh, indeed!" I answered, looking towards the child, who stood perched on the stairs, listening with a strange earnestness to what Mrs. Briggs said.

"And so you are Dick's little niece," I added, smiling and remembering that Mr. Gaunt had neither brother, sister, or cousin within the sixth degree.

The little girl hung her head and replied by an inquiring look from her dark eyes.

"Mr. Gaunt's gone out with her sister, sir. He told me to say he was out to everybody, and not to let any gent into his room on account of Miss being there," Mrs. B. said, looking rather puzzled as she saw me begin to mount the stairs.

"But for me, Mrs. Briggs," I said, gently; "I am different, you know. I think I may go up."

"Well, sir, I know you're Mr. Gaunt's perticklerest friend; but them's my orders: p'raps you'll mention to Mr. Gaunt as I told you."

"Oh, yes! all right," I replied; "you won't be afraid of my sitting in the room with you, will you?" I asked in my kindest, most winning tones of the child.

"I shouldn't be afraid of you," she replied, gravely; "but you mustn't talk to me, because I promised godpapa not to answer anyone's questions."

"Very good: I will be most discreetly silent," was my answer; and with that understanding the little flounced figure bounded up stairs leaving me the path clear.

"Dick's niece!" thought I, as I threw myself into his arm-chair and gazed at the face, bending studiously over a number of "Punch," but looking up every now and then to cast a quick, sly glance at me.

Large, dark, creole eyes—unchildlike in the sadness of their expression—small, regular features, and curls of that blue-blackness that speaks of foreign lands.

Dick's niece! Dick's god-daughter!

There are strange things in this world—inexplicable, moral and physical phenomena; and perhaps the uncleship of Mr. Gaunt to this little nine-year-old lady was one of them. At any rate, as I sat there pondering over it, I mentally muttered the words with which I commenced this episode.

Richard Gaunt, the man who in his every word, every act, every sentiment, seemed to breathe openness and truth, whose very roughness and simplicity seemed to make a romantic mystery impossible!—to find him thus suddenly surrounded in inexplicable relationships, shook my faith in the whole human race.

I waited for half an hour, keeping most sacredly my agreement with my fair little friend; but my reflections grew gloomy, and I began to grow impatient at Gaunt's absence, when suddenly the child exclaimed, gravely—

"Why don't you smoke a cigar? We never used to mind smoke."

"We!" thought I, wondering if the young lady used the first person plural in a literal sense, or with a child's irreverence for grammar.

"Don't you? Why, what a sensible mamma you must have got, to have taught you that," I replied, proceeding to act upon her suggestion.

"Mamma didn't teach me," she answered simply. "Godpapa Dick is a long time coming, isn't he?" she added, sighing heavily; and pushing back her tiny hand through her curls, she leant her head upon it, and looked as sad and sentimental as any young woman far advanced in her teens.

"You're fond of your uncle, aren't you?" I said, rather amused; and she answered, "Yes, very," with an energy which shot sudden fire into her large eyes.

"Do you often see him?" I asked gently, my curiosity getting the better of my promise.

"Not very. Since I came here—I mean to England—I've seen him oftener; but before, I don't remember very well. It seems a long time ago, you see—a very long time. It was not then—no," she added dreamily. "I think I used to see mamma oftenest."

"And your papa, usen't you to see him?" I asked cautiously.

"No," answered the child, "never. I never saw him; I used to pray for him; I always used, because mamma told me to. She used to say, 'Cecile, if you don't pray God to bless your papa, God won't love you, or bless you.' So of course I did."

"Quite right," I said, approvingly. "And where is your mamma now; is she out with Mr. Gaunt?"

Cecile raised her head, and glanced up at me, the dreamy look quite disappearing from her eyes; and clasping her small creamy-looking hands together on her lap: "Don't ask questions, please," she said, in her childish, half-frightened manner. "You promised you wouldn't ask questions."

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

We have received several communications, in reply to our request for further information about the Society of Friends in Canada, and all of them confirm the statements furnished us, last week, that the settlements are mostly confined to Ontario. Thus, Mr. Henry W. Way, of St. Thomas, Ont., who is an authority, as he belongs to the body, kindly gives the following localities: Bloomfield, P.E. Co.; Pickering, Ontario Co.; Bertie and Pelham, Welland Co.; Norwich, Oxford; Lobo, Middlesex; Bosanquet, Lambton Co.; Yarmouth, Elgin Co. Mr. Way states further that his co-disciples of Fox are to be found in Genesee, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. While thanking our correspondent for his information, we are surprised that he should suspect us of any disrespect or even levity toward the Friends, and as to the good English word "Quaker," we thought it was popular with them. The original text of our paragraph was taken, as it stood, from a Philadelphia paper, and we added only the line about Canada.

A Lindsay paper likewise informs us that if we visit Pickering in Ontario County, Linden Valley in Victoria County, or parts of Hastings and Prince Edward County, "there will be found many old style Quakers." West Victoria's worthy M.P.P., Mr. John S. Cruess, is a splendid sample of that independent race. Other settlements still exist in York and Simcoe Counties. This is akin to the surprise created recently on learning that Mormons after the doctrine of Joe Smith, i.e., "Latter Day Saints," were living in Ontario. Why, for years a colony are settled at Cameron, a few miles north of this town, have a church of their own, are decent well-to-do people who mind their own business. They are as harsh on polygamy as anyone can be. They do not intrude their belief on others and therefore are entitled to it."

An Ottawa correspondent sends the following interesting letter, with one or two new points and a neat little story. He says:—

"In your issue of Saturday, I notice that you state you are not aware of any settlement of Friends in Canada. There was, and I fancy still is, a considerable settlement of them near Bloomfield, in Prince Edward County, a few miles from Picton. There they not only had a substantial meeting house, but a large school, the latter founded by a wealthy English member, whose name I forget. I have been present at many of their meetings. One of them, a "silent meeting," I shall not easily forget. It lasted two hours, and not a word was spoken during the whole time. Though the older members of the Society stuck to the phrase and dress of that body, the younger ones did not, and the girls were as gaily dressed as their more worldly sisters, and indulged in dancing. The period I speak of was the last year of the American Civil War. At that time, in the *Waverly Magazine*, used to appear notices from parties asking correspondence to wile away camp life. To one of these a pretty Quakeress of Bloomfield, a Miss S—, replied. The young man was a captain in a U.S. cavalry regiment. Several letters passed between the parties, photos were exchanged, and, to the surprise of the young lady, one day the young soldier turned up at the farm. The old folk were astonished on learning of the correspondence, and still more that the stranger had come on matrimony bent. The damsel herself was by no means averse to the proposition, but her father at first would not hear of her wedding "a man of blood." He finally gave way, and the young soldier, at the end of his furlough, returned to the States, taking his bride with him. As to your remarks about the Society of Pennsylvania observing the tenets as laid down by George Fox, you will find there are two branches of Quakers there—"Orthodox" and "Hicksite,"—who differ on some points as widely as Ultra Low Church and Ritualistic Anglicans, the Hicksites conforming to the way of the world in many matters of dress and speech."

THE POET'S RAPTURE.

On these nights of Christmas tide, when the December air is lighted by strange fires, and voices of spirits are heard sounding from heaven to earth a burden never heard before:—

Glory to God unto the Highest and
Peace to good men upon the sea and land,

It is meet that we should dwell upon a revelation just made of the unbidden cosmic insights of the greatest of modern poets.

Some of our readers have doubtless read, within the last few days, of a letter, written by Lord Tennyson, which has come into the possession of the *Chicago Tribune*, and which shows that he holds the conviction that consciousness may pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially spiritualism, but in Tennyson's case he is his own medium. The letter is in the poet's handwriting, and is dated "Farlingford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874." It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had had when passing from under the effect of anæsthetics. Lord Tennyson writes: "I have never had any relations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name). I have frequently had it quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till all at once, as if it were that of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, the clearest of the clearest; but the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?"

This is not a vulgar table tipping spiritualism, as the *Tribune* rightly says. It is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence, is not only a real, clear, simple, but that it is also an infinite invision and eternal induration, for he continues that, when he comes back to sanity, he is ready to fight for the truth of his experience, and that he holds it the spirit, whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests, will last for æons and æons.

Very naturally this production has created a stir among thoughtful men, and, as naturally, inquiry was made whether anything in the writings of the poet could give a clue to this evolution of mind. Professor Thomas Davidson, of Chicago, on seeing the letter, at once pointed out that the same conviction, if not the same experience, only with another, is described in "In Memoriam," xcv. The stanzas are generally passed over as referring to a mere frenzy of grief, but reading them in the light of the calmly penned prose, puts an entirely different aspect on the incident contained in the lines referred to.

Perhaps the reader would like to go over that number of the poem, made doubly interesting now in the glare of this new discovery. The poet begins by preparing the drapery of the scene in the dismal hour of gloom:—

By night we lingered on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn.

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwaving; not a cricket chirred;
The brook alone far off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn.

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheeled or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes,
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes.

While now we sang old songs that pealed
From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone.

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead.

Here we have all the surroundings needed—darkness, stillness, the hunger of the heart, and the vocal presence of the dead. Then follow the verses which bear out the poet's American letter:—

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine.

And mine in this was wound, and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

Æonian music measuring art—
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancelled, stricken thro' with doubt.

The three last stanzas embody the whole story, and hold the secret of the inner sight. The dead man touched the poet first by word and line and then, at once, the living soul was flashed on his. The human spirit was given wings, and guided as Dante of old, it soared into the infinite, caught the cosmic pulses of the unseen, and heard the Music of the Ages—Æonian—beating out the problems of Time, Chance and Death.

Then the night gradually wore away, the breeze trembled over the large leaves of the sycamore, until the East and West mixed their lights, like life and death, and broadened into boundless day. Next come the perplexities of faith, and honest doubt that has more faith than half the creeds. But this shallow scepticism does not last. The poet fights it and gathers strength. He faces the spectres of his mind and lays them, till he comes at length to find a stronger faith his own. This is the victory, and Tennyson shall never be ranked with the unbeliever, as he himself tells us in the bugle call which closes this whole psychological event:—

Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness in the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud!

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

MILITIA NOTES.

The death is announced in Quebec of Arthur Gingras, aged 93, one of the last survivors who participated in the battle of Chateaugay.

An Order-in-council has been passed awarding a pension of 55 cents a day to Private Hurrell, of the 90th Battalion, for disease contracted during the Northwest rebellion.

Daniel Wilson, formerly of the 11th Hussars, and who was one of the Six Hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava, the only one now left in Canada, is at the point of death in this city.

It is denied that there is any intention of removing the St. Johns School of Infantry to Montreal. Montreal has no place suitable for such a purpose, while there is splendid barrack accommodation at St. Johns.

The new drill book now being prepared by the Imperial War Office authorities will be adopted by the Canadian force as soon as it is ready. Gen. Middleton said that he hoped the new volume would be ready for use next summer.

The report of Lieut.-Col. Smith, D.A.G., of the London military district, relative to the condition of the 7th Battalion, has been received at the Militia Department. It is understood that Col. Smith's recommendation to the Minister is that the battalion be disbanded and afterward re-organized.

The annual rifle meeting of the National Association, hitherto known as the Wimbledon meeting, will, after all, be held on Wimbledon Common next year. A new Wimbledon has not been secured. The time at the disposal of the National Association will not allow of new ranges elsewhere, and the Duke of Cambridge is, therefore, to be asked to allow next year's meet to be held on Wimbledon Common.

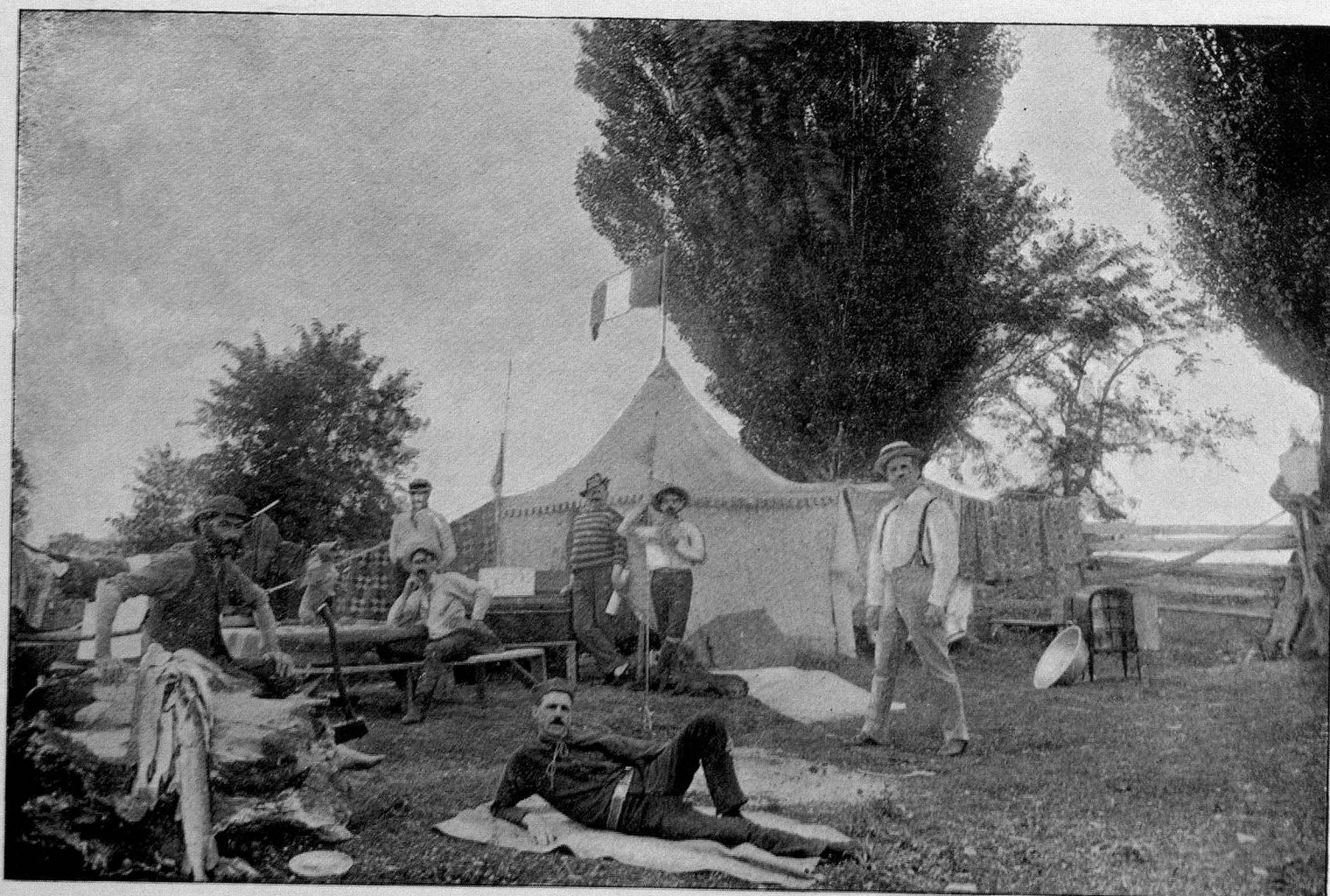
The six breeds of turkeys in the United States are known as, 1, the bronze; 2, the Narragansett; 3, white; 4, black; 5, buff; 6, slate. The largest of the bronze turkeys, raised principally in Connecticut, attain forty-five pounds in weight when two years old. The yearlings, more tender, usually weigh about twenty-five pounds. The Narragansetts are nearly as large.

CANADIAN SUMMER PASTIMES.



PIC-NIC ON THE RIVER ST. FRANCIS, NEAR MELBOURNE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

From a photograph by a lady amateur.



CAMPING ON ISLE-AUX-NOIX, RIVER RICHELIEU, P.Q.

From a photograph by Brault, of St. Johns, P.Q.

QUEBEC VIEWS.



DALHOUSIE GATE, CITADEL, QUEBEC. Inside View.



DALHOUSIE GATE, CITADEL, QUEBEC. Outside View.
From photographs by Capt. Inlah, R.C.A.



DRESSMAKING AN ART.—Dressmaking is no longer simply a business. It is an art. If a lady have occasion to furnish herself with a new costume for a certain fete, reception or what else it may be, it is not sufficient now that she buy a fashionable material and have it made in a fashionable manner. Women do not, must not now, all dress alike. She must study herself with an artist's eye. If she cannot do this let her employ a modiste who can, and let colour, form, treatment, garniture of the attempted costume all be the result of the careful study and end in a climax of perfect adaptation to the wearer.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—At the town of Beziers, France, Mlle. Helen Sapte, who is now eighty-three years old, has been employed in the Fusier family. When the anniversary arrived a feast was provided, and Mlle. Sapte, the aged servant, occupied the seat of honour at the head of the table. The honour was deserved, for she had "served in this family with a devotion and zeal never for a moment relaxed." The individuals of the family which celebrated her "golden wedding" as a hand-maiden were by no means the same as those for whom her work was begun, but she felt her devotion to be none the less due.

KEEP STRAIGHT.—A stooping position maintained for any length of time, tends more to undermine the health than is supposed. An erect position should be observed, whether sitting, standing or lying. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach or to one side, with the heels elevated on a level with the hands is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to the health; it cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system.

REGULATING WOMEN'S COIFFURES.—In mediæval times, when it was quite an everyday occurrence for laws to be passed regulating the quality of the material, as well as the fashion and embellishment of clothes to be worn by various grades of society, it is no matter of surprise to find that, as one instance, the mayor of Chester issued, in the thirty-second year of the reign of Henry III., an edict that, to distinguish married from unmarried women, no unmarried woman was to be allowed to wear white or coloured caps, and that no woman was to wear a hat unless when she rode or went abroad into the country.

FANS AN OLD INSTITUTION.—The Hebrews, Egyptians, Chinese and the miscellaneous population of India all used fans as far back as history reaches. Terence, a writer of Latin comedies who lived in the second century B.C., makes one of his characters speak of the fan as used by ladies in ancient Rome: "Take this fan and give her thus a little air." From this Roman origin the fashion of carrying fans was handed down to the ladies of Italy, Spain and France and thence introduced into Britain. Queen Elizabeth when in full dress carried a fan. Shakespeare speaks of fans as connected with a lady's bravery and finery:

With scarfs and fans, and double charge of bravery.

THE FRENCH COFFEE.—The French have the reputation of making the best coffee. They take a great deal of care in making this favourite beverage, and the result is that when French coffee is taken one drinks the pure flavour of the berry. They always grind the berries just before they are to be used, and do not let a quantity of ground coffee stand and get stale. The French cook then pours boiling water on the ground coffee; then she filters this, and after boiling the water again, pours it on the coffee once more. This is repeated a third time. She never boils the coffee and water together, nor puts the coffee in cold water and then let it boil.

A Horse-Dealer's Little Ruse.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

(Concluded from last week.)

The Misses Flewelling were all very pretty girls, and their name was legion, or at least, they could say, "we are seven." It was consequently a difficult matter to choose between them, but Mr. Smart was as good a judge of the fair sex as he was of horseflesh, and besides he felt himself equal to the task of amusing a colony of pretty girls much less a septenary. He possessed a superabundance of confidence in himself, and he had by constant endeavour developed in a high degree the delightful faculty of immediately making himself "at home" in whatever circle he might happen to be thrown. Of course, it does not follow that the happy persons upon whom he conferred the honour of his society invariably shared his keen enjoyment of the present hour, but certain it is that in the present instance the womenkind thought him a very agreeable person, and altogether it was the liveliest dinner to which the members of Mr. Flewelling's household had sat down for many a day. Mr. Smart's self-possession was admirable, and it had that necessary element of putting everybody else at ease in his presence at once, which alone can save familiarity from being a nightmare. He found his quarters so pleasant, although the home made wine was abominable, that it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to look at the colt at all that afternoon. Wine could never detain Mr. Smart at the table a moment longer than he proposed to stay, but women were his weakness. However, upon a hint from "mamma"—(the girls always called her "mother" in the absence of strangers, but "mamma" sounds so *refined* and fashionable)—the ladies exhibited their knowledge of town-life by rising from the table and leaving the two gentlemen alone with their wine and cigars.

The farmer was not as entertaining as his fair daughters, and after the ladies had retired, Mr. Smart quickly began to observe that time was flying, and suggested that they should adjourn to the stables. Mr. Flewelling was equally anxious.

Upon reaching the yard everybody was surprised to find that the agreeable Mr. Smart of five minutes before had vanished—that is, metaphorically speaking, for he was standing there, with his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, and a look of the most stolid unconcern pictured on his face. He looked as if he had been just dropped from the clouds, and had taken the matter philosophically as if it was all one to him where he fell. He was idly chewing a piece of straw, and altogether had the air of a man who was being bored and was not at great pains to conceal it.

Mr. Smart, like many others wise in their generation, was a duality. There was Mr. Smart the uncomprising, and some said, unscrupulous, man of affairs; and there was Mr. Smart, a gallant in his own fashion, brimming over with insidious flattery and always ready to respond to the toast of "The Ladies," or join in a dance. But coming to business with him meant the extinguishment of the latter personality, and the resumption of a gruff speech, which in itself spoke volumes of stable wisdom, and the loss of all that guileless and pleasing chatter which enabled him to while away so many pleasant hours, and raised him so high in the estimation of the fair sex. The women dearly love rattles, no matter how jangled or stupid their noise may be. They are doubtless governed in this matter by their unerring instinct and the law of congruity.

It was one of Mr. Smart's noticeable characteristics that whenever he meant business he allowed nothing to distract his attention, and did not indulge in any frivolity, as, for instance, chewing straw. But there is no rule without an exception. In business the horse dealer was like an eel in the mud; one could never tell just what his tactics were. Everybody in the neighbourhood at all acquainted with Mr. Smart, however, knew that in his dealings he was all eyes and ears, and his judgment in the matter of horse-flesh was almost

infallible. On the present occasion, when the colt was led into the yard, he merely screwed up his features into what seemed a hopeless tangle, and appeared to express a mixture of suppressed amusement, disappointment and good-natured forbearance, and bestowed a cursory glance upon the animal. Then his features relaxed, and he began to hum an air, half under his breath, as if the whole matter was settled, and he had no further concern in it. That cursory glance was sufficient for his trained eyes to discover that the colt was all that its owner claimed for it, but he well knew the value of indifference. He had internally made up his mind to purchase the colt, but he was perfectly aware of the circumstances in which Flewelling was placed, and he was rapidly revolving in his mind what his best plan of action would be in order to obtain the colt, as he put it, "for a song." He knew that Flewelling was accounted one of the best judges of cattle in Greensliné, and fully realized the difficulty of detaching him in regard to the value of his own property. His face, however, did not betray in the least what was really passing in his mind. He pulled a huge watch from his fob, and, upon consulting it, looked at the gathering clouds overhead.

"Well?" said Flewelling, with nervous quickness. The dealer's monotonous humming irritated him. It did not savour in the least of interest or admiration, but rather of a chilling indifference. "Well?" he repeated. "What d'ye think of him?"

The dealer made no motion that he understood the question. He walked slowly to a bundle of straw lying outside the stable door, drew out a long stalk, and returned to his former position. In dealing with the poverty-stricken, he always assumed a proper and becoming dignity, which was exhibited in slow answers and frigid deliberation, or hasty brusqueness, as the occasion seemed to demand. At such times he grumbled at everything or principle, or affected disdainful toleration. What his conduct was in his transactions with the rich concerns us not. He was a man of great parts, and, doubtless, fully rose to the exigencies of the occasion.

"Humph!" he replied at length, in a tone which one would have expected to hear come from the lips of a sphinx suddenly endowed with speech. "The colt may be very well for your purpose—very well, indeed—but he is of no use to me."

"What?—no good!" The very best bit o' horse flesh in the country. There ain't his equal in the wide world. D'ye know his sire? 'Prince,' sir, 'Prince'—a horse what's won a reputation as universal as that of—"he paused for an appropriate simile, and then added—"as that of Queen Victoria herself! Come, Mr. Smart," he continued, lowering his voice, and trying to speak with an affection of confidential jocularly, "we understand each other. You know the worth of that colt as well as I do, unless I'm greatly mistaken. You know I'd never sell him if it were not that I'm a little pressed for money just now."

"Xactly," replied the dealer. "I understand your position, but I cannot allow sentiment to interfere with business. I reckon that I know something about horses, and I say that the colt is no good. I don't want to put my hand in my pocket to buy an animal that'd be eating his head off in my stable and never find a purchaser."

"I know something about horses, too," said Flewelling, "and I say that the colt has a future of great possibilities before him. Try his pace."

"Well, well," said the dealer, again consulting his watch; "I'm pressed for time, but if you care to go to the trouble of having him put to, I'll trot him down the lane."

He appeared to be acting under protest—inconveniencing himself in order not to appear disobliging. In reality a bright idea had occurred to him. He was gifted with Napoleonic quickness of thought, and he carried out his plans with a coolness and ability worthy of the great general.

In a few minutes the colt was harnessed into a tall dog-cart, and the dealer lightly stepped into it and drove out of the yard. Mr. Flewelling followed to the gate and watched him drive sharply

down the lane. As he did so a smile crept over his features, as he thought of how quickly the dealer would discover the transcendent merits of the colt.

When Mr. Smart had turned a bend in the lane, and knew that he was well out of observation, he suddenly mounted to his feet, and, pulling the left rein fiercely, he at the same moment brought the butt end of the whip down heavily over the colt's left ear. This operation he repeated unceasingly, the poor bewildered beast absolutely refused to obey the left rein at all. Then Mr. Smart returned to the yard.

"What's your opinion of him now?" enquired the farmer, with a suggestion of triumph in his tone.

"The same as before," replied the dealer, "only he's worse than I expected. He's the most contrary, obstinate brute I've ever seen in my life. He's a born failure. Why, he won't answer to the bit, and I can't make him turn to the left at all."

The farmer grew very red in the face, and would most certainly have burst with indignation had not a good round oath found vent at this juncture.

"Well, I'm—" he exclaimed, springing up into the cart and seizing the ribbons. "Here, give me the reins; you don't understand the horse."

They dashed down the lane, but neither thrashing, persuasion or sweet green grass from the roadside could induce the poor beast to respond to the command of the left rein, and at last, tired out with thrashing the brute, the farmer reluctantly turned homeward in despair.

"You artful old cuss," said Mr. Smart, banteringly. "You knew that the horse was not worth his keep, but it takes a very wide-awake 'un to catch us napping."

The return journey was made in silence, except for the delicate irony with which Mr. Smart endeavoured to enliven his companion. Mr. Flewelling's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He could not respond to the dealer's remarks, which once would have roused his ire, but now sank into his heart like a knife. He was confused and suspicious, but wholly at a loss to account for the colt's delinquency, and it was with an effort that he restrained the tears from betraying the utterness of his dejection.

The reader who has accompanied me so far, cannot fail to have been impressed with the infinite compassion which abounded in the soul of Mr. Smart, and the spontaneous generosity which characterized his conduct. This was by no means the first time these admirable qualities had manifested themselves in his relations with those whom circumstance placed at a disadvantage. He was one of those men with whom a *really* deserving case for the exercise of a little benevolence was a command. How often had he endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his Sabbath school class that they should not enquire too strictly into the necessities of a case, but give with a full heart, and their reward would be more than commensurate! He always gave with a full heart himself, but then, he was so occupied with business, that the urgencies of his fellow-men too often escaped his observation, and his gifts did not embarrass him. He regretted it sorely, but what could he do? He was one of those who prefer to do good by stealth, and blush to find it known. He shunned publicity, and never even craved a personal paragraph in the Great Suringerton *Times*. He advertised, and that was sufficient for him. He had once brought a libel suit against a newspaper, and after the introduction of a lot of quite irrelevant matter into the proceedings, which did not greatly redound to his credit, he had been worsted. Since then he held newspapers in abhorrence, and often, especially in the presence of persons connected with the Press, expressed his views about them very strongly. But I am determined that he shall no longer hide his light under a bushel. "Full many a flower—" etc., but, however unwilling he may be to receive public admiration, I am resolved that his kindness to the helpless and friendless shall be made known. Hence this sketch, the truth of which I can vouch for, by the fact that I am a son of Mr. Flewelling, and was present at the time of this incident.

"Come, old Barabbas"—that was merely Mr.

Smart's cheerful way of verbally clothing his benevolence—"as I know that you are suffering with *temporary*"—with a considerate stress upon the word—"pecuniary embarrassments, I'll take the colt. He's not worth a brass farthing to me, but I understand that money's an object to you just now. But business is *business*—I'll only accept him at a price."

After some hopeless pleadings on the part of Flewelling, which the dealer, as if half retracting from his good intentions, characterized as an attempt to impose on his good nature—villainous extortion and ingratitude—a bargain was clinched at a figure which left Mr. Smart a margin of about 90 per cent. profit, but which was not enough to cover the farmer's rent.

That evening was a sufficiently miserable one to the inmates of the Oak Tree farm. The scene in the little parlour will remain for ever in my memory. A peremptory letter came from the landlord demanding the payment of the rent, and threatening the broker in the event of any further delay. Father and mother sat on either side of the table, looking, in blank despair, at a little pile of gold pieces, all insufficient to meet the demand. We children stood round with blanched awe-struck faces, not fully aware of the tumult in our father's heart, but comprehending that some dire calamity had befallen us. Youth is at once so quick in its perceptions and, by God's mercy, so blind as to consequences.

Poor old Dad! He had no heart for his pipe or newspaper that evening, and as we silently kissed him "good-night," the tears rolled down his careworn cheeks, and the "God bless you" that rose to his lips could find no utterance. The elder girls, who realized the full extent of our misfortune, of course wept copiously.

Mr. Smart took his prize to Great Swingerton the same afternoon, to prevent any little hitch happening. The following day he again rendered him ambidextrous, so to speak, by repeating the performance of the previous day upon the other side of his head, until the poor brute, not knowing which way to turn without incurring punishment, at last obeyed the reins as well as he did before making the acquaintance of his new owner.

All this I learned some years after the evil days which had befallen our family were bridged over and half forgotten. My sole object in rushing into print now is that it occurred to me that the story might meet the eyes of my benefactor, and he might like to receive my thanks for past favours *in person*. If he be among my readers, I hope his natural modesty will not prevent him from sending his card to the ever grateful

Thomas Flewelling.

CONTRITUM.

I was thinking, and the season
Of a youth my senses caught;
And, for some unearthly reason,
Back the morn of manhood brought;
Ere the brow was intersected by the furrowed lines of
thought.

I essayed, and oft did lisp her
Sad, sweet name;—'twas beyond whim.
Sorrow softly 'gan to whisper,
And my eyes began to swim,
'Till a tear that slowly gathered over-ran the fringed rim.

Slumber's stealthy step was stealing
To that cheerless, silent room;
Soon my spirit bow'd, and kneeling,
Bended o'er an humble tomb:
I was thinking, then, this earth is but of after life a womb.

Fancy, like a ghost anointed,
With her jewelled hand and white,
To a distant Aidenn pointed,
Through the darkness of the night,
Where the clouds were torn and rifted,—all was radiant
with light.

There, a golden harp to borrow,
Came a spirit, blonde and fair;
She, who bathed the feet in sorrow,
And wiped them in her hair—
Dried them in the tangled meshes of her long and silken
hair.

Lean'd she o'er the lyre and nursed it,
Long it tinkled like a bell,
'Till in solemn splendour burst it,
With a wild and sweeping swell:
Ah, Turkman! thou mistakest, an' thou sayest Israfel.

Then a voice, that sweetly blended
On Elysian air did glide;
When a sister-spirit wended
To that angel-harper's side,
And God! O God! 'twas she! 'twas she! whom I re-
fused a bride.

She, who walk'd the world in wailing,
A beauty pinched and worn,
With the garb of Virtue trailing,
Mine, the hand the veil had torn;
Mine, the laugh that pointed on her way the cruel hand
of scorn.

The bead, it grew upon my brow;
Stood my stiffened hair;
The scene was slow dissolving now,
And closed the gates of prayer;
The clouds rushed in to close before the wail of my despair.

O memory! terror-haunted thing!
On a wintry Christmas night
My locks were of the raven wing;
When dawned the morning light,
Repentance lay upon my head, and my hair—my hair
was white.

Quebec.

Foy.



"Does nobody want to be waked up early to-morrow?"
"No." "That's a pity! I have such a toothache that I
can't sleep."

Bacon: "Does Count Chose speak English?" Snider:
"Yes." Bacon: "With an accent?" Snider: "Yes,
with an accent and without grammar."

"A gentleman should never take a lady's hand unless
she offers it," says a book of etiquette. This knocks out
old-fashioned ideas about proposing completely askew.

Doctor: "Well, my dear sir, what seems to be the seat
of your disease?" Patient: "It doesn't seem to have any
seat, doctor. It's jumping up and down all the while."

A California widow had plans made for a \$50,000 monu-
ment for her late departed, but when the lawyers got through
fighting over the estate the widow was doing housework.

If there is anything more irrepressible than a fly inter-
viewing a bald head, it is the man who, having once had a
letter accepted and inserted in the paper, thinks that the
genius of composition is inborn within him.

Bauble (severely): "Miss Sharpson, I understand you
say that my attempts at wit are simply laughable." Miss
Sharpson (with much humility): "My dear Mr. Bauble, I
withdraw my words. To call your jokes laughable is to
grossly misrepresent them, I assure you."

Enamoured youth: "Your father treats me with the
most distinguished consideration. The other night he called
to me as I was leaving and reminded me that I was leaving
my umbrella." Sweet girl: "Yes; papa was afraid you
would be coming back after it the next evening."

Bank teller: "Will you take it as presumption, madam,
if I offer you these few roses?" "Miss Carmella Goldust:
"I don't know you, sir?" Bank teller: "I am aware of
that; but you are the only woman in the history of this
bank who ever endorsed a cheque on the right end!"

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeav-
oured to dissect the turkey, "if you are not the poorest man
to do marketing. This turkey's old as Methuselah."
"Possibly," replied Fogg, unabashed; "but, my dear, it is
a female bird, and courtesy to the sex prevented me from
enquiring about her age."

They had been discussing phrenology and bumps, and
little Johnny, who had been listening attentively, ex-
claimed: "Pa, I've got a bump." "And what kind of a
bump have you got?" retorted Jenkins, delighted in the
possession of a son with a mind so far above tops and alley
taws. "I've got the bump of eatin'."

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor): "Where
did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any
marks." Visitor: "Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten
by any chicken." Johnny: "Mamma, didn't you tell
papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully henpecked? Why, mamma,
how funny you look! Your face is all red."

The wish-bone.—She: "There, it's yours. Now wish;
but mind, you mustn't tell your wish, or it will never come
true." He (tenderly): "But may I not tell you?" She:
"Oh, dear, no!" He (pathetically): "It never can come
true unless I do tell you." She (shyly): "Well, then, in
such an exceptional case as yours, perhaps you had better
tell me."

A stout elderly lady was hanging by a strap and casting
black looks at an inoffensive but ungallant dude, who sat
sucking the head of his cane. A sudden lurch of the car
flung the lady upon him with great force. "Say, dash it,
don't you know, exclaimed the youth, 'you've crushed my
foot to a jelly!'" "It's not the first time I've made calf's-
foot jelly," retorted the woman, severely, as he vanished
and she prepared to sit down.



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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

At the end of the year 1888, during which the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED made its appearance before its readers, we feel pleasure in looking forward during the new year to a still wider acquaintance and good friends, in all and every part of the Dominion, and to them we offer, in advance, a host of greetings, blending them with the hope that, while we shall do our utmost to give them the best paper that can be published, they will give us a hand in spreading the range of a truly National Work.



The new Minister of the Interior may be said to have an inspiration. There is only one herd of genuine buffalos left in the Northwest, the property of Major Bedson, of Stony Mountain, Manitoba. This he was said to have sold to an American ranch, but there seems to have been a hitch in the transaction, and Hon. Mr. Dewdney now feels a bent to secure Mair's "Last Bison"—the whole herd—for the National Park at Banff. A more thoughtful and timely official act could not be performed.

Lady Herbert of Lea is said to have met, the other day, in New York, in the garb of a Little Sister of the Poor, a young lady who was, a few years ago, one of the wealthiest and most sought-after belles of London, relinquishing that station to accept the humbler one in which she now moves. Lady Herbert herself is well-known, not only in letters, but also in charities to the poor, and we believe she is closely related to the Secretary of the British Legation, at Washington, and acting Minister *ad interim*.

The secular ages of flowers are no longer a secret. It is said that the oldest rose bush in the world, of which there is authentic record, grows in a churchyard, and against the old church at Hildersheim, Germany. Eight hundred years ago, so the records say, Bishop Hepilo caused a trellis to be built on which it was supported. To-day the main stem is thicker than a man's body. The Seminary, here in Montreal, has vineyards, apple, pear and plum trees, in full growth and mellowest flavour, that were brought over from France before the Conquest.

Similarly, the old Puritan Endicott planted a pear tree which is still standing, very much alive, in the village of Danvers, in Massachusetts, though the governor himself be dust. It is the oldest cultivated fruit-bearing tree in New England, is of the variety Bon Chretien, and was brought from old England. The Governor was the forefather of the present Secretary of War Endicott at Washington, whose lovely daughter was lately united in wedlock to the Honourable Joseph Chamberlain.

It is well that those who care for the lining of their stomachs and want to escape slow poisoning should be positively assured that there is no brandy *at all* in the fruit of the grape coming out of France. The vines have been worm-eaten and not replaced. The same thing is true of the best wines. And the fullest proof of all is that the use of strong liquor in France has of late years progressed at a greater ratio than in any other country. The results are made apparent by the fact that, from 1870 to 1885, the number of suicides from drunkenness had increased six-fold, while cases of madness, traceable to the same cause, have increased from 9 to 16 per cent., and accidental deaths have increased 20 per cent.

There is nothing for square teaching like an occasional dip into statistics. Thus the *Star* shows that, of the total direct provincial revenue derived by the Quebec Government from taxation, Montreal pays \$322,217, and the whole of the rest of the province \$277,231. Montreal pays the biggest half of the direct provincial revenue, yet has only three representatives in the Legislature among sixty-five. Montreal has one-sixth the population of the rest of the province, yet is entitled to less than one-twentieth the representation. If the figures were obtainable, something of the same disparity would appear in Toronto's wealth and population and her representation.

The editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has personally the word of the oldest statistician in Canada, whose official standing gives him access to the best sources of knowledge, in all the Provinces and the United States, that, in the last eight years, Toronto has grown in size, population, and other ways, more than any town in North America. He adds that he has no doubt the special census lately taken is strictly accurate.

Montreal will have to look to her laurels. Her exceptional geographical position, at the head of navigation, upon which she has relied so long, still makes her advantages impregnable, but there is no denying that she has not availed herself, as she should have done, of the natural resources by which she is surrounded. Why, only the other day, at a public meeting of the City Council, some one scoffed at the notion of employing the enormous and available Lachine Rapids as a motive power, when we have force enough there to set awheel all the machinery of Canada.

The people of Quebec are again bringing forward the feasibility of the navigation of the St. Lawrence throughout the year. It is not a question of sentiment, but a grim struggle with the forces of nature, as the fearful disasters of only last week's snow storm plainly show. The demands of the Quebec Board of Trade are, however, reasonable enough, but they should put the limit of safe navigation from the 1st April, instead of the 1st March, to the 1st December. The building of a lighthouse at the Traverse and the laying of the cable from Anticosti to Belle Isle Straits are public works which will be excused in any case.

Of the three great old Englishmen who were lying low a few weeks since, as we then stated, and who were all at the edge of death, all are out of danger—Dr. Newman, the oldest of the three; Lord Tennyson, who has gone to Cannes,

Das land wo die citronen blühen,
for the winter; and John Bright, a little the youngest, who is still weak indeed, but with good

chances of recovery. It is no small nation that can lose three such distinguished men.

Our friend R. S. White, M.P., for Cardwell, has imagined a new way of getting a good table article, and of encouraging the dairies of his constituency. He gave ten dollars for the best thirty pounds of butter displayed on the Orangeville market on December 19th, the butter to be his own. This makes the price a fraction over thirty-three cents a pound, which is pretty stiff, when in Montreal we can get the soundest butter for thirty cents.

We like to hear a ringing voice, such as that of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, at a late meeting of the Canadian Institute, of Toronto, when he lectured on "The Progress of Canada." After speaking of our historic greatness, our constitutional institutions—the freest of the world—our immense territory and growing population, he instanced the Mackenzie Basin and its great resources; the rise and progress of Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia; the creation and prosperity of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the superiority of Ontario to the best States of the American Union, and the future greatness of Vancouver, and other factors in Canada's progress.

CANADIAN LETTERS.

We received, the other day, a marked copy of a Boston paper, which, under the main heading, "Books and Authors," had a long article of a column and a half, entitled, "Out of Nazareth." This was signed by Wm. Morton Fullerton. The first sentence gave the key note of the whole, in rejecting the insinuation of Professor Richardson, of Dartmouth, in his book on American Literature, that "the poetic prospect in the Atlantic Colonies, prior to 1700, was more discouraging than it is in Canada to-day." And then, turning the tables, Mr. Fullerton says that this is the sort of *obiter dictum* which Professor Richardson may at some time think to have been a bit rash. One continually comes upon such by-the-way aspersions against Australia, and it is not so very long since some Englishmen were making equally unintelligent attacks upon America, expressed with even more bitterness. Flings of this sort are natural enough; but in proportion to the temptation to make them, they should be guarded against. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" is a question that really hurts nobody but him who asks it; for it betrays a certain provincialism and certain prejudices in the enquirer, and a too slight sense, perhaps, of how large the range of the possible is in this world.

Mr. Fullerton next waxes sarcastic, and adds that if one who knows anything of the work of a Canadian poet, Mr. Bliss Carman, for instance, should chance upon the "aside" of Professor Richardson's he will be likely to be annoyed by it. It is safe to say that Professor Richardson cannot be familiar with any Canadian poems, else he would not have compared the poetic promise of Canada to-day with that betrayed in 1700 by a people the nature of whose poetic expression may be satirically suggested to those who do not recall it by the mention of "The Bay Psalm Book" (few persons at that time could say with the Psalmist: "I will set no base thing before my eyes"); Mrs. Bradstreet's "Four Elements" and "Four Monarchies," and Rev. Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom." The poetic prospect at that period,

when the horrors of an almost scientifically determined Day of Judgment could arouse poetic impulses, was indeed "more discouraging than it is in Canada to-day," with her half dozen names which might be given, beside those of Roberts and Carman.

The retort is well deserved. With their usual flippancy and shallowness, many of these pedagogues beyond the lines sneer at Canadian letters, and affect to ignore their very existence. Indeed, their ignorance is not simulated; it is real. If it comes to comparison between the two countries, the game of scoffing can be played by two. The United States have been an independent nation for more than a hundred years, with the enjoyment of every advantage which wealth and free institutions can impart, and yet it is not more than forty or fifty years since that they can lay claim to the merit of a national literature. A few of the fathers of this literature are still living—Bancroft, Whittier, Curtis and Lowell. While the literary activity is doubtless very great in all departments, especially in light novelettes and journalism, American critics are the first to complain that they have not yet produced a writer of creative genius, and very few that have reached the highest levels of excellence. We shall be more liberal than this. For us Longfellow is unsurpassed as a poet in modern times. Hawthorne is, doubtless, the *only* purely American novelist, although there are many story tellers. Webster and Calhoun were giants of oratory, such as Greece, Rome or Parliamentary England never excelled. All this is cheerfully admitted, but still American professors ought to be careful, and must admit that the literary and intellectual harvest is not in proportion with the opportunities which they have enjoyed.

Here in Canada, our nationality does not date back much above a score of years. We have not yet celebrated the first five and twenty years of our life as a nation. And still, within that brief span, within the bounds of one generation, under the eyes of middle-aged men, who, like the writer, have watched the young Confederacy from its cradle to its present majority, Canadian literature has grown into a living entity, a potential factor, and a future arbiter of the destinies of this youthful and buoyant Dominion. Every province, even the youngest, has furnished its contingent. The literary awakening, especially in the field of fancy and imagination, throughout the Maritime Provinces, rises to the dignity of a phenomenon, and we would not need to go out of the pages of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* for examples of this poetic blossoming in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In Quebec there has been a keen rivalry between the French and English speaking populations, with the result that our pen could write out, without stopping, over a dozen names, in this business city of Montreal, of men who have helped, by their writings, to mould, raise and establish the framework of a Canadian literature. The Ontario names could be written out with like ease, and the claims of Toronto to be called the Athens or Boston of Canada, cannot well be gainsaid. We shall strike a balance, however, and Montreal will be content to remain, in literature and business, the New York of the Dominion.

While we deprecate the system of wholesale praise for every little book of poems that pours out—as they have done latterly—there is no

doubt that much excellent work in verse has been done of late and, within the past five or six years, at least half a dozen names have sprung into fame. This is a satisfactory record, and on it we establish the solid claims of Canadian literature.

HERE AND THERE.

FR. VISSANI'S BEARD.—"Do you see that man across the street with the gray beard?" said a well known lawyer to a N.Y. *Sun* reporter. He is Very Rev. Charles A. Vissani, the commissariat of the Holy Land, and he is here making arrangements to lead the first American pilgrimage to Palestine next February. Six months ago his face was as smooth as my boy's, and the other day, when I met him on the street, I couldn't imagine what had induced him to grow a beard until I remembered the proposed pilgrimage to Palestine. The Turks, who rule there, respect a beard, and a clean-shaven man is looked upon as one who has undergone penance for his misdeeds. All the Franciscan fathers in the Holy Land wear beards.

TOAST.—Toasting bread destroys the yeast germs and converts the starch into a soluble substance which is incapable of fermentation. Dry toast will not sour the stomach, nor produce any discomfort, and is, therefore, more agreeable to a weak digestion than any other bread.

MISUSE OF WORDS.—A prominent example of a word that has been wrongly used by some one and taken up in its new sense by others, until its original meaning is nearly lost sight of, is the much used word "humanitarian," which is by the great majority of people supposed to refer to one who is interested in humane efforts, but the definition given by Webster and Worcester of this word is "one who denies the divinity of Christ." "Lurid" is another word commonly misused. The average newspaper reporter, who, in describing a fire, writes of "the lurid flames gleaming against the midnight sky," is evidently unaware that the dictionary definition of the word lurid is "pale, gloomy, dismal."

TORONTO IN 1805.—Mr. Patterson, an old Toronto man, called upon the Mayor of that city, and produced an official manuscript census of the town of York for 1805. This manuscript came to him from his grandfather. At that time the population was 473, made up as follows: Adult males, 119; adult females, 82; male children over 16, 8; female children over 16, 21; male children under 16, 108; female children under 16, 81; servants, 54.

MONEY IN FAUST.—Antoine de Choudens, the head of a well-known music-publishing firm in Paris, who died the other day, owed his fortune to his shrewdness and courage in publishing Gounod's "Faust." He invested all the money he possessed, \$2,000, in this enterprise, and in the course of his lifetime received at least \$500,000 as his share of the profits, to say nothing of the present value of the copyrights.

SCOTCH PEASEMEAL.—The Scotch are large consumers of pease meal, which they make into bannocks or brose, good for hungry people and racy to the taste. When the wheat crop is short and flour is dear, both oatmeal and pease meal might be used to advantage in more Canadian families than have ever tried them.

ALPHABETS.—The Sandwich Island alphabet has only 12 letters; the Burmese, 19; the Italian, 20; the Bengalese, 21; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan and Latin, 22 each; the French, 23; the Greek, 24; the German and Dutch, 26 each; the Spanish and Slavonic, 27 each; the Arabic has 28; the Persian and Coptic, 32; the Georgian, 35; the Armenian, 38; the Russian, 41; the Muscovite, 43; the Sanscrit and Japanese, 50; the Ethiopic and Tartaric, 202.

It is reported that Adelina Patti has purchased the chateau of Chenonceaux, and that she is going to live there after leaving her Welsh castle. The chateau is the most romantic and picturesque spot in all Touraine. The castle itself is of Gothic architecture, and is perched right on the bridge over the Cher River. It was until recently owned by Mme. Pelouze, the sister of M. Daniel Wilson, ex-President Grévy's notorious son-in-law.

THE HEAVY AND LIGHT BRIGADES.

Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, writes as follows of the day of Balaklava: If I remember Kinglake rightly, Lord Lucan who commanded the cavalry, directed Scarlett's charge of the Heavy Brigade or Scots' Dragoons and Enniskilleners in the forenoon, against the Russian squadrons of cavalry, which was supplemented by a charge from the Royal Irish and Regiments of cavalry. It was during this inaction of the Light Brigade that Lord Cardigan "was damning the Heavies," and chafing to take part in the fray. His time came in the afternoon, when Lord Lucan sent Captain Nolan with the order over which so much controversy has arisen, but which appears to have been an order for the Light Brigade to charge or threaten some Russian batteries on one side of the valley. It was only when Lord Lucan, with feelings of dismay, saw the Light Brigade sweep forward in magnificent array, and disappear into the Valley of Death, that he comprehended the terrible mistake, and advanced his heavy squadrons to their support as far as he dare, even until they came under the fire of some of the Russian guns, on the crest of the banks of the valley, which had just been firing on the Light Brigade, until they were past them, and poured like a lava tide between the guns in front of them. So great was the effect of this splendid charge upon the Russians, that infantry battalions, a mile and a quarter away, on the slopes, were thrown into square to receive cavalry, and their cavalry and Cossacks, massed a short distance behind the guns assaulted, were apparently afraid to break their formation to capture the fragments of the Light Brigade, or to intercept stragglers on their return to where the Heavy Brigade was awaiting them. Kinglake gives great credit to the French Chasseurs d'Afrique for a brilliant charge which "crumpled" up all the Russian batteries on one side of the valley. The French advance causing all these batteries to limber and move off, thereby secured immunity from that quarter for what was left of the Light Brigade on its return. Kinglake, I believe, argues that this was the charge which the latter should have made, and the French officer quickly saw the blunder, and did what he could to avert some of the consequences.

In conclusion I must congratulate the publishers of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* on the excellent paper they publish. I have been a subscriber from the first number and would not be without it now. Wishing you every success as a Canadian enterprise, etc.

LITERARY NOTES.

Doctor John G. Bourinot, clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, will read a paper on "The Federal Experiment in Canada," before the American Historical Association at Washington.

Mr. Douglas Brymner, the Dominion Government architect, passed through Montreal, the other day, on his way to Washington, where he will read a paper on the Archives, before the American Historical Society.

In the October number of the *King's College Record*, the editor, Goodridge B. Roberts, begins a series of studies on "Canadian Poets," and takes up Heavyside first, as quite fitting. The chief facts are given, and the appreciation of a man of genius is fitting.

Mr. John A. Dales, Walkerton, has been appointed modern language master at the Collegiate Institute, at a salary of \$1,000. He is a graduate of Toronto University. Mr. Brough, Ottawa, undergraduate of Queen's, has been appointed English master; salary, \$750.

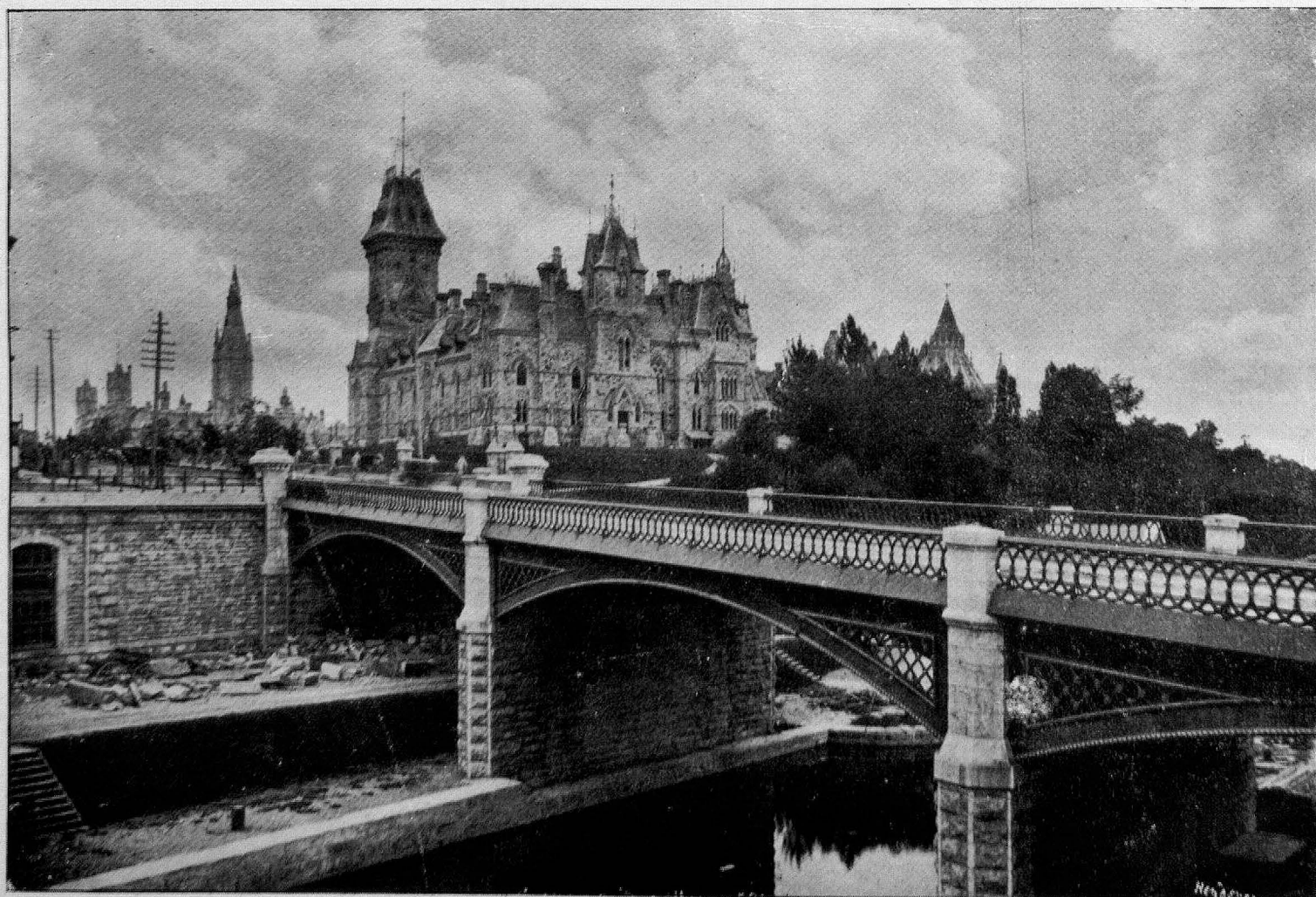
Jno. G. Whittier, the venerable poet, has reached his 81st birthday at his winter home at Oak Knoll, one of his favourite resorts, near Danvers, Mass. The day was observed in the poet's customary quiet and modest way, receiving friends and neighbours and other callers.

At the last meeting of the Montreal Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, a Chrysler's farm silver medal and a Wicksteed gold medal of McGill College were exhibited by Messrs. Henri and Patrice Guy, as also, by the chairman, a series of most interesting photographs of various things in the old Hudson's Bay territories, including the ruins of Fort Churchill as destroyed by d'Iberville, and a group of buffalo, instantaneously photographed while feeding in the prairie grass. Mr. DeLery Macdonald read a paper on "Fort de Callieres," the old fort just eastward of the site of which the present Custom House is built. The members then partook of one of those pleasant suppers, which are a frequent feature of the gatherings of this old society.



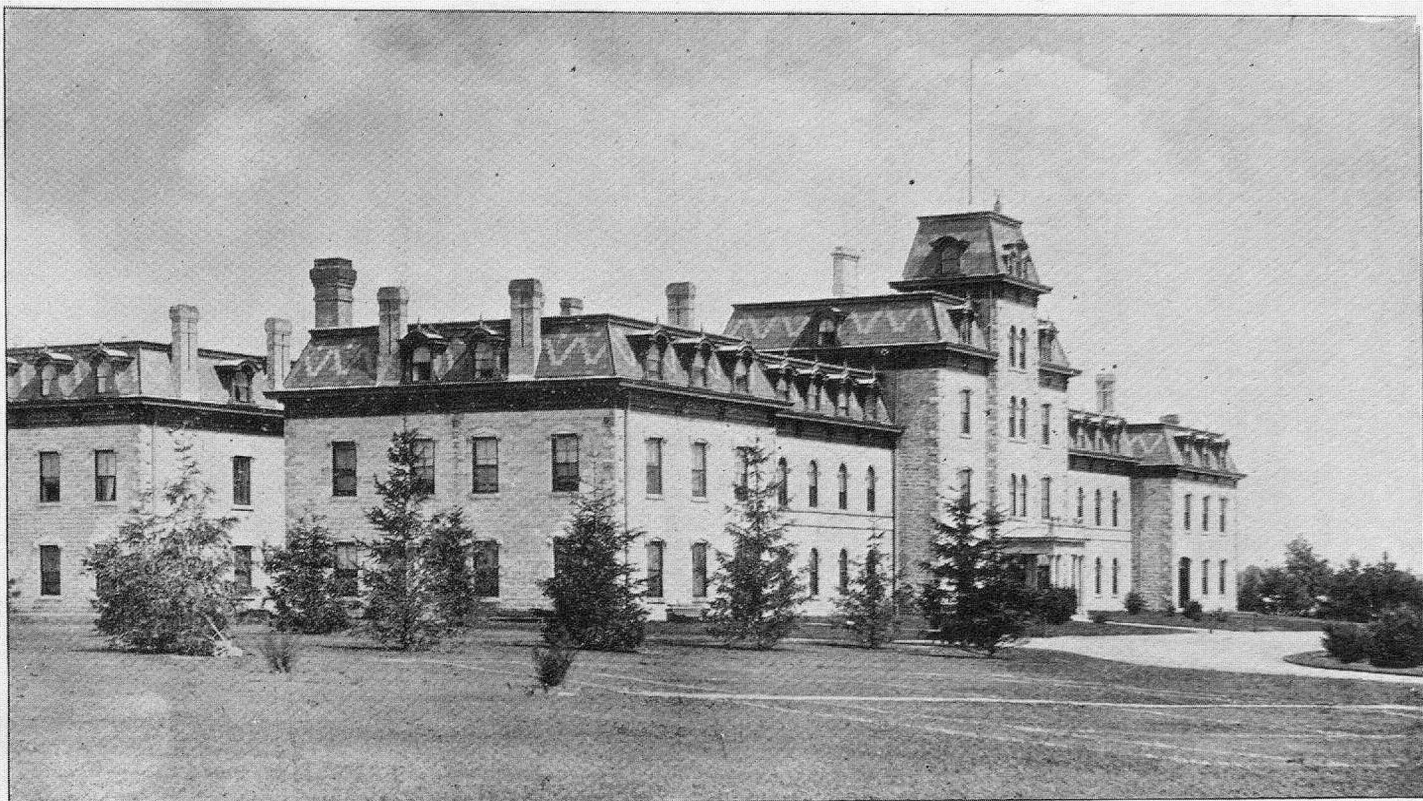
BALA FALLS, MUSKOKA. ONT.

From a photograph by Thos. Boyd.



DUFFERIN BRIDGE, OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Henderson.

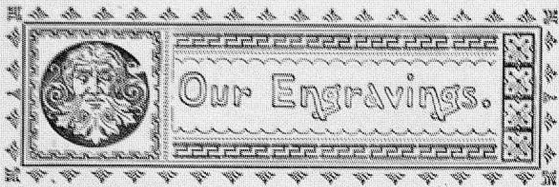


ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH, ONT.



FARM BUILDINGS OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH, ONT.

From a photograph by Soule.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.—Elzéar Alexander Taschereau was born at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, on the 17th February, 1820, and is descended from a Touraine family. His grandfather was a member of the Legislative Assembly of his time, and his father a judge of the King's Bench. His mother was the daughter of Hon. Mr. Panet, Speaker of the first Legislative Assembly of Canada. The future Cardinal studied in the two seminaries of Quebec, and, in 1836, paid his first visit to Rome, where he received the Minor Orders, and, on his return to Quebec, in 1842, he was ordained to the priesthood, and spent several years at the Seminary, engaged in the teaching of various branches. In 1847 he distinguished himself by his charity, and exposing his life for the victims of ship fever. In 1854 he again visited the Eternal City, and spent two years there, grounding himself in Canon Law, for which he received the degree of doctor. On his return he presided over the Little and Grand Seminaries successively, and, in 1860, became superior of the Seminary and rector of Laval University. In 1862, after another visit to Rome, he was made vicar of the arch-diocese, and continued at the head of the Seminary till 1871, when he succeeded Archbishop Baillargeon in the See of Quebec. His visits to Rome were again frequent, and on his last voyage thither, in 1887, he was exalted to the Cardinal's purple. On this honour he was congratulated, not only by his own people, but by the whole people of Canada, regardless of creed.

BALA FALLS.—The Lakes of Muskoka, the Islands of Georgian Bay and the Magnetawan are among the most beautiful scenery and the pleasantest excursion places in Ontario. Among the sights of this privileged region are the Bala Falls, given in our engraving, on the Moon River, the outlet of Lake Muskoka.

DUFFERIN BRIDGE, OTTAWA.—Those who are acquainted with Ottawa will recognize this bridge as one of the features of the triangular space, leading from Upper to Lower Town, across the Rideau Canal. The other bridge that meets Dufferin is the historic Sappers' Bridge, recalling the mighty public works done by the Sappers and Miners in the old military days. In the right distance we have the East Departmental Building; then appears in sight the bell-like dome of the Library, and afar is the Mackenzie Tower.

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The College building is a plain, substantial structure, without much claim to architectural beauty. Like the institution itself, it was built little by little without any very definite idea of the shape it might ultimately assume. When the Government first bought land and determined to establish an agricultural college, the architect drew plans for a building which would have suited the purpose exactly, but the cost seemed too great and the country was not prepared for it; consequently it was decided fourteen years ago to commence work with a few students in Mr. Stone's farmhouse. Additions and alterations were made from time to time, as the number of students increased, till the result is a large and peculiarly arranged building, altogether different from what was originally intended, but affording considerable accommodation and serving the purpose fairly well. In the building, as it now stands, there are 122 rooms—three classrooms, a reading-room, a library, a room to be fitted up for a museum, a laboratory, three offices, a public reception-room, sixty-two students' dormitories, a large dining-hall, a servants' dining-room, a storeroom, pantry, kitchen, scullery, laundry, drying-room, eight bathrooms, nine bedrooms for servants, the messenger's room, a parlour and bedroom for the matron, a sitting-room and bedroom for the assistant resident master, nine rooms in the left wing occupied as a dwelling-house by the president and his family, two rooms in the centre occupied by the matron, an officers' dining-room, a spare-room, three wash-rooms, an engine-room and a coal house. The farm buildings, as shewn in our second engraving, are large and commodious. There are also several cottages erected on the grounds, used as residences of the professor of agriculture, the bursar and the farmer. The farm, containing 550 acres, was purchased in 1873 from Mr. F. W. Stone, for \$75,000, and is situated on the Dundas road, about a mile from the city of Guelph. The course of instruction, which lasts two years, comprises:—First year—Agriculture, live stock, inorganic chemistry, organic chemistry, geology and physical geography, structural and physiological botany, physiology, zoology, veterinary anatomy, veterinary materia medica, English literature and composition, book-keeping, arithmetic, and mensuration. Second year—Agriculture, live stock, arboriculture, agricultural chemistry, meteorology, systematic and economic botany, entomology, horticulture, veterinary pathology, veterinary surgery and practice, English literature, political economy, book-keeping, mechanics, levelling and surveying. The general management of the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm is divided between the President and the Farm Superintendent, who are, to a large extent, independent of each other; but neither is responsible for the discharge of his duties to anyone but the Commissioner of Agriculture. The college is frequented by about two hundred students, not only from all parts of

Canada, but from the United States and England as well. It has a library of 4,000 volumes, a reading-room and a flourishing Literary society.

SHAMROCKS AND BROCKVILLES.—The object of this picture of the national game is to show the meeting of two crack clubs—one from Western Quebec, the other from Eastern Ontario—gathering together in fellowship, after a hard fought battle, in which they strove for the mastery of the championship. A finer group of young men it were hard to set eyes on. Behind them stretches the grand stand, black with people, giving evidence of Montreal's preëminent love of sport. To the right is the white pile of Montreal College, or the Seminary, as it is historically called, and full before us, we have a view of Mount Royal, clothed with the primeval forest.

LA MANDOLINATA.—This is a charming picture, with all the surroundings in thorough keeping. The trunk of the hoary trees entwined with ivy, and the flitting of lady-birds through the tropic leafage, are fit accompaniments to the beautiful girl—Petrarch's Laura, mayhap, thrumming the silver strings.

La vita fugge, e non s'arresta un ora;
E la morte vien dietro a gran giornate;
E le cose presenti e le passate
Mi danno guerra, e le future ancora.

The mandolin is a stringed instrument, of the guitar type, from the Greek Pandoura, because Pan was the author thereof. We have the same word in English, through the old word "Bandore."

SIR DANIEL WILSON.—We are sure that the reader will be better pleased with the following modest personal notes, furnished to the editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, than by a set biography which could be written. Sir Daniel Wilson dates his letter from Elliott's, Campton Village, New Hampshire, U.S., August 21, 1888, and he says:—"Your letter of the 15th has been forwarded to me here, where I am enjoying a brief holiday among the White Mountains. You ask for a few notes of my public career. A literary man lives in his books. Born and educated in Edinburgh, the historical antiquities of the old Scottish capital thoroughly impressed my imagination, and my first work was "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," a large work in two volumes, 4 to., illustrated from my own drawings. By and by I became honorary-secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. My next work was "The Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," which went through a second edition. (MacMillan & Co.) Meanwhile, Lord Elgin, who had been president of the Society of Antiquaries, became Governor-General of Canada, and when a Chair of History was established in the University of Toronto, I owed my appointment as professor there to him. In Canada, for thirty-five years, I have resolutely battled for the maintenance of a National System of University Education, in opposition to sectarian or denominational colleges. In this I have been successful, and I regard it as the great work of my life. But since I became a Canadian, I have written "Prehistoric Man and the Origin of Civilization," which has reached its third edition; also, "Caliban, the Missing Link"—a bit of Shakespearean criticism; "Chatterton: A Biographical Study," and "Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh." In the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, I have contributed various articles, including that of "Canada," and have written numerous papers in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, The Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, The Journal of the British Archaeological Institute, the Canadian Journals, The Royal Society Transactions, and other periodicals. The above, I suppose, are the sort of notes you want. I have the Honourary Diploma of many learned societies—the Royal Society of Italy; the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen; the Anthropological Societies of Paris, London, Washington, etc.; the Royal Society of Edinburgh." So far Sir Daniel himself. There remain to add to the brilliant record the promotion to the Presidency of the University of Toronto; the Vice-Presidency and Presidency of the Royal Society of Canada; the Presidency of the English Section of Literature thereof, and the proud token of Knighthood, which the retiring scholar was at first unwilling to accept, but which public opinion soon forced upon him. The editor of the ILLUSTRATED looks upon it as a feather in his cap that he was the first, through the Montreal Gazette, to press acquiescence as a national duty.

SINGING OUT THE OLD YEAR.—We have inserted this characteristic picture, for a token of New Year's day, as the reader will doubtless perceive at a glance. The association of song with the incoming and outgoing of the year, is embodied in all literature. Among other fancies, it readily reminds one of Tenyson's thoughtful verses:

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LATE FOR CHURCH.—This might be styled a Canadian picture, especially in winter, when young women or mothers, having to attend early service, are kept back by household duties, the care of children, the preparation of breakfast, or a late rising, from a night of watching, till the last call of the bells, and, although they hasten forward, the late-comer, in our picture, has not done buttoning her glove as she reaches the pillars of the church door.

THE LITTLE LORD.

Parvus Dominus et amabilis nimis. S. Franc. of Assisi.

Within the chapter of a cloister old,
Torre d' Amalfi is its name so fair,
A curious tapestry, on the wall unrolled,
Related, in devices quaint and rare,
How that the Saviour in a manger lay,
Naked and lorn, upon wisps of hay,

Mary, the Mother, knelt upon the right,
Upon the left knelt Joseph with rapt eye;
And heifers twain, one russet and one white,
Poured warmth from their pink nostrils, standing by;
While, through the open roof, upon a cloud,
Were troops of Angels seen, that hymned aloud.

Before this picture, on one Christmas night,
Saint Francis and his monks were come to pray,
When, sudden, quickened by an inner light,
The holy man besought each one to say
What was the burden of the Angels' song
Sounding the ilex and fox-grapes among.

Smiling, the choir of hooded Cordeliers
In full accord intoned the canticle,
Which now, for hard on twice one thousand years,
The hearts of Christ's elect have loved so well:—
"Glory to God unto the Highest, and
Peace to good men upon the sea and land!"

Francesco's eyes with heavenly light were fired,
An aureole beamed above his sainted head;
And, turning to the crib, like one inspired,
In sweetest accents to his monks he said:
"Not so. To me 'tis this the Angels tell:
'O Little Lord, exceeding loveable!'"

I oft bethought me, dwelling on this scene,
As even sinners will, in happier mood,
'Tis best to pass the glory and the sheen,
And set our hearts upon the simple good;
Believing that Saint Francis found the key
To all the grace of the Nativity!

So, on this Christmas eve, when from above,
Strange loads of care are bearing on my soul,
Severed from mine, and seeking for a love
That shall bestead me through the days of dole,
I bow my head and whisper only this:
Parvus Dominus et amabilis.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Percy Woodcock, of Brockville, has arrived in Montreal and will spend about a month here.

The Governor-General and Lady Stanley will hold a levee in the Legislative Assembly Chamber, Toronto, on the 2nd January, 1889.

Professor Julius Pohlman, of Buffalo, has just finished his calculations on Niagara, and he says the brink of the falls has moved back one mile in 2,000 years.

The Pope has offered Cardinal Taschereau for his Cathedral church a magnificent ostensory or receptacle for the Host, which figured at the late festivities at the Vatican.

The member of Sir John Macdonald's family, whose death has been recently recorded, was that of his sister, Miss Louisa Macdonald, and not that of his daughter, Miss Macdonald.

The Bishop of Montreal has appointed Mr. W. H. Robinson, manager of the E. T. Bank at Huntingdon, to the vacancy on the Executive Committee, caused by the death of Judge Armstrong.

Mr. Robert Brewer, assistant accountant of the House of Commons, came to Montreal on the 20th to play the violoncello at the Philharmonic concert. Mr. Brewer is as skilful a musician as he is an accomplished gentleman.

Sir John Lister-Kaye and Lady Kaye have gone from the Northwest to England. Sir John is the leading owner of ten vast stock farms west of Regina. He says the company proposes to place 30,000 head of sheep on their different properties next year. Thoroughbred horses and cattle will be imported from England for breeding purposes.

The progress Cardinal Newman is making toward recovery is most satisfactory. It was, nevertheless, deemed advisable by his doctors that he should be spared the excitement of a personal interview with Mr. Gladstone. Cardinal Newman expressed a wish to see his old man servant, who was attendant many years ago in Ireland, and who is now in business in Birmingham.

Mrs. McLachlan, wife of Rev. Alex. McLachlan, who less than a year ago, with her husband, left for Tarsus, Asia Minor, to take charge of a St. Paul institute that had been founded in that place under the auspices of various American missionary societies, died at Adana, Asia Minor. Mrs. McLachlan was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Stephens, of Toronto.

Inspector Andrews, of Scotland Yard, took a trip to Niagara Falls. He said to a *World*, Toronto, man: "Before I got out there I thought all this talk about the Falls was to a great extent newspaper and travellers' exaggerations, but when I got there, I found that nobody had done full justice to the scene, and, in fact, to my mind, language is powerless to describe it. I would not have missed that visit for anything."

EMPIRE FIRST.

A BIT OF LITERARY HISTORY—A NATIONAL SONG—TEN YEARS, 1878-1888.

On the 21st of March, 1888, during the debate on Reciprocity, in the House of Commons, Mr. Alexander McNeill, member for North Bruce, wound up an able speech with the following lines:

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain raised us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.

Stand, Canadians! firmly stand
Round the flag of fatherland!

These verses were declaimed with so much warmth and skill that the House greeted them by a round of cheers.

The next morning, as Mr. John Talon-Lesperance was reading the Ottawa *Citizen*, in the lobby of the Russell House, his eye fell on this passage, and while it tickled him not a little, he wondered whether the speaker knew where he got those lines or who wrote them. Naturally the honourable gentleman had read them somewhere, thought enough of them to learn them by heart, and knew when to cite them as occasion offered. In the next number of the "Ephemerides," on the 24th March, "Laclede" made a brief statement of his own authorship. Meantime the subject was taken up; the verses, which were widely copied when first published, went the rounds again after ten years. Among many communications the author received two interesting letters, which will be given below; and when Mr. Lighthall was putting together material for his Windsor and Canterbury volume of "Canadian Poets," out of Mr. Lesperance's verses, he chose first, and at once, "Empire First."

The letters referred to are from Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, Q.C., of Ottawa, and Mr. Alexander McNeill, M.P., of The Corran, Warton, in North Bruce, and they contain several literary and musical paragraphs, which are interesting in connection with the national song. Before publishing them, however, Mr. Lesperance asked the leave of the writers, and here is the reply in each case:—

I.

OTTAWA, October 9, 1888.

John Talon-Lesperance, Esq., Montreal:

DEAR SIR,—Your favour requesting permission to publish my letter, of some time ago, anent the McNeill episode and your national hymn of "Empire First," is to hand. I give it, fully and heartily. No later than last eve, when reading the *rave* of the moment across "The Lines," I thought sharply and keenly of your poem—the plectrum touch, masterly and true—of chords requiring but touch to give forth their never uncertain sounds.

I am glad to learn of your intended publication. It is opportune, and, I am sure, will be most acceptable, not only to our own particular people—this "Canada of Ours"—but to all British peoples, or, to put it more *à propos*, all peoples enjoying the aegis of British Empire.

I don't remember what I said in the correspondence you refer to, but I know it was true, and called for by the circumstances of the case, *selon moi*. It is at your service. Do what you like with it. With all sympathy and good wishes,

I am,
Yours ever truly,
MALCOLM MACLEOD.

II.

WIARTON, October 9, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your interesting letter of the 2nd inst., and am sorry that I have only just a moment to reply to it. I should, indeed, esteem it a very great compliment to be in any way connected with the production of so fine a poem as "Empire First." I am very glad to hear that it is to be published in the way you mentioned. As to the letter to Mr. MacLeod, I really do not recollect the form of it. I fear it is very crude and hardly fit for publication. But you are welcome to make any use of it you please.

Yours faithfully,
ALEX. MCNEILL.

J. Talon-Lesperance, Esq.

P.S.—I hope to make your acquaintance next session.

The following are the letters to which the preceding have reference:—

III.

OTTAWA, April 3, 1888.

John Talon-Lesperance, Esq., Ottawa:

DEAR SIR,—Though personally a stranger to you, I take the liberty of addressing you. I believe you are "our ever dear Laclede" of the "Ephemerides," of the Montreal *Gazette*.

Struck by the pertinency of your note (in the "Ephemerides" of March 24th) as to the lines so happily quoted by Mr. McNeill, M.P., but without due credit to the author by him, in his speech in the House, on the present question (in debate) of—really—"Annexation to the United States," I cut it out and sent him the slip, with a letter of explanation, in effect, thus:

"The lines quoted by you appeared in the *Illustrated News*, Montreal, just ten years ago, when the events of the hour, like the present, touched (as with a plectrum) the chords of public feeling to like expression. The other verses were equally good, the last,

O triune Kingdom of the brave,

incomparably fine."

I explained that, under circumstances suggestive of the hasty and little effort, I had, before that, dashed off a few lines (9 verses) on precisely the same rhythmic measure, under the heading "Our Land and Flag," published in the Montreal *Gazette*, to an air of my own, inspired by the theme. Before publishing the music, your lines, under the caption "Empire First," caught my eye, and, much preferring them to my own, I gave my air to them, and, with the assistance of a sister and a musical friend (a genius in that way, the Rev. Mr. Longhurst, a Church of England clergyman, now in charge at Granby, in the Eastern Townships, put the thing into song, with accompaniment for the piano, and published it in the *Illustrated News* of the 16th or 17th March, 1878. I enclosed a copy of it to Mr. McNeill.

As to the music, I stated that Mr. Longhurst had sent it to his father, W. H. Longhurst, a doctor of music, for many years (probably forty or fifty), and possibly still, organist and choir leader or master in Canterbury Cathedral, and, I think, professor of music in Oxford or Cambridge University; a leading author in England in sacred music, and he pronounced the thing—lines and music—perfect, and "an inspiration." With four men's voices, strong and deep-toned and fairly rendered—as, under Rev. Mr. Longhurst's leadership, tried by us in Aylmer, where he was at the time—it went fairly well, but evidently the compass is too great for general acceptance.

Mr. McNeill writes of it as a "translation from the French." This is a mistake, of course, probably from your name and names (Lesperance and Laclede.) In any case, it is a pleasure to find that he was ever anxious to find out the author of the lines, which, as he truly says, "it would be a thousand pities if they were not rescued from oblivion."

Palmar qui meruit ferat.

Yours ever truly,

MALCOLM MACLEOD.

IV.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, March 31, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to apologize for having allowed your most interesting letter to remain so long unanswered. I had not seen the communication from the Montreal *Gazette*, which you enclosed, and so the whole of your information was quite new and fresh to me.

I am delighted to discover the author of the verses of true poetry, which I have so long admired. The last verse, commencing:

O triune Kingdom of the brave!

is, in my opinion, unsurpassed by anything of its class in the language, and it is very interesting that it is a translation from the French. I had an idea that the poem was written by a Toronto man, and I had intended concluding my speech there, last Saturday night, by quoting the last verse, and enquiring if the author were present.

I handed your letter to the correspondent of the *Empire*, who will make a note of it. In this I hope I have not done wrong. It would be a thousand pities if these lines were not rescued from oblivion. As to the music, I am not a judge. But what you tell me of those who have seen and approved it, I should judge that it must be worthy to be wedded to the accompanying words. I could imagine no higher praise for it.

So much delighted was I with the verses, that I made my boy, then 5 years old, commit them to memory, so that he might recite them to his relatives in the old country, and thus give them an idea of Canadian sentiment to England, and this the child did, in 1880, greatly to their delight.

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. MCNEILL.

Malcolm Macleod, Esq., Q.C.

V.

Here are the words of the song, as it appeared at first, and, in ten years, the author has not seen fit to alter a syllable, nor to add a line, the strain being as fitted to the feelings of our time as it was to that of the day when he struck them off at one dash.

EMPIRE FIRST.

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above!

Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

O triune Kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt island of the free,
O Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all with thee!
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

The song was set to music twice within a month of its appearance—first, by Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, as stated in his letter, and, secondly, by Mr. Jules Hone, the distinguished violinist and professor of this city.

THE VIRTUES OF CELERY.

The following from the Leeds *Mercury* is worthy of special notice:—

New discoveries—or what claim to be discoveries—of the healing virtues of plants are continually being made. One of the latest is that celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put on the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from being known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft and the water drunk by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into a saucepan with the boiled celery, serve it warm with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment, and with uniform success. He adds that cold or damp never produces, but simply develops, the disease, of which acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause, and that while the blood is alkaline there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. Statistics show that in one year (1876) 2,640 persons died of rheumatism in this country, and every case, it is claimed, might have been cured or prevented by the adoption of the remedy mentioned. At least two-thirds of the cases named heart disease are ascribed to rheumatism and its agonizing ally, gout. Small-pox, so much dreaded, is not half so destructive as rheumatism, which, it is maintained by many physicians, can be prevented by obeying nature's laws in diet. But, if you have incurred it, boiled celery is pronounced unhesitatingly to be a specific. The proper way to eat celery is to have it cooked as a vegetable after the manner above described. The writer makes constant use of it in this way. Try it once, and you would sooner be without any vegetable, with the single exception of the potato, rather than celery. Cooked celery is a delicious dish for the table, and the most conducive to the health of any vegetable that can be mentioned.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR!

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

I love thee well, and fain would keep thee ever,
Nor yield thy sweetness to the past, to sever
The links that bind me to thee,—ah, so dear!
Good-bye, Old Year!

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

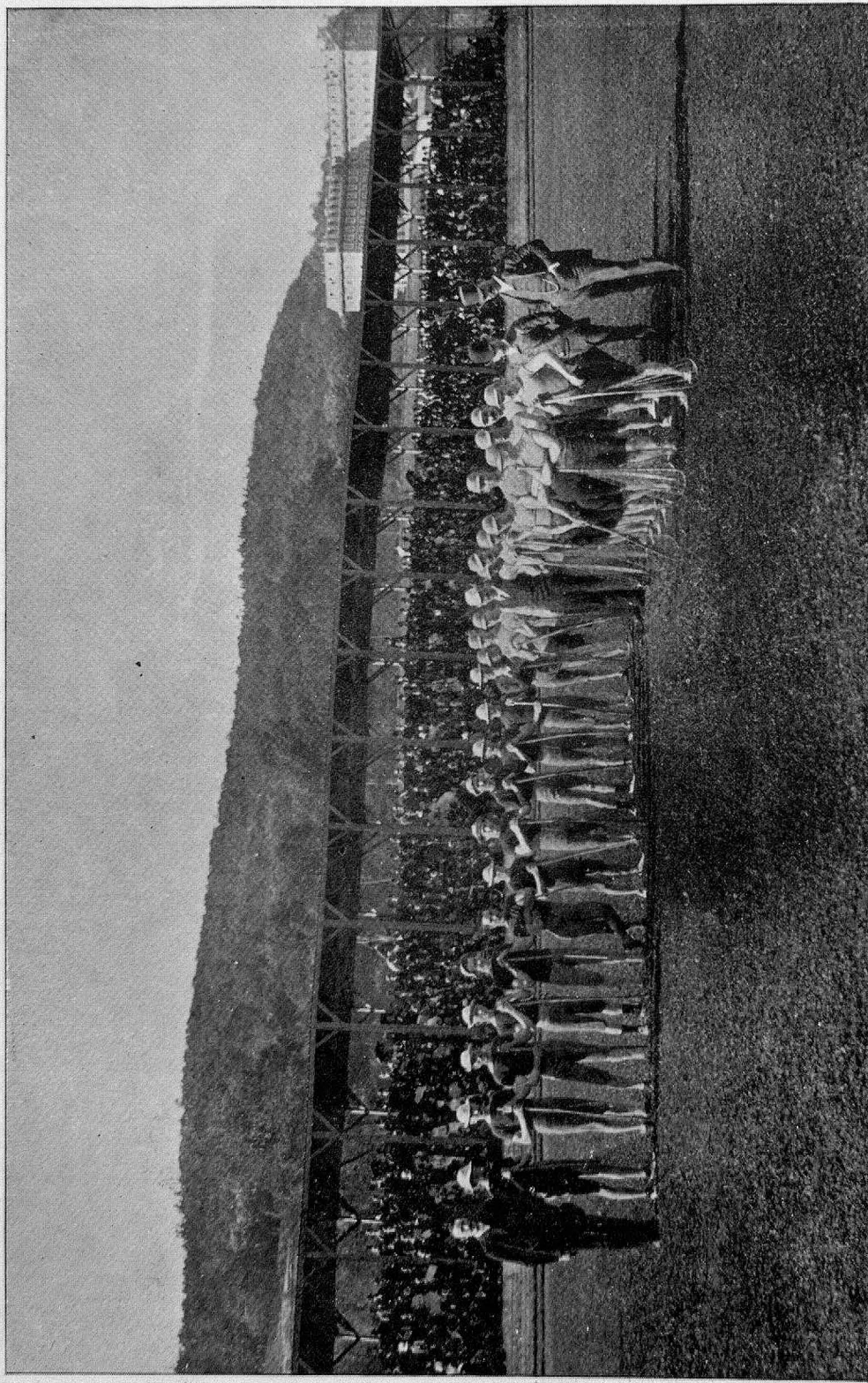
The bells ring out upon the air right gladly,
In conflict with my heart, that beats so sadly
That I can scarce restrain the falling tear—
Good-bye, Old Year!

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

Thou'rt gone at last! The New Year, soft and tender,
Is here. But, heart, be still! Thou dost remember
The reason why the past to me is dear!
Good-bye, Old Year!

Windsor, N.S.

HATTIE R. McLELLAN.



THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE GROUNDS, MONTREAL, ON A FIELD DAY.
THE "SHAMROCKS" AND "BROCKVILLES" BEFORE FACING THE BALL.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.



MANDOLINATA.

The Lady in Muslin.

There was something wonderfully taking in the half-simple, half-theatrical manner of this child; and I should have felt myself to be quite a brute if I had not responded to her entreaty, and desisted from questioning her.

I tried to make her acquaintance in some other manner. I showed her my favourite pipe; and she condescended to draw near, and took no small delight in tucking the weed into it, with her taper tiny fingers. After that we became more intimate and confidential, and I began to flatter myself that I must have some peculiar talent for winning infantine friendship; for unaccustomed as I was to children, I suited so well to little Cecile's taste, that in another half-hour she was sitting on a stool, just in front of me, chatting most happily, and wasting my tobacco, endeavouring to make cigarettes, and quite making love to me, after her own fashion.

The door opened upon us whilst we were in that position, and in walked Richard Gaunt!

He started back; little Cecile jumped up. I never moved, but I looked up with, I fancy, a very satirical smile.

"I have been making friends with your juvenile correspondent," was my first exclamation; "your charming little niece and godchild, my dear Dick."

Dick's eyes for an instant lost that pleasant, kind look which I have mentioned to you as being his chief attraction. He looked absolutely angry.

"I don't understand this," he said, in a low, growling voice.

"Nor do I," I answered.

"There are some cases——" Dick began, still in the same disagreeable tone.

"There are," I interrupted. "You seem annoyed at my presence, Gaunt. Good evening! Let me assure you, however, that this visit is purely one of chance. Good night!"

I took up my hat and was striding towards the door, when little Cecile came springing after me.

"No," she exclaimed, "don't go—wait a moment. You see, I told you godpapa Gaunt didn't want any one to see me. It was my fault, godpapa, not his," she added, turning to Gaunt, and stretching out her hands with dignified gesticulations, and growing quite flushed with the energy with which he spoke: "quite my fault; and he hasn't asked me any questions."

There was something so ridiculous in the mediation of the little white-froaked, gesticulating figure standing between us two, angry, bearded men—in the protection she extended to the one, while unwittingly she increased the embarrassment of the other—something so very out of the way, and uncommon to either of our experiences, that we both paused;—I smiled, Dick smiled.

"That's right!" Cecile exclaimed, approvingly. "That's right, godpapa, don't be angry."

"You needn't be in such a hurry, Mark," Dick said gruffly, and turning away.

And I went back to my seat. I should have been sorry to quarrel with Richard Gaunt.

III.

CIGAR CONFIDENCES.

I went back to my seat, and resumed my cigar. Dick stood leaning against the mantelshelf, stroking his moustache meditatively. Cecile sat herself on the footstool, which, however, she took care to draw to a distance from my fauteuil, and contemplated us both gravely. This tableau lasted at least twenty minutes.

"Mark," exclaimed Dick suddenly, after Cecile had been confided to Mrs. Briggs's maternal care for the night, and we two sat by the open window, puffing away in our usual luxurious, silent, and easy fashion, at our cigars; "Mark, I should like to know your opinion, as a man of principle and education, as to whether one's word of honour, once engaged, may still be regarded as subject to the contingencies of after circumstances?"

I was a little startled by this sudden question. Richard Gaunt and casuistry was an association of ideas that had never entered my mind, and I was quite unprepared to receive it.

"My opinion on such a matter," I began, however, after a moment or two's hesitation, "is that undoubtedly, or at least—I paused—knocked the ashes from my cigar. "Such a question, my dear Dick, I can scarcely answer as a generality. Cases of conscience must be argued according to their individual character. To answer that a promise once given must be kept at all hazards, accords little with the liberal morality of the age; but on the other hand, to declare that the keeping of a solemn engagement depends on circumstances, or chances of the future, proclaims a very lax moral indeed."

My friend smiled. He evidently triumphed in the idea that he puzzled me.

"Contingent circumstances," I continued loftily, with a slight sneer in return for Mr. Gaunt's smile, "according to some, might read 'convenience,' you know."

"Exactly," Dick answered quickly, and sitting bolt upright. "That's the deuce, Mark!" he added emphatically.

Had I been of an energetic disposition, I believe during the unusual excitement of the few minutes that followed, I might have made Dick's little secret my own. I could see it was seething and frothing up in him, like a small Vesuvian eruption, and nothing would have eased him more than to let out the lava springs in a good gush. But there I sat, lazily watching the evening light fade from the patch of sky visible above the opposite houses; listening to the distant hum of the busy world, which lay beyond our quiet street, and which came up, not disagreeably, through the heavy evening air; and in the quietude of my enjoyment, I felt a little secret superiority, that led me to criticise my friend's emotion with the eye of a philosopher, rather than sympathize with it, with the feeling of a friend.

As Dick sat there, biting now his nails, and then his pipe; now pulling his moustache, and sighing like a furnace, I regarded him with that serene satisfaction with which a cat looks at a mouse, which she considers so safely within her power as merely to require her to lift her paw, and give it a tap to make all secure.

I played with my mouse too long.

Mrs. Briggs suddenly popped her head into the room and said that she couldn't persuade Miss any ways to go to sleep, or even to undress, till she had spoken again to her uncle; so would Mr. Gaunt be kind enough to step up stairs for a minute?

Dick went reluctantly.

When he returned, three minutes after, his excitement was over, he resumed his chair and employment gravely.

"Mark," he exclaimed, after a short silence, "suppose a man binds himself by a promise to keep a secret for a certain period; suppose that through after-events the divulgence of that secret to a third party, while it could do no possible wrong to any one concerned, would greatly relieve and free from an embarrassing position the man so engaging himself, would he be very dishonourable to break his promise?"

"It depends on the nature of the embarrassment," I replied. "Should it be merely a matter of personal consequence, strict morality would demand the keeping of such a promise."

Gaunt was silent.

"Suppose," he began again, "that the promise had been given more to ease the weak fears of a dying mind than being of itself important or necessary?"

"A promise is a promise," I answered, shortly.

Gaunt leant back in his chair, and for more than half an hour the only sound that broke the stillness of the room was his vigorous puffing at his meerschaum.

As the silence continued, and I saw Richard's face grow more and more frowning and determined looking, I almost repented my severe morality.

"After all," thought I, as curiosity again resumed her sway, "there are some cases which bear milder and more liberal treatment."

"I suppose, Gaunt," I said, quietly, "your question had more or less connection with your relationship to little Cecile?"

"Of course," he answered, shortly; "but we've settled the point; don't let us bring it up again."

Dick, like many unintellectual people, is extremely obstinate, and by that tenaciousness of his seldom fails to carry the day; so I dropped the subject. The solution of the mystery, I felt, was at present distant.

* * * * *

Two days after, when I called at — Street, Mr. Richard Gaunt had left town, and Mrs. Briggs did not know his address.

A week after I was leading a truly rural life with my friend Brown, in the Isle of Wight.

The site of Brown's lodge, as my friend termed his place, must have been chosen with a regard to the strictest seclusion. It was distant from even a village, not to mention any of those gay, bustling towns where it was possible to pass at least one's morning hours without dying of ennui. It fronted the sea, and the nearest approach to anything lively that occupied the long hours of daylight was watching the ships that appeared in the offing through a large telescope fixed on the lawn of Brown's lodge.

My friend was a botanist and naturalist, and in the pursuit of his pet sciences he found the time pass gaily enough. He would spend whole hours delightedly in diving in shady damp dells and ditches after weeds and flowers. With patient gladness he would watch the ebbing of the tide, and then, with his nether garments tucked up above his knees, his feet bare, he would dabble in the wet sand among the rocks, peep about in crevices and holes, and come back to me with horrid jelly-looking things in his hands, quite radiant with scientific delight.

Of course I had no objection to his finding pleasure in such trifles, but at the same time I did think that, as a companion, he was a bore, and, as a host, frightfully deficient.

Even his library partook of his nature: it was all about flowers and animals; the very magazines he took in were on these subjects. I remember asking him, one wretchedly wet evening, in the fulness of my despair, if he had not got some of the new light literature. He brought me, with the highest eulogiums, "Life in Normandy."

"An excellent work," I said, dolefully, laying it aside, however; "my friend reviewed it in the S— R——."

"Ay, yes, a capital review, wasn't it?" answered Brown.

"He called it simple, homely and unaffected," I answered languidly; adding "that though books on cookery, angling and natural history are apt to be wearisome to persons who don't care about zoology or angling, this was an exception to the rule. I recollect the article well. — must have been very kindly disposed when he wrote it. Thank you, my dear Brown. I've no doubt that — was right, and that, though I am not an amateur in cookery, etc., I shall find 'Life in Normandy' highly interesting."

I pushed the book gently from me, settled myself comfortably on the sofa, and went to sleep.

The next morning, the rain was still falling. I rose languidly from my bed, and looked out of the window.

Nothing was to be seen but a dirty, discontented-looking sea, damp sands (for the tide was out), and desolate-looking rocks. Not a vestige of a human being, except where a large drab umbrella, bobbing about like an excited mushroom, indicated that Mr. John Brown was again in pursuit of science.

To my satisfaction, on the breakfast table I found a heap of letters, amongst which I eagerly seized one bearing Dick Gaunt's splashy writing. It had travelled about a little, evidently, by the different directions and post marks; and on opening it, I found the date to be four days back.

It was a short scrawl, telling me he had met with an accident which kept him to the sofa; that he was awfully disgusted with his solitary life; and that if I was not too agreeably engaged, he wished I would pay him a visit.

(To be continued.)

RIBBONS AS TESTS OF CHARACTER.

"Straws show the way the wind blows" declares a sapient proverb. Phrenology, the handwriting, the gait, the voice have all been considered indicative of the peculiar idiosyncrasies which mark varieties of individual temperament, but from a weak-minded feminine point of view, I would propose ribbons as a reliable test of female character. In her selection of colours, the way in which she wears the dainty trifles, the manner in which her hands manipulate the crisp and shining folds, a woman can no more help betraying her dominant characteristics than can the birds of the air conceal the traits that mark the class to which they belong. Trifles light as air, you object, but it is in the trifles that we betray ourselves. By some subtle instinct these gaudy and satiny vanities are moulded to express some fancy or quality of the wearer.

We all know the cast iron sort of woman who ties her bonnet strings in a hard defiant knot. From under that head gear we expect to see cold, clear eyes glancing severely upon the faults and frailties of her neighbours; we are impressed by a conviction that this woman entertains pronounced opinions regarding the incompetence, wickedness and dense stupidity of the world in general and her own connections in particular. There is a perverse sharpness and intrusive egoism whose ribbons stand aggressively upright, like cat's ears; these belong to grim females who indulge in a fashion of snarling likely to make the strongest nerves quiver, the stoutest heart fail, people who give voice to their venom in sentences barbed with gall. There are fatally pugnacious ribbons that appear to be animated by a spirit that, like the war horse of the Scriptures, "scents the battle from afar," and others again that betray a critical, irritating, inarticulate yet plainly expressed comment upon the conduct of everybody's affairs. Pert, piquant rosettes and pompons announce the success of prosperity and the arrogance of happy youth, that frisks in mere gaiety of heart; there is a mathematical preciseness of those who bask serenely in the sunshine of their own personal approbation. We have tender recollections of broad ample bows, tied under a comfortable chin, beneath a countenance shrewd, cordial and sympathetic. When the loops droop with melancholy limpness, we quite expect to find a mildly plaintive individual who makes piteous and forlorn appeal to all the world and who expects the soothing balm of flattering commiseration to be unceasingly administered. There are adornments which are always feeble imitations of another's fancies. The bows that would fain be piquant and only succeed in appearing vulgar and saucy are those that, missing the airy, capricious grace at which they aim, degenerate into silly effrontery, the heavy attempt of maturity to counterfeit youth, the tawdry efforts of penury to resemble wealth.

There are dainty ribbons which look as though they have been wafted into place by a breath of wind and appear never to have been touched by mortal fingers that are quite as redolent of coquetry as the most transparent sighs, blushes and shy glances. These have been fashioned by women who are the real sovereigns of men's destinies, enchantresses who, by virtue of some gift of tact or grace, without striking beauty or brilliant talent, win hearts without an effort, keeping them or casting them away with an easy grace which is always irresistible. The soft cushiony women wear ribbons that are always in disorder and yet appear just as they should be. You may depend upon it such persons possess a power of harmonizing incongruous elements, which is a most useful faculty for enabling one to glide through life with unruffled serenity. They are the easy-going souls who extract all the good out of circumstances and resign themselves to the inevitable evil with cheerful equanimity. Loud and glaring tones of colour betray vulgarity of taste so plainly that no one can be mistaken on the subject. Loose, ruffled bows that generally perch under one ear when their natural resting place should be under the chin, the long streamers that float contrary to the dictates of Fashion, the crushed cascades and crinkled

ends that are dotted about wherever it is plainly apparent that they can be neither of use or ornament, can only be worn by foolish and irrational creatures.

It can be accepted as an axiom, that a mean woman never yet arranged an effective knot of ribbon. The promptings of nature are stronger than those of art, and even though possessed of all the fat of the land and all the corn of Egypt, such people cannot part with the smallest scrap of anything without grievous pangs of heart. Regarding parsimony as the greatest of virtues, as a matter of conscience, they draw the loops up tightly in order to save a morsel, and clip the ends the minutest fraction too short. They exult in having saved an eighth of an inch, and utterly fail to comprehend that they have succeeded admirably in ruining the appearance of the ornaments.

Montreal.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, writes me, in reply to a query about "The Cholera Doctor," that he was likely the individual to whom Mrs. Moody refers in "Roughing It." This was a Yankee, and no one knew his name; but he made no secret of his treatment, which was to anoint the cholera-stricken with a paste of lard and maple ashes, and then give them draughts of hot maple syrup. He was very successful in his treatment.

Everything linked with Acadia seems to be hallowed in the Lower Provinces. Thus, all the engines on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway—117 miles long—bear the names of the chief spots in the Land of Evangeline, such as the heroine herself, Gabriel, Gaspereau, Grand Pré and Saint Eulalie. The latter is called from Judge Weatherbee's orchard, which likely was so named after Longfellow's lines:—

Sunshine of Saint Eulalie was she called, for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards
with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and
abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* notes that no really great hymn is sectarian. The masterpieces of Charles Wesley could be used in the services of the Roman Catholic Church just as some of Faber's beautiful hymns are used in Protestant Churches. Churches may curse each other in their prayers, but in their hymns they can all come together and forget for a time the views and creeds that keep them asunder.

Here is a delightful proof from F. R. Havergal, which every churchman will read with ready approval:—

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word:—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As Ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is over-wrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such little things
To make it well!

Mr. J. A. Chisholm, of Antigonish, makes the following query, which I submit to my many bookish readers: "Would you please inform me through the medium of your paper whether 'The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla,' a satire by the late Lord Beaconsfield, is still in print? It was first published in 1828, and I have been so far unable to ascertain that copies of the work are now procurable."

My esteemed correspondent ends his letter with these following words, which, as editor, I

believe are not wholly undeserved: "You are to be congratulated upon the excellence of your journal, and it is pleasing to observe that you do not neglect matters of especial interest to your patrons in the Lower Provinces." Yes; chiefly do I keep track of your literary work which has always generously responded to me—the magisterial Duvar; the gifted Roberts family; the three muses, Elizabeth Roberts, Hattie McLennan and Sophie Almon; Bliss Carman; W. J. Alexander; Blake Crofton and T. Allen Jack; the Lockharts; Barry Straton, and the Honourables W. S. Fielding and J. W. Longley.

Mr. W. D. Lighthall sends me the following question and reply:—In conversation with our representative, says the *Portland Transcript*, on his birthday, John G. Whittier inquired as to the identity of "Pastor Felix," whose series of confidences in his "Heart on the Sleeve" have attracted the attention of all readers of that charming paper. Mr. Whittier expressed his admiration of the style and spirit in which these essays are conceived and executed. "Pastor Felix" is the Canadian clergyman, Arthur John Lockhart, whose book, "The Masque of Minstrels," was lately noticed in these columns.

Referring to a suggestion that Mr. Grant Allen should be secured as a professor in Toronto University, Mr. J. Antisell Allen, of Kingston, his father, says:—"No position or emolument could induce him to exchange his beloved England for Canada. There was a time when this might have been, but not now nor henceforth. Canada suffered him to seek elsewhere what was denied him in the land of his birth." This is ungracious. Canada owed and owes Grant Allen nothing more than to any other of her writers, nor more than she did to Albani, who takes pride in returning and displaying her sweet voice for the enjoyment of her countrymen.

TALON.

THE WAILING SEA.

A VILLANELLE.

Discontented, wailing sea,
Murmuring at the shore's confining,
How alike thou art to me!
Chafing to be wholly free,
Is this the cause of thy repining,
Discontented, wailing sea?
Strong the Hand restraining thee,—
But folly all thy weak designing:
How alike thou art to me!
Thy rebellious passions He
Beholds against His will combining,
Discontented, wailing sea.
Wilful—selfish is thy plea
Of rocks and land thy bounds defining:
How alike thou art to me!
Than in place contented be,
Thou'd still God's plans be undermining:
Discontented, wailing sea,
How alike thou art to me!

Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES.

PARTURIUNT MONTES.

EPIST. AD PISONES, v. 139.

We smile, O poet, when we hear thy line
By pedants quoted, and applaud the wit
That makes the metaphor time-honoured fit
Each new occasion as by fresh design.
Yet to the mighty Architect divine,
Who slowly built the mountain stage by stage,
From base to summit, to withstand the rage
Of fires that strike and fires that undermine,
More precious than yon huge sky-pointing mass,
And surer witness of His sovereign power
Are those wee feet that stray amid the grass
And shake the dew-drops from the waking flower.
Montes parturiunt. From out the strife
Of suns and ages came this gift of life.

JOHN READE.

MONDAY EVE.

MY DEAR LESPERANCE,—I send you the issue of my latest parturition. If you think it worth a corner, it is yours, as I am

Yours ever,

J. R.

The transposition in the penultimate line is *metri causa*.



SIR DANIEL WILSON, LL.D, PRESIDENT OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.



SINGING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.



WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—First year cotton wedding, second year paper wedding, third year leather wedding, fifth year wooden wedding, seventh year woollen wedding, tenth year tin wedding, twelfth year silk wedding, fifteenth year crystal wedding, twentieth year china wedding, twenty-fifth year silver wedding, thirtieth year pearl wedding, fortieth year ruby wedding, fiftieth year golden wedding, and seventieth year diamond wedding.

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS.—There are few lovelier relations in life than that existing between a father and his daughter, when that relation has been developed to its best extent by tenderness and honour and affection on one side, and by veneration that amounts almost to adoration on the other, the veneration called forth by perfect faith in the virtue and nobility of its object. The trust in her father which a young girl feels and all unconsciously exhibits is something as flattering to his pride as it is delightful to his emotions.

FILIAL DEVOTION.—The young girl who receives her father's intense affection as something purer and holier than other mortal flesh, and who is unworthy of that emotion, is one almost beneath pity. A man conscious of the love that he has called forth in a pure and gentle being feels obliged to live up to the opinion which she holds of him; the child is, in a way, his guardian angel, and often when he is tempted he hears the rustling of that angel's wings. How much, then, it behooves the young angel to attend to her angelhood, and to be all that her father deems her.

IMEROS.

My heart a haunted manor is, where time
Has fumbled noiselessly with mouldering hands;
At sunset ghosts troop out in sudden bands,
At noon 'tis vacant as a house of crime;

But when, unseen as sound, the night winds climb
The higher keys, with their unstilled demands,
It wakes to memories of other lands
And thrills with echoes of enchanted rhyme.

Then, through the dreams and hopes of earlier years,
A fall of phantom footsteps on the stair
Approaches near, and ever nearer yet,
A voice rings through my life's deserted ways.
I turn to greet thee, Love. The empty air
Holds but the spectre of my own regret.

—Edgar Saltus.

TEA.—Tea is a nerve stimulant, pure and simple, acting like alcohol in this respect, without any value that the latter may possess as a retarder of waste. It has a special influence upon those nerve centres that supply will power, exalting their sensibility beyond normal activity, and may produce hysterical symptoms, if carried far enough. Its active principle, theine, is an exceedingly powerful drug, chiefly employed by nerve specialists as a pain destroyer, possessing the singular quality of working toward the surface. Tea is totally devoid of nutritive value, and the habit of drinking it to excess is a cause of our American and Canadian nervousness.

COFFEE.—Coffee, on the contrary, is a nerve food. Like other concentrated foods of its class, it operates as a stimulant also; but upon a different set of nerves from tea. Taken strong in the morning, it often produces dizziness and that peculiar visual symptom of over stimulus that is called *muscæ volitantes*—dancing flies. But this is an improper way to take it; and rightly used, it is, perhaps, the most valuable liquid addition to the morning meal. It should be made as strong as possible at first in a drip bag, and a tablespoonful or two of the liquid added slowly to a large cupful of equal parts of hot milk and cream, in which have been previously dissolved two or three lumps of sugar. Its active principle, caffeine, differs in all physiological respects from theine, while it is chemically very closely allied, and its limited consumption, as compared with tea, makes it impotent for harm.

KANATA.

The eastern and the western gates
Are open, and we see her face!
Between her piny steep she waits
The coming of each alien race.
Dear genius of a virgin land—
Kanata! Sylph of northern skies!
Maid of the tender lip and hand,
And dark, yet hospitable, eyes:

Thou art our spirit of Romance,
Our Faerie Queen, our Damsel lorn,
Who, framed by some mysterious chance,
In undiscovered woods wast born!
In days of love and life gone by,
Ere waned the light, ere ebb'd the tide,
Wild singers sought thy company,
And supple forms from forests wide.

They sported on the golden shore,
And far, dim headlands of the past;
Untrammelled all, their spirits bore
No sense of spoil by passion cast.
No philosophic doubts were theirs,
No tideless, stern pursuit of gain,
No weariness of life, no cares,
No yearnings underlaid with pain.

But, wild and true and innocent,
They plucked the blossom of the year,
Where savours of the woods were blent
With music of the waters clear.
Death had no fears; it but revealed
A spectre-world to spectral eyes,
Where spirit-wildings roamed afield,
And spirit-pinions swept the skies.

Where still the chase they would pursue,
And o'er the vacant rivers glide
With ghostly paddle and canoe,
With phantom forests on each side—
Forever, where no frost should fall
To waste the sweetness of the light,
Nor old age and its funeral,
Nor bitter storm, nor ancient night.

'Tis past, Kanata! Weightier days
Strain tight the girdle of the year;
Pale feet are in thy forest-ways,
Pale faces on thy plains appear;
And eyes, adventurous, behold
The gathering shadows on thy brow,
Where sacred graves of grassy mould
'Turn black beneath the westering plough.

Thy plains are whispered of afar,
Thy gleaming prairies rich increase;
And, leaning on their tools of war,
Men dream of plenitude and peace.
For Europe's middle age is o'er,
And still her ways are undefined,
And darker seem the paths before,
Than the dark paths which lie behind.

Perchance! But still I see them come—
A weary people seeking rest;
Sighing for sympathy, a home
And shelter in the peaceful West,
Where ancient foes in race and creed
May never more the tyrants see,
Who eat the bread of craft and greed,
And steal the wine of liberty.

Vain promise and delusive dreams,
Which snare the unsuspecting heart!
Here faction, subterfuge and schemes
Arise, and play the tyrant's part.
Alas! for equal life and laws
And Freedom 'neath the western sun!
Here must they stand or fall—her cause,
On these fresh fields, be lost or won.

Still must she fight, who long hath fought,
Still must she bleed, who long hath bled;
There is no consecrated spot,
No realm where she alone doth tread.
There is no clime, no perfect plan,
Nor system sacred to her end;
These count not if the mind of man,
Through freedom's growth, be not her friend.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.

C. MAIR.

NOTE.—In the Wyandot word *Kanata*, the accent falls upon the second syllable; and, from this word, there can be no reasonable doubt, our country derives its name. The author will perhaps be pardoned by some for personifying, and for addressing, "Kanata" as the Genius of Canada.

The Charlottetown *Examiner* says large quantities of oysters are shipped from Summerside every day. A computation will show that the shipments since the 15th September amount to about 20,000 barrels, valued at \$40,000. The oysters were, for the most part, taken from Richmond Bay.

Immigration returns to the 13th November show the total number of arrivals in Canada for the eleven months to have been 156,180, being an increase of 18,018 over the same period last year. The number of settlers in Canada was 82,947, showing an increase of 10,406 over last year.

CAMPING.

As summer approaches, the common desire among city people is to be in the country, where later, in any of the various summer resorts can be seen many of every class enjoying the recuperating ozone and disporting themselves after their own fashion.

The thoughtful, amid the sequestered walks, the jasmines and roses, or roaring cataracts, enjoying nature in her minutiae or grandeur; the unthoughtful—have I to tell? See yonder, on an impoverished promenade—simple nature is not good enough for them—matrons, with business intent on eligible bachelors with the prosaic piastre; elegant dudes, carefully preened, busily entrapping giddy ones like themselves. Shall I dilate on their doings? No. We have more than enough of them in the city without relating them in their aggravated form in the country, turning what should be rest and recreation into an accentuation of the rivalries of fashionable society, with all their accompanying worry; but let us be thankful that class is decreasing every year.

But to return to our subject. It is becoming more and more the endeavour of all classes in the city to be in the country for a while at least, if not possible the whole summer. The confining influences the year round, and the impure atmosphere in the hot season, necessitate the change apart from the natural predisposition which exists, more or less developed, in every being. As Cowper says: "'Tis born with all the love of Nature's works; is an ingredient in the compound, man, infused at the creation of the kind." Yes; it is with pleasure that those fortunate—for such they are considered by many—take leave of their city house for the one by the sea, or the humble cottage or *cottage orné* elsewhere, as the case may be.

This summer my friends and I, therefore, could be considered among the fortunate. We did not go to any seaside resort, but had our neat dwelling, which we had conveyed with us, not far in the country from the well known city "Montreal." A conveyable dwelling may seem most improbable to some imbued with the idea that all abodes are unportable. But let me explain. It was a tent, and, moreover, a most commendable dwelling it proved to be, showing perspicuously that "camping" is not "too rude for comfort," as some erroneously remark, but capable of the delicacy and refinement of the home, apart from its own particular attributes.

As a means to pass the heated term, or, for that matter, the whole summer, it is the best one conducive to health, tents being non-productive of colds by reason of their uniform porosity. Moreover, it is emphatically the thing needed for most city children, confined as they are to the various health deteriorating influences of the city. Again, to those who would wish to undertake in part the humane work of giving poor city children an opportunity of breathing the fresh country air it is the best means open to them.

CAMPING AND ITS REQUIREMENTS.

In detailing its necessities, if not written out in Homeric or Miltonian verse, as the frying-pan elevated to a

Dark-eyed beauty, of lovely passionate pose,
Replenishing the air with incense rich and rare,

must be prosaic. Properly, there should be two tents—one as the culinary department, the other and larger as the dwelling. These, for convenient access to each other in bad weather, should be connected by a canopy. Outside there should be an encircling trench, with a turn out, to drain off the rain-water. Moreover, a few inches over each roof there should be what is termed a "fly," to break the rainfall and heat of the sun. Inside a floor is requisite, tongued and grooved if possible, as it would better exclude any dampness that might arise. For easy transport, it should be made in sections, with the tables, chairs and other articles of necessary furniture. Of the various kinds of tents suitable to camping, the square and oblong allow more available space, but the round, high-curtained, in one of which we camped, is decidedly the most beautiful. In respect to the

supplies, that should be arranged with the dealers for their delivery at the nearest point possible, if not at the tent.

I suppose a little experience related now will not be amiss. Having previously selected our site—what campers should first do—we proceeded, bag and baggage, as the saying is, with a definite understanding as to our destination. It was but a few hours' drive, and when there it took us but a short time to pitch the tents and arrange things. By this time it was evening, and the work and fresh air had well sharpened our appetites, so that when the cooks called out for fuel, let it be known we did not lose any time striking "attitudes," but the wood.

Perhaps you have never seen campers at table. Well, if you had peered in, you would have seen a table well laden with brimmers of milk, plenty of good bread and butter, and heaps of fruit and vegetables. You would not have seen the appetites to clear them, but they were there "all the same," as John Chinaman would have said. Yes; each member there felt quite capable of assuming much responsibility toward the demolition. Eureka! what a devastation passed over that table! Well, that was its general aspect after meal time in the tent. After we had gone through our domestic routine—for, let it be observed, none were exempted—we adjourned to our hammocks and tent-seats outside, for the purpose of enjoying the balmy air and viewing the sun setting in the west, casting and o'erspreading its golden light upon the great waters of the St. Lawrence, and bathing the assembled tents in a golden hue. It was a pleasant sight and one to be remembered. Being all too tired to roam far that night, and as

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight;
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,"

we "turned in," snuffed out the electric light and allowed ourselves to sink into the arms of Morpheus, leaving our bullpup to be guard.

Bump! What is that? Amid the noise of crashing delf and table-turning was answered—an intruder. Oh! where is he? Ah! I see him, the green-eyed monster. Give him a bead, quick—bang—but he was gone. Though not before, as we found out the next morning, he had eaten part of a print of butter, and damaged irretrievably the pride of our *cuisinière*, a custard pie, and succeeded with our help in overturning things in general. The cat never returned.

Energies exhausted, intruder gone, we sank once more to our couches. Time soon passes when asleep. The birds were now singing, the early worm had been up and in again, and the cows were wending their way to the milking inclosing. Up boys for a plunge. Right smart we reached the beach, two minutes and we were stripped, another two and we were cleaving the waters downward, up again, once more and again, exhausted, we now sat on the great boulders near by, awaiting second breath. After a few more minutes bathing, we returned to the tents refreshed and ready for a hearty breakfast.

Inner man replenished, we parted, proceeding in various directions to take in all the good fishing points. After a patient wait of over two hours, I had to return without a finny prize. It was not a half hour later when another stepped up with visage blue and nary a fish. Others came and had to recount the same sad tale, till finally the last one loomed up with countenance sad and weary step, but he had something, a minnow. "I would not have caught this," he said, "had not the oldest inhabitant come along and given me a pointer; he said it was the catch of the season, and remarked that the place was noted for the fish—that passed two miles away on the other side."

To relieve ourselves from the general depression consequent upon our meagre catch, we proceeded to spin yarns; coming to my turn, I related this true incident:—"Our party were camping right on this spot—tapping the earth with the palm of my hand to carry conviction—and a hard old time a friend and I had one night. It was the

last one of a two months' camp. We had been up to "the very witching time of night," packing, then dancing and singing with the greatest *éclat*.

The bonfire had gone out. Yes, right into an adjacent field where lay a heap of tick straw—which we had not paid for yet. The living embers, hurried over by the hurricane of forty an hour gait, and fanned by the same, soon had the whole mass aflame. We were profoundly asleep then, and, save for the nasal gamuts in certain quarters incessantly rehearsed, were as dead. But I was awakened. A flapping curtain touched me on the head. Now thoroughly aroused, I heard other noises than the winds. Old Ringbone was having a set-to with the native plugs. I felt assured I could hear his thuds against some body. Distressing neighs were nearing the tent. Ringbone was getting worsted, I was sure. Bump! down went something—the fence. Now they were surrounding the tents. Up H. or we will be trampled and Ringbone killed. "O, we won't go home 'till mor. Wake up—boy, do you hear?" Finally after a good deal of tugging I got him up. Without further dress than night robe and rubber coat each, for it was raining rivers and haste was required, we sallied forth to the raging elements and infuriated beasts—they were trying to kick him to pieces so as to distribute equally a piece as a trophy; but so far his hinders had kept them at bay.

After much difficulty and not a few hair-breadth escapes, we succeeded in driving them out to their field. But we had a task on hand. That fence had to be put up, if we were to keep them out and finish our sleep. While one went for the tools, the other kept guard. Then, like Nehemiah of old, we worked, yet prepared for the enemy—the horses thereof.

Montreal.

J. H. H. D.

THE NATIVITY.

'Tis midnight—the weird hour of midnight—and sleep
O'er all its deep spell of oblivion throws—
When, lo! on the Eastern firmament's steep
A peerlessly brilliant star suddenly shows!

All queenly it moves on its Westerly way
Athwart the vast, shadowy stretch of the skies,
Its passage reflecting the lustre of day—
A vision to awe the most learned and wise!

But, see! it now tarries—its march it arrests,
Locating its zenith o'er Bethlehem's walls—
For to-night the grand drama there played it attests—
The grandest that earth's proud hist'ry recalls!

The plot of that drama the Redemption of man,
The conquest of hell and subjection of sin—
A drama that only Jehovah could plan,
One destined renown never-ending to win!

And what are the *dramatis personæ* who
Enrich the world first with this drama's blest fruits?
Ah, lowly their station—their number but few,
Their stage, but a stable—their audience, dumb brutes!

For there, in that stable's rude manger, behold
As a babe, in coarse swaddling-clothes thinly arrayed—
The warm breath of cattle scarce temp'ring the cold—
The Mighty of Majesties—all things who hath made!

Behold Him of God-head and power bereft,
Who fashioned from nothing the heavens and earth—
Behold Him, with nought of divinity left,
Nor courtiers, nor court pomp to herald his birth!

The sole recognition to mark the event,
Are angel choirs chanting on mountain and hill
That hymn blent in precept and harmony blent:
"To God on high glory—peace to men of good will!"

On the lesson here taught, ah! did royalty dwell,
Less haughtily, surely, 'twould carry its head—
'Twould practice humility—practiced so well
By the King of all Kings, there in Bethlehem's shed!

'Twould think less of self, than the general weal—
Of war's gory crown, than the olive of peace—
No longer aggressive or vengeful would feel,
But seek the scant store of man's good to increase!

Montreal.

W. O. FARMER.

The proposal which has emanated from certain of the gold mining men of Nova Scotia looking to the establishment of an official assay office at Halifax, in lieu of a Dominion mint, which has been found too costly, is at length taking practical shape.



Socrates died like a philosopher, but the average old widower dyes like a fool.

Some one should preach a sermon on the bad taste of pursuing good taste too exclusively.

The sentence, "There is no such word as fail," can hardly be classified as a "cant" phrase.

A survivor of the famous Light Brigade is now a plumber in Indianapolis. He still knows how to charge.

The philosopher's trouble is that while he can give fifty years to evaluating life impartially, life has spent several thousand years in shaping his prejudices.

"There is one thing that you can always buy at a drug store without being overcharged," sighed a victim of pharmaceutical extortion, "and that is a postage stamp."

irate passenger (as train is moving off): "Why the ——— didn't you put my luggage in as I told you—you old—" Porter: "Eh, man! yer bagyage es na sic a fule as yersel. Ye-re i' the wrang train!"

A fearful riot of the students arise in a German town and no one, not even the best-liked tutor, is able to pacify them, till a professor, hiring a barouche, takes in all the master tailors of the city and drives them through the Campus, when the mob dispersed as by magic.

Willie Popinjay: "Sis, what is meant by 'unconscious humour'?" Angelina Popinjay: "I can't give you an exact definition of it, Willie, but I can give you an example." Willie: "Well, give us an example." Angelina: "When pa came into the room where ma was trying to nail up that bracket, yesterday, and said, 'Wel, what are you driving at now?'"

The popular craze—Agent (to boy): "Is your ma in, sonny?" Boy: "Nop; she's gone to the walkin' match." Agent: "Big sister?" Boy: "Nop; she's there too. They're all there, even down to the cook." Agent: "Why didn't you go?" Boy: "I was left to take care of the house. I suppose they think the house would go to the walkin' match, too, if there wasn't somebody to watch it."

MILITIA NOTES.

A copy of plans for cypher telegrams has been received from the War Office by the Militia Department.

The trouble in the Ottawa Field Battery has been satisfactorily settled. Major Stewart retains command.

It is reported that Major Prevost, of the 65th Battalion, has been appointed A.D.C. to the Governor-General.

Captain A. Roy, of the Sixty-fifth Battalion, has been appointed brigade-major of the Sixth military district, in place of Major Hughes, resigned.

It is reported that Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, ex-commandant of the G. G. F. G., will be appointed extra A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General.

The Militia Department has been informed that work on quarters for "C" Battery at Victoria, B.C., had been suspended, the appropriation being exhausted.

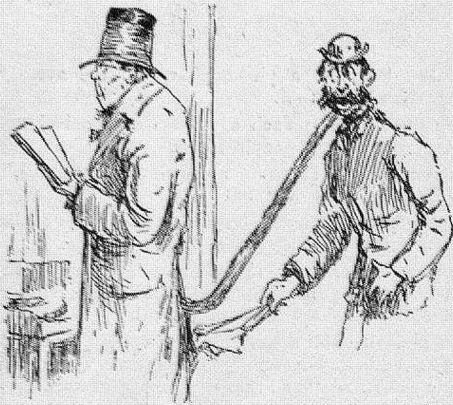
Gen. Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, of the Royal Engineers, will be the new field marshal in succession to the Earl of Lucan. He is at the top of the active list of generals. During the Crimean war he performed the masterly operation of fortifying Slobodzie and Georgeovo, with 70,000 Russians only seven miles away, he keeping them in doubt as to the movements of his own 20,000 men. During the dispute with the United States as to the Maine boundary, Sir Lintorn Simmons made a reconnaissance of the whole frontier, and his memorandum now in the military archives is looked on as the basis for any defensive operations to-day.

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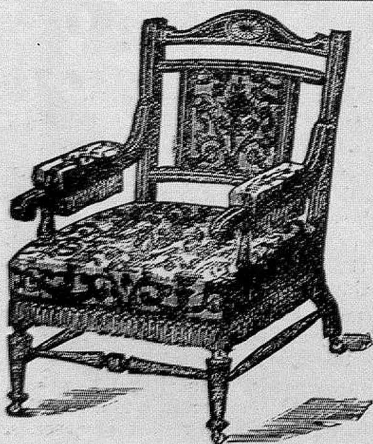


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